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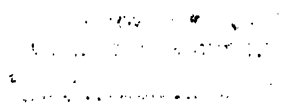

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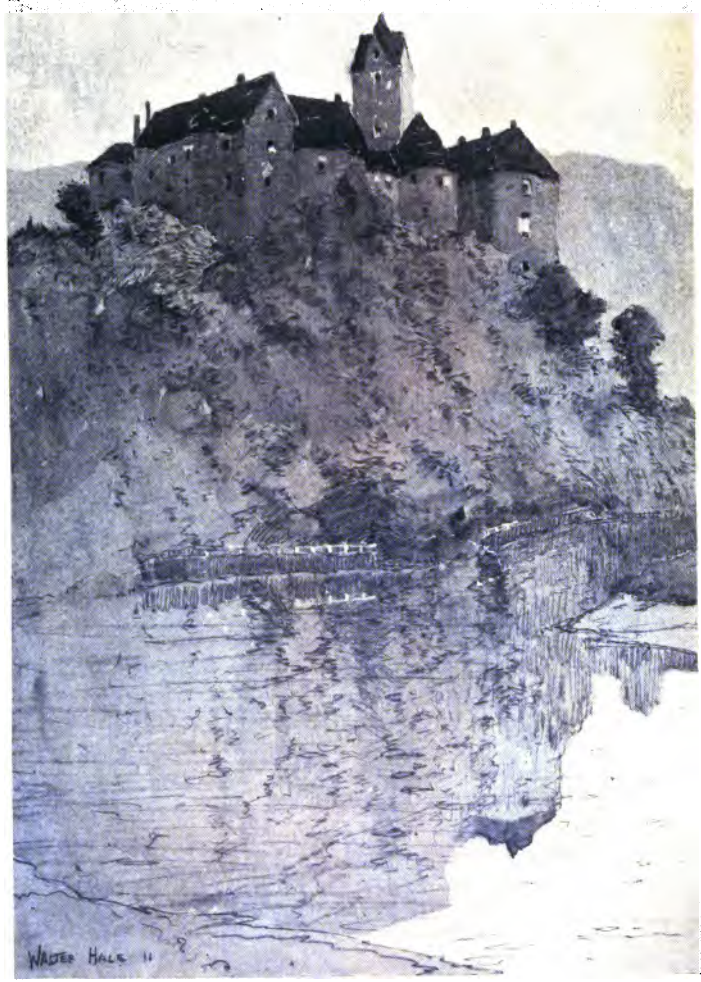

The castle of Elbogen

MOTOR JOURNEYS

BY

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Author of "A Motor Car Divorce," "The Actress,"
"The Married Miss Worth," etc.

Illustrations, and a Chapter on
The Cost of Motoring Abroad

BY

WALTER HALE

CHICAGO
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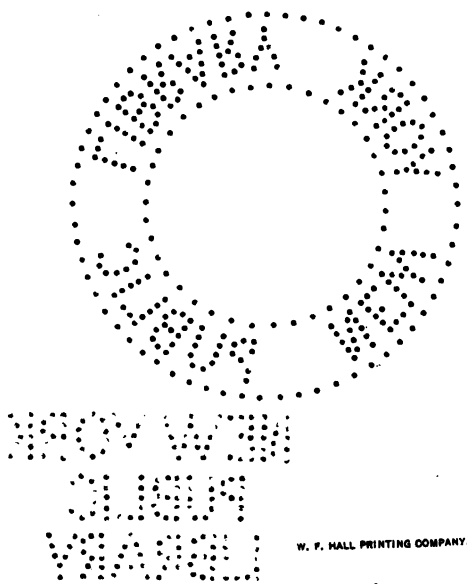

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NOV 1936

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Motor Journeys

I

In the Wake of Lucrezia Borgia

WHEN Lucrezia Borgia married her third husband she took her wedding trip alone and a month in advance of the meeting with her spouse. This groomless tour, from the conception we have formed of the Borgia character, inclines us to congratulate Don Alfonso on his astuteness. Honeymooning with Lucrezia, according to many chroniclers, would tend to make the most loving husband suspicious of the honey and keen to analyze the moon.

Yet the virtue of a woman who lived four centuries ago rests entirely with her historian. A few vehement strokes of the pen, and she is marred or made; and, much as one regrets shaking the foundations of a four-hundred years'

prejudice, there is little to prove (granting huge volumes of well-selected invective) that the oldest daughter of her house committed any greater crime than that of being born a Borgia. Her father, Alexander VI, was the most immoral Pope who ever broke his vows; her brother, Cesare Borgia, the most inhuman Cardinal who ever slew his kin, and when one has finished hurling the expletives of a lifetime's choosing at these two monsters, there is still a great deal to be said.

After reading a hundred pages of their misdeeds an American can do nothing but laugh; it is quite beyond him, and that which is quite beyond an American becomes a joke. Therefore it is with chuckles we skimmingly report that Lucrezia's father, having unhusbanded her first husband, Giovanni Sforza, married her to a youth of the house of Aragon, whom Cesare eventually strangled to death while the young wife vainly beat him off, and for the third time gave her in wedlock — this time to the hereditary prince of the house of Este, the Duke of Ferrara.

That the marriage served the purposes of the Pope and his son one may read running, since they ate large slices of humble pie baked in the

Este kitchens before the family were satisfied that the young woman was fit to become a member of their household. In a way she profited by their suspicions. Every grain of Este doubt the eager Pope counterbalanced by an extra touch of splendor to her wedding outfit. As though display could sweep away all moral obstacles, Alexander dipped more and more deeply into the treasure of Holy Church, and converted the paid-up masses for the dead into the most splendidly equipped cavalcade that ever conducted a dear daughter to her future husband.

Her escort numbered over a thousand, she riding at their head on a "milk-white jennet," as one would naturally expect. There were minstrels to sing for her, clowns to jest for her, there were ladies to dance for her, priests to pray for her, and gentlemen to die for her; and when bored with these attentions she could summon any one of the one hundred and fifty mules that bore the *trousseau,* pitch a tent, and change her gown.

In short, Madame Lucrezia had everything the heart could desire except a motor car. We had the car, the chain of lovely hill towns to clamber through, the castle of Ferrara for our

journey's end, and the history of Lucrezia's journey for our guide. Therefore no Borgia on a "milk-white jennet" even could approach us in richness of possessions.

An ambitious motor car could make the run from Rome to Ferrara in two days and less; the distance is a little over two hundred and fifty miles, but no engine with the remotest appreciation of the beautiful would attempt to rush through in less than a week. It took the bride twenty-seven days, from January sixth to February seventh, of the year 1502, but Lucrezia dressed for dinner and packed and unpacked the pack mules.

Then, too, Alexander was desirous of her stopping at the several cities of which she had been mistress; at those places which Cesare had besieged and appropriated; and in all the households that he especially wished to honor—or impoverish. Being a wise man, he anticipated the emotions a sudden visit of a thousand might have upon the country people, and wrote to advise the inhabitants of Nepi of the joy in store for them, and "to wish and command you, if you value our favor and desire to avoid our displeasure, to provide for the company mentioned above for a day and two nights."

The occupants of the motor car spent much of their time wondering where this army could have been accommodated, and on what they could have fed if spaghetti was not then a staple. Civita Castellana, their first halting place, is so poor a town that it has evidently never recovered from the staggering blow of Lucrezia's third marriage, and, serving as a gloomy remembrance of the onslaught, the Borgia fortress rears its bulk above the town, with the drawbridge open like a greedy maw eager for more.

If there was one token of rapturous welcome that the automobile and the cavalcade enjoyed in common, it was the reception accorded them at the gates of every city by the children, those of the nobility—and others. Here the resemblance ceased. The children of the sixteenth century were arrayed for the occasion in yellow and brown, Lucrezia's colors, and had been trained to wave palm branches and cry "Lucrezia! Lucrezia! Donna Lucrezia!" like a college yell. The children of last summer, while equally vociferous, were more extemporaneous in their address of welcome, and were not limited to the bi-colored garment. Scraps of anything that mother had were used to decorate their costumes where most needed, the whole

presenting, as the Ferrarese ambassador himself might have reported, "an effect not displeasing to the artistic eye."

Again, while there is no record of their attaching themselves to the milk-white jennet, the motor car became so instantaneously popular that even the old men of the village would clamber onto the luggage in the rear and ride up the steep street, while the driver wondered at his panting engine, and gasoline at eighty cents a gallon flowed like water into the carburetor.

Luigi and Ippolito conducted us to the Borgia fortress at Civita Castellana. Luigi said it was well for us that his school had let out or we would have missed him. Ippolito said nothing at all but could jump great distances from one tuft of grass to another. It was not entirely a pleasant path to the fortress, and Luigi begged us "to excuse the way," which we did, as no way can be blamed for the filthiness of its Italian neighbors. But the view from the northern rampart was well worth any trifling obstacles, and Luigi pointed out some Etruscan tombs, and told us what he had learned at school that day. He could not have forgotten anything. He was a pale lad with the patches on his trousers very neutral in coloring. Ippolito wore no

patches, though the necessity for them was painfully apparent. He also had been to school but had nothing to say about it except that he was glad to get out. When Luigi rebuked him for his reckless attitude in life his only reply was to leap astride the stone coping which protected the road from a sheer declivity of two hundred feet. He did this without touching his hands to the masonry and the artist went over immediately to the side of the unlettered.

Luigi, slightly discomfited, profited by the act to tell us of a schoolmaster who had once thrown himself over this precipice. "Or perhaps he was pushed over," he added, eying Ippolito hungrily.

To avoid a repetition of such a disaster the party was broken up, the rout of Luigi being complete when we asked if he had ever met a certain Lucrezia Borgia. Since he was a truthful lad, he replied that he had not, although (after a moment's temptation) his mother knew her well.

One tremendous advantage that the travelers in the motor car had over Lucrezia and her retinue was their ability to mingle with the common people. This may not have occurred to her when she sat in her castle high above the

high town of Narni. It has never been chronicled that the Duchess of Ferrara was tempted to go forth at nightfall like Messalina and visit the *cafés,* and lacking this disreputable trait, she probably missed the little one in the square where the workmen gather. It lies at the foot of the steepest of all streets in Narni, which is so steep that even the inhabitants, whose lives have been spent on angles, recognized the fact and have made the roadbed into a staircase. If one starts from the top of the way with anything like haste he cannot but plunge into the wine-room as he hurriedly reaches the bottom. The force of his body drives him in, to say nothing of the inclination of his mind; and while we are not accusing the landlord of having chosen the situation from any geographical advantage, the door to this street is never closed.

It is a very low *café,* and Messalina would have liked it—we did. The *habitués* played cards, each flipping his hand down with that desire to dramatize every two-spot which is so delightful in Italians and so maddening in Americans. After the general exchange of courtesies they watched us covertly while we scrawled greetings on our postal cards and dried

the ink with sand. They were homely, stumpy little men; they were dirty little men. We would not have sat among their like at home. One was in his shirt sleeves, one spat upon the floor, one—and then the door leading to the moonlit square was opened gently, and an old man with rings in his ears and an accordion under his arm slipped into a corner.

The cards were laid aside and the ink dried on the souvenir postals without sand. The moonlight followed the old man in, and the lamplight gave place to it. It may have been "Rigoletto" that he gave us first but it was surely "La Bohême" which he played next, for the shirt-sleeved patron asked for it. "Signor Puccini's 'La Bohême,'" he discriminated. "Leoncavallo" was called for after this by the man who spat upon the floor. "Anything of his, for all is good," was his request, and we had "I Pagliacci."

"What dost thou know of Verdi's?" queried the *padrone's* boy, who dipped the glasses in the basin in lieu of washing them. He knew "Il Trovatore," did the old man, and it was played with satisfaction to us all.

"And—and Mascagni?" questioned the

signora of the motor car a little shyly. The musician brought his shoulders nearer to his ears and dropped them suddenly.

"Oh, yes, if the signora wishes. Mascagni surely, but we do not call him *maestro* here in Umbria."

"It would have been the same had the Queen of England asked, instead of me," justified the signora of the motor car as they twisted their way back to the hotel. "We don't know music, and they do; and that's all there is about it."

"The air was bad, but Lucrezia has n't spent a better evening," absently replied the signor of the motor car. High above them was the castle.

It is no affair of ours that the wedding procession cared to spend the night in Terni. The thing is done now, and let it rest; but it was a poor place for a duchess and quite impossible for the possessors of a motor car. Terni is the Niagara of Italy. Falls are there, and following the custom of our country or, rather, preceding it, she may have felt it imperative as a bride to stop over and have a look at them.

We saw a tower at Terni, all four sides of it very thoroughly. We were led about by a drunken postman, who was most insistent that we examine it from several points of view, so

that we might know it should it cross our path again during our sojournings: "He could see that we were great travelers." This touched our vanity, although with no stretch of conscience could we say as much for the tower. One doubts if it ever has left Terni or ever will. The populace who followed in our wake were greatly embarrassed by the abnormal condition of their townsman. They begged that we would overlook him. "His wife had run away, yet he still loved her," they offered in timid explanation. Mindful of similar lapses of our countrymen with much less provocation we wagged our heads in understanding, rolled our eyes in common sympathy, did our Anglo-Saxon best to ape the *tut-tut*ing of their lips, and drove on toward Spoleto.

"It was in the valley of the Strettura beyond Terni," so wrote that cheerful medieval gossip, the Ferrarese ambassador, to his master, "that the hostler of the illustrious Don Sigismondo engaged in a violent altercation about some turtle doves with one of his fellows in the service of the Roman, Stefano dei Fabii, who is a member of the Duchess's escort. Both grasped their arms, whereupon one Pizaguerra, also in the service of the illustrious Don Sigismondo,

happening to ride by on his horse, wounded Stefano's hostler on the head. Thereupon Stefano, who is naturally quarrelsome and vindictive, became so angry that he declared he would accompany the cavalcade no further, and he passed the illustrious Don Sigismondo and Don Ferrante without speaking to them or even looking at them. The whole affair was due to a misunderstanding; and as the illustrious Madonna agreed that Stefano was in the wrong he was mollified, and continued on the journey."

It was in the valley of the Strettura beyond Terni that a rain cloud descended upon the occupants of the motor car with such suddenness that the illustrious signor had no opportunity of putting on his mackintosh, of which he was inordinately fond; and since they were soon very wet, the illustrious signora suggested that they drive on to Spoleto as they were, without an attempt to clothe themselves in their difficult ponchos. At this the illustrious signor, who is naturally argumentative and positive, declared he would not be the laughing stock of Spoleto, and that he would cover his watery condition with his poncho if he had to put it on with the shoe horn. After some further discussion the rubber coat was donned, and the sun, coming

out immediately, dried the costume of the illustrious signora while the illustrious signor steamed.

Therefore, contrary to arrangements, the cavalcade and the motor car found themselves so worn out over the turtle dove and the rain-cloud incident that they stayed the night in Spoleto. The automobile was welcome, it paid as it went; but how the people took that sudden visitation of a thousand the Ferrarese ambassador does not state. There must have been a tremendous slaughtering of fowls to feed that peevish, exhausted crowd; so far as we know but one remained. It had been cooked for hours, but every strenuous muscle betokened it a creature of the Renaissance.

Spoleto was not new to Lucrezia. Seven years before, while the wife of her second husband, and still a girl of eighteen, she had been made Duchess of the city by the Pope. This was probably done to get her out of sight; for she was continuously in tears for her young husband, who had been warned to fly from the long arm of the Vatican, and had gone to the Colonna in Genazzano. It was the Pope who urged her to send for the boy, and he came to Spoleto, at this castle way up aloft, which also sheltered her

on the wedding journey to her third husband. And from there they went to Rome, where the pontiff, skulking behind Cesare, rid himself forever of his tedious little son-in-law.

The castle is a prison now, as are all the Borgia strongholds. The sentiment is right, but whom the Government puts into them is one of the most serious problems for the traveler to solve. The policemen of Italy are truly the guardians of peace; it is their duty to soothe the savage breast, not to incite it to further violence by the application of the night stick. In the main street of Spoleto (the only one where we could walk without falling off into space) we were treated to a tempestuous argument between two men; and while the shoemaker was not displeasing in appearance, it is very probable that the shoe *did* slip up and down—there was the blister on the heel of the purchaser to prove it. And yet that tradesman thrust his fingers into the face of his patron with all the assurance of a man who sculps in leather. "An *artisto*—me!" shrieked the shoemaker. "Ha ha!" jeered the blistered one. Both kicked out with their feet; both reached for their knives, but failed to find them, for the brace of *carabinieri* appeared upon the scene. A court was

held, the heel displayed, the shoe thrust into the hands of the gentlemen of justice. "The softness, feel, feel, ah *Dio,* how beautiful!" wept the shoemaker. The court looked, felt, patted each man upon the shoulder: "Go thy ways. Sell this man no more shoes. Buy nothing further from this dealer. Go, go, peace." The adversaries parted, each one the victor. "A wise decision," said the oldest inhabitant.

It was in Foligno, the next night's stop for the medieval and modern travelers, that we discovered a real "Black Maria" traversing the *piazza.* We knew it immediately by the body of small boys bringing up the rear, and making frantic efforts to look into the little barred window which was placed in the padlocked door at the back. Since we were descending the church steps we found ourselves on a level with this window, and as the opportunity thrust itself upon us, it would have been madness to avoid a glance inside. We looked, and our suspicions were confirmed—they only play at prison-keeping here to keep the bad boys good, for the padlocked Black Maria was quite empty!

We could not compete with Donna Lucrezia's reception in Foligno. According to the Ferrarese ambassador, she was met by the signors

of the city all clad in red silk, at the gate, whereas our progress was only stayed by the custom officials; she was confronted by a float on which was Paris with the golden apple in his hand, who, bowing before the Duchess, basely refuted his previous award of the prize to the Lady Venus and (having by some means wrested it from her) presented it to Lucrezia. It is not known whether or no Lucrezia ate the apple; being of primeval Woman, she probably bit into it.

There were further surprises when she reached the *piazza,* for a Turkish galley came rowing along on the bare ground, the leading elocutionist of the village repeating some stanzas to the effect that the sultan having heard of the power of her beauty felt that he could no longer withstand the Christians and was ready to surrender all. The Ferrarese ambassador was not impressed with this spectacle, which must have taxed the ingenuity and the purses of the poor inhabitants heavily, and disposed of the pageant briefly by saying: "We made no special effort to remember these verses, as they were not exactly Petrarchian, and, moreover, the ship did not appear to be a very happy idea; it was rather out of place."

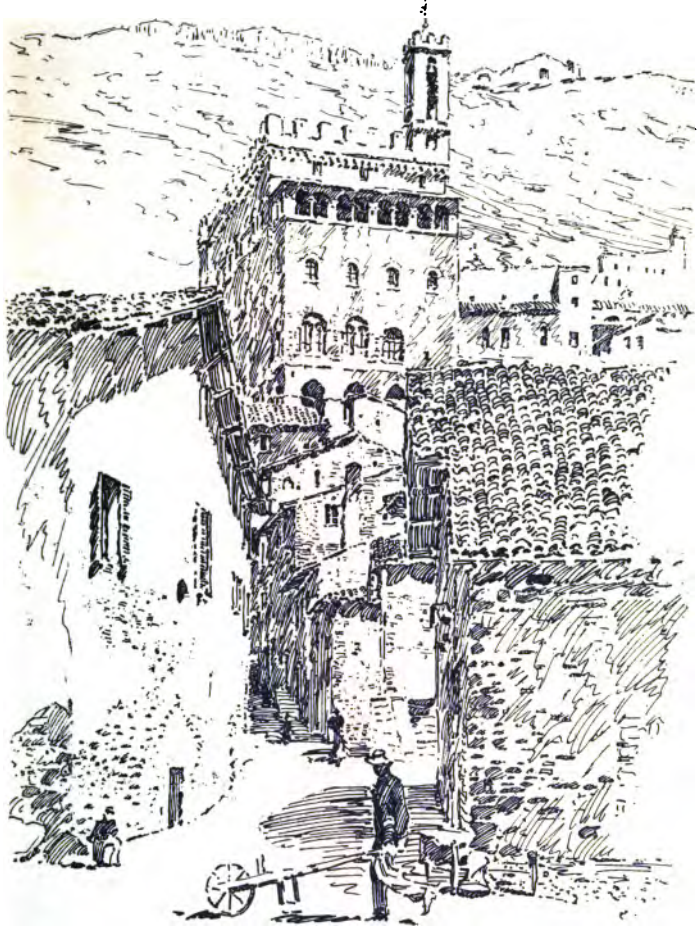
As our sympathies were entirely with the common people on this trip, we resented the criticism and wished the caustic detractor could have entered Foligno drenched by the violent rainfall which greeted us, when the Turkish galley could have rowed around the *piazza* and up the church steps, had it been so minded. It was market day in the town, the cloudburst bringing out a fungous growth of apple-green umbrellas, huge ones that sheltered the vegetables and the women who sold them. Two venders loaned us their chairs that we might sit in the arch of the Palazzo Publico with ease while the artist sketched. They themselves perched on the sides of their little wagons and nodded to us amicably whenever we looked in their direction, to show that they were quite happy and enjoying our selfish comfort.

Lunch time came, the children of the market mothers bringing from the cook shops near-by casseroles of spaghetti, which they ate in awful fashion, while the kiddies blocked the view of the artist until a fierce man drove them away. These fierce men are everywhere in Italy; they are "grown-ups" only in looks, for they no sooner displace the children, in their efforts to please the foreign signor, than they, in turn,

block the way as though the visual path were a vacuum which must be filled. "These *poverini,* they know no better," say the fierce men complacently.

Lucrezia spent three days between Foligno and Gubbio. It was up hill and down dale, tender olive slopes, heavy woods, and masses of rock. The motor, impatient with the slowness of the milk-white jennet, went through in an afternoon. Nocera was but a stop for water and the presentation of a postal card by a blushing lad; later, an old man slyly introduced himself as the father of the youth and insinuated that he could accept the price of the postal; and later than that, the young man, still blushing, heard of the imposition, and, disowning the graybeard as any other than an artful villain, forced the restitution of the two-cent piece.

Gualdo Tadino was delicious from the outside and dreary from the inside; Gubbio was dreary from both sides but wonderfully old and gray, quite the most perfect example of medieval Italy remaining, with a castle befitting a Borgia. That was the last of Umbria. The next day came the climb across the Apennines through the Calvo Pass, where even the motor car grumbled, and the pack mules must have rued the day



A street in Gubbio

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of their birth. No sooner had the descent begun, and we had passed the rocky gorges which echoed our horn so dismally, than the olive slopes and the farm lands of the province of the Marche began, only slightly different from the Umbrian landscape, and, high on a hill, the loftiest of all the cities was Urbino.

Outside of the city Lucrezia was met by Duke Guidobaldo of the Montrefeltre, and there was much bending of the knee, although the union was displeasing to his house. But in fear of the Pope's anger, he and his wife, the illustrious Elisabetta, gave no evidence of their curtain opinions, placed their enormous palace at the disposal of Lucrezia's suite during their stay in Urbino — and waited for the popish blessing. It came, but following on its heels, or, more strictly, on the heels of the cavalcade, came Cesare also, who appropriated the city as one of his own; and the rulers of the most learned court in Italy fled to Venice for safety.

It was quite deserted on the day we visited the huge structure — ready for Lucrezia or Cesare or the motor car invaders. There was no custodian at the wicket gate; no guards were stationed along the carved stone corridors; no busy little civilians with red sealed documents rushed

up and down the road-wide staircases. For that half-hour the most lovely palace of this and that age was ours—with the true hospitality of the Montrefeltre left to the stranger within their gates. Outside in the courtyard was the bronze statue of young Raphael, and a little farther up the street was his birthplace. It, too, was deserted, but a kindly watchmaker left his work to do the honors. The youths of the village who cried, "Donna Lucrezia! Donna Lucrezia!" as she entered, may have numbered him among them. He was sixteen then and painting with his father, and I think no greater honor could have come to Lucrezia in that splendid thirty days over the Via Flaminia.

The wedding procession must have cantered down to Pesaro. The road leads straight to the sea, and the mules were probably very happy if Lucrezia was not. Pesaro at that time belonged to her brother; her first husband, the former ruler of the city, was in exile in Mantua nursing his wrongs, and greatly disturbing the festive preparations in Ferrara by the possibility of his sudden appearance there to claim his wife. It had been hinted by the gentler historians that Madonna was probably overcome by painful emotions on reëntering her first home during her

first marriage. She did not appear in the evening, they report, but allowed her ladies to dance with the townspeople. This withdrawal is tactfully explained by the Este counselor, one Pozzi, in a letter to his master. "Because," he wrote, "she is naturally inclined to solitude, and for the purpose of washing her head."

Both are good reasons and sufficient in themselves, but having learned more of this head-washing business, we are inclined to accept it as the sole cause for her retirement. The Ferrarese ambassador dwelt repeatedly upon this unfortunate habit, and felt it to be a great obstacle to their arriving on schedule time. He evidently had little sympathy with new movements, and we shudder to think what effect this porcelained, be-nickeled life of today would have upon him. Hygienically speaking, it is the best thing we have to say of Lucrezia, and that she persisted in this practice up to the day of her entry into Ferrara shows a spirit beyond her time.

As Pesaro stands now, a church door is the only shelter worthy of a duchess. The palaces in the square are very ugly, and down by the Adriatic a number of terrible villas have been erected with Morris wallpaper effects stenciled

on the walls, as though a cyclone had turned the habitations wrong side out. Along the road to Rimini there were several of these seaside resorts, which tell the story of Italian decadence in art and architecture. The castle of the Malatesta at Rimini, worn and rugged, was a relief to the eye after such structural capers; and we should like to feel that Lucrezia spent the night there, although there is no record of it. However, the thought that Paola and Francesca were murdered within its walls brightens us up wonderfully; and we know that the great Sigismondo, whom an irritated people put to death, built it for his beloved Isotta, for there is still over the door the monster he modestly chose as his emblem, combined with her four-leaved rose.

Mindful of Bologna, a city with city manners, for our next stop, and of Ferrara the day beyond as the end of our way, we lingered in Rimini, and many times went to the church of San Francesco to wonder why human and divine love are so seldom in harmony. Sigismondo had erected the edifice hoping to save the soul of his frail Isotta by placating her Creator. Artists and artisans of every country were brought to Rimini, all the adoration of man for an evil woman was put into the great interior, and after

the lapse of centuries the church stands unchanged; a monument to the senses, a temple to the deity; that deity a woman. In a thousand cunning ways the sculptor has worked out the little four-leaved rose; through a thousand devices we find the swaying trunk of the monster; Isotta and Sigismondo, Sigismondo and Isotta to the very roof.

Fortunately the calm acceptance by the modern Italian of these unsettling evidences of a rude passion does much to keep the balance of the visitor. Service was being held in the chapel which contains Isotta's body, on the hour of our first visit, and clinging to the rails were old men and women, prostrate, devout. Some children were there, one little boy very much concerned over the red sandstone floor which rubbed off on his Sunday-clad knees. His comrades were rich in handkerchiefs which they spread as a prayer rug, but his dress parade was limited to trousers. For a moment he wavered uncertainly, then spying the priest before the altar on the whitest of marble, he crept forward and knelt fearlessly by the side of *il padre* within the very radius of God.

At Rimini we left the Via Flaminia, to the keen emotion of the motor car, which had

greatly enjoyed the hospitality of its roadbed. But the Via Emilia, with no elevation of spirit, offered a most even disposition, and, indeed, we were all so filled with excitement over the approaching nuptials that we would have noticed nothing short of broken glass. Lucrezia stopped to put her clothes in order at Imola; but we passed on to Bologna, doing very little in a social way, but admiring the palace of the Bentivoglio where the Duchess was entertained. Her hostess was the aunt of Giovanni Sforza. Unfortunately there is no record of her emotions—one probably dared not think in those days; and the only honest expression we have in all the records of this marriage is that of Alfonso's sister, the illustrious Isabella, who met the cavalcade near Malalbergo as she had been bidden, and embraced her new kinswoman (so she wrote her husband) "in violent anger." There is something very fine about that admission. We respect her above the bridegroom, who had the execrable taste to surprise his new wife by suddenly appearing before her when they were yet twenty miles from Ferrara. At least it was not head-washing day; and while greatly overcome, and probably exasperated, it is chronicled that she recovered herself and received him

"with many expressions of esteem." He stayed but two hours and then departed for Ferrara, while the Duchess hastened to apprise the Pope of her successful interview, and the thousand retainers gossiped and giggled.

That the bride might obtain as much rest as possible, the last few miles of her journey were made by canal boat, rushing gaily through the water, propelled by the mules. At that we undoubtedly outdistanced her, reaching Ferrara at the end of eight days with very little ostentation. As we drew up for the custom examinations, however, there was heard the boom of a cannon, and we glanced proudly at each other.

"The royal salute?" we asked of the officers.

"Sunset, signora," responded the iconoclasts.

We bore no malice; there was still the motor car and the great stretch of country on to Havre. This was the end of Lucrezia's wanderings, the end of her vicissitudes.

After a week of the most splendid festivities of the age, Ercole, the head of the house of Este, wrote to the Pope to summon home the retinue of ladies. "They are an expense and they are impertinent," wrote the careful father-in-law. But Lucrezia stayed on, much beloved, reared a family, and lived happily in the Castle

Vecchio, with her husband's brothers imprisoned for life in the dungeons below. The old Pope died and was buried with scant ceremony; and, as if to make a pleasant ending to our story, the hill towns which we had known were immediately restored to their rulers and Cesare was banished from Italy.

Thirty years ago Mr. Howells wrote of the quiet of Ferrara's wide streets. We found it so—we believe that Lucrezia did. I think the conservative dukes would have it that way—and it is splendid for a motor car. We indulged in a friendly brush with a gleaming French tornado as we made for the hotel, and by some happening outdistanced it. The landlord lifted down our luggage, his face beaming.

"You know them, signor?" was his query.

"No, who are they?"

"Descendants, signor, of the noble house of Este."

II

The Spanish Bandit and the Motor Car

IT WAS a willful excursion — this motoring over the Sierras and along the untrammeled ways of southern Spain — our plan shaping itself more and more positively as our friends advised against it. As they waxed voluble, we became set, and when, at last, as a triumphant finish to a dark prophecy, they dangled the prospects of bandits alluringly before us, we booked our passage.

Among our acquaintance was one young man who developed the habit, unassisted, of calling nightly before our departure, and offering practical suggestions From One Who Knows. He had meandered much in Spain, or strictly speaking, his mule had meandered, for he employed this means of transit to be "near to the people," and during his peregrinations he had been attended by two of the civil guard, like a man under continual arrest, which course he advised us to follow.

As, in doing so, we would be obliged to dispense with our small trunk, which was to be strapped to the sloping rear of our runabout, and in its place rope-up the *guardia civil* to keep them from slipping off, we decided in favor of an occasional change of linen. We did not offend him by admitting this peculiarity, but conjectured as to the possible indignant attitude of the Spaniard at large upon discovering two of his policemen tied to an American car, and the One Who Knew saw the wisdom of this reasoning. "They are a proud race," he vouchsafed.

He did much to sweep away the information we had culled from the Astor Library as to what dangers we might reasonably hope to encounter, although he admitted the four grades of gentlemen engaged in *bandolerisimo* that we had already discovered. First comes the *ladron en grande,* the robber king who lives in castles, and sometimes inns, killing his guests for their gold, and yet continuing in the business without exciting the smallest suspicion. His kind is almost extinct, although, according to a Spanish writer with a caustic pen (probably a disappointed office-seeker), a species of his type are still holding positions of public trust. Next are

the *salteadores,* small bands of men who go into the villages to glean news of the travelers, and wait upon them on the road; while the third grade is the *ratero,* a man of no social position as a brigand, but who with a certain daring infests the mountain ways, and whom, with luck, we might "meet up" with. Last of all is the *raterillo,* the little rat, who is nothing better than a skulking footpad, and as good game for an active motor car as the chicken that crosses the road.

"After all," said the One Who Knew, at the last hour of the last meeting, "it is not the real brigand whom one is apt to encounter in this day, but the poor starved farmer, who, owing to heavy taxes and the failure of crops, has been driven to the road to take by force from those who travel in luxury that which he and his children require. And I must say," he concluded, eying our gleaming car enviously and mindful of his plodding mule, "I must say I don't blame them."

Our start from Malaga was propitious; at least for the bandit, or to specialize, from the point of view of the *salteadores* who "go into the villages to glean news of the travelers." For hours the street in front of our hotel was blocked

with a curious crowd. Our itinerary was discussed, our car and baggage inspected, and our tires kicked by the international small boy. In the hotel the artist was surrounded by eager Malagites who were offering revolvers of all varieties, for it had been discovered that *el señor* was traveling without firearms, and, while no Spaniard would admit the necessity of carrying a gun, all acknowledged that they did so.

In the end we departed without one, which must have been great news for the lurking *salteadores,* but the weapons proffered, while attractive for cozy corners, were so wobbly about the trigger that a premature explosion in the hip pocket would be the only certain outcome of the purchase; and in this unarmored condition, we took to the trail, defenseless save for a stock of courteous phrases, two smiles glued to two faces, and two beating hearts bounding with diplomacy. Now, at the end of the journey, we realized how complete was our equipment for the crossing of Spain.

"Good luck!" cried the American Consul from the pavement; *"Buena fortuna!"* called the landlord from his balcony, and *"Buena fortuna!"* shyly echoed the *salteadores,* lifting

their panamas for all the world like peaceable citizens.

We started late in the afternoon instead of early in the morning, as we had expected, but the American Consul thought us remarkable for getting away the same week that we had planned—in Spain. We had not intended to travel by night through the mountain country, and we watched the lengthening shadows with some apprehension; for the hills that rose straight up from the sea were so steep that our speed was limited, and we soon knew to a certainty that we could not make Loja until long after sundown.

Still, when one has realized the inevitability of loitering along a Spanish road it becomes pleasant. It is not the road itself that is pleasant. After two minutes we found its bed to be as bad as predicted, but apart from the view, which is unfailingly magnificent, there is a chain of small drinking places which do beguile the sojourner and give to him an insight into Spanish interiors (as well as an opportunity for his own) which is denied the tourist who goes by train.

There was nothing bloodthirsty about the

señoras of the drinking places nor the *habitués*. They were all intently curious, immensely proud, and enormously vain; they also were a confusing people. In the vernacular, it was difficult to decide just "how to take them." Our hostess would overcharge us for a bottle of poor pop, but her servant would shake his head sullenly at the offer of money for pouring water into the radiator. When this happened we would expostulate civilly with the *señora* and shake hands with the servant, which caused her to respect us and pleased the boy beyond the gift of gold. Handshaking was incorporated that day along with our other weapons of defense.

At one of the little huts we asked for food, and after an endless delay the landlady appeared with a large, clean towel half concealed under her arm. Immediately we saw her agony of indecision: whether or no to spread the piece of linen as a cloth upon the table. She had heard of these things, and yet if we should laugh! For a quarter of an hour she dragged herself about the room cutting the bread and bits of salt pork that were to form our meal, her eyes fixed warily upon us. The loungers, too, were watching anxiously. They wished the thing well done;

still—should we laugh! At last she accidentally dropped the towel, when, without comment, I seized and opened it as though to help her in her task, and so together we laid the cloth for supper.

At this same hut a man who sat huddled over a torn alphabet while a little girl taught him his letters, flushed shamefacedly when he feared we had discovered him, yet openly refused to be photographed with the rest until he had arranged his hair. The mule-drivers, our only companions along the road, who at first alarmed me with their grim faces as they coaxed their strings of wheeling beasts past our car, were found to be good fellows when we met them—one might say—socially. They would not drink with the *señor,* but they smiled and nodded appreciatively when we offered to the children of the house gifts of chocolate, and, one and all, they loved a joke—when it was not on them.

They will be a long time talking of the foreign lady who drank the mild-looking *aguardiente* which she thought must be for her, while her husband downed the syrup in wonder at the insipidity of the famous beverage. They laughed also with the strangers when they discovered, nailed to the bar, the pieces of bad

money that the hostess, once less wise, had taken in; and they laughed, and must be laughing still, when the unsuspicious foreigners accepted a handful of loose change which could be well nailed down upon *their* bar—did they possess one.

It was dusk when we came across the first *posada* of any pretension. It stood squarely on the road, as did the others, but it was more commodious and more promising for the *ladron en grande* than any we had yet seen. It was of that fashionable class of hostelry such as we have in our country that bears no name; but the brigand Boniface was perfect in his style. He wore a gray beard and a grand air, coming to greet us as we descended from our car, and we were grateful that we had found, at last, the best of his kind. He had a delightful way of slapping his hands together, this robber chief, which would immediately bring a servant or two flying from around the corner of the house. Even his guests obeyed him, for he summoned a handsome woman with large pearls in her ears who offered to make with her own hands a cup of tea. New guests of the hotel appeared, and, at the suggestion of the brigand, French was spoken. One could see he was a man of cul-

ture. It was all very interesting, and, as we sipped our cognac and water and ate many little cakes, my eyes were fastened on the large pearls in the ears of the lady guest, and I wondered if that very night they would be wrenched from her.

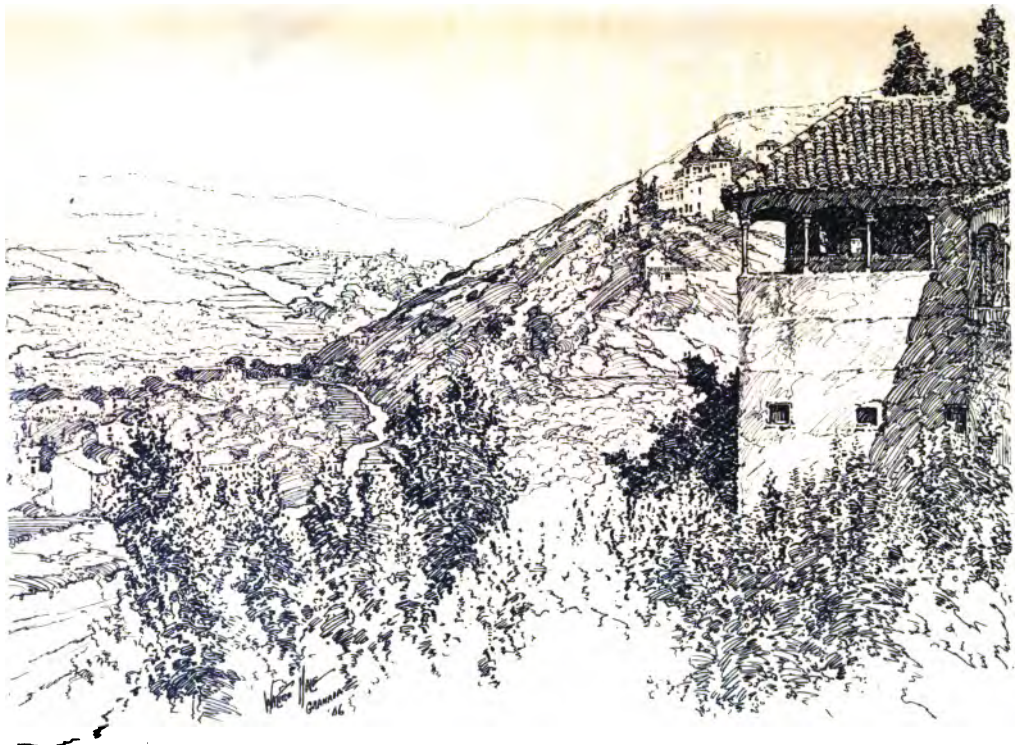
It was the little cakes that saved us from eternal shame, for they were very good, and we were wishful to take some on the road with us; but, prefacing the request with a word or two of condescending praise (just as the artist was about to reach into his pocket and demand the bill) the robber, in response to me, nodded toward the lady of the pearls proudly: "Ah yes, my wife keeps well the house; here in our country place I am but the husband of the countess."

Then in the twilight of the deep portico where we were sitting, we discovered the coronet upon the plates and glasses, deciphered the stone coat of arms over the door, and fitted to its proper place the air of simple breeding which only creatures of one idea, and that one landlord bandits, could associate with any class but the Latin aristocracy. Trembling with horror at the thought of what we might have done, we wrung the hands of the *conde* and his family, who, all

unsuspecting the reason for our descent upon them (so customary is the extending of such hospitality) walked up the road that they might wave farewell to us.

The night settled down upon us. The moon rose, and on we climbed across a mountain chain. There was no herbage on these mountains, only great twisted piles of rock gleaming bone-white in the moonlight like skeletons of dead tortured gods; there were no hamlets, few habitations, and few wayfarers on the road. At one small hut we stopped for water, but in answer to our call, there was only the hurried barring of doors and windows; the pedestrians, muffled to their ears in long capes, to whom we called a cheery greeting (mindful of the soft answer that turneth away wrath, or inversely put) flew to the roadside at our approach, and those on horseback dismounted, rushing their animals from off our path. Still we did not lose heart, still we watched eagerly for *salteadores,* or, grown more humble, peered wistfully behind the rocks for a *ratero*—of no position, socially, to be sure, but still a Spanish bandit.

Since this story has to do with The Road—Its Dangers—one cannot dwell upon the polite brigandage as practiced in Spanish towns,



The valley of the Darro, Granada

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although our stay at Loja and Granada gave further proof that the robber chief while modernized and minimized in his *modus operandi* still found innkeeping profitable.

There is nothing so glorious as Granada except the way that leads to Alicante. On the morning of our departure we felt that at last the day for happenings had arrived. Everything was conducive to the worst. Immediately upon leaving Granada we were as isolated as though in a dead country, except for the muleteers and the occasional passing of a brace of *guardia civil,* the red facings to their uniforms and their foolish patent-leather hats radiating heat. Two by two they march, patrolling the lonely mountain highways, brave fellows, of course, but maddening to those in search of the thing that they would quell.

At five we arrived in Guadix, after two hours of travel across a vast plateau that we had climbed four hours to reach. Now that we look back upon the wondrous glory of that plain, and on the doings in that plain, we feel that it could have been but a prolonged siesta full of colorful dreams. The plateau was peopled and, at first glance, dotted with mansions of red stone in Queen Anne style; as we drew nearer we found

that they were caves in tiers. Some single storied ones had whitewashed doors and chimneys, against which the family goat rubbed herself comfortably as she grazed from off the roof. *Señoras* issued from the caves, neat, well-dressed, with hair, as usual, beautifully coifed. Children, literally speaking, sprang out of the earth, and, as usual, shrieked in terror at the sight of our mild selves. It was magnificent for highwaymen, but, *as usual,* the road was left to us.

At Guadix, while we waited for late luncheon, Pepita flew around the table and mistaking us for English, worked vigorously for an extra *pourboire.* She told us of the people's joy that they had at last an English queen. A French queen would not have done, Pepita said. An American queen, ho, ho! An American queen they would despise. Even a Spanish queen would not have been acceptable, but ah, a British queen! There was luck for them. She brought the daily rain! She brought the harvest! She—Pepita paused, eying us doubtfully. The *señor* and *señora* of course were English? We swallowed hard. We were adventuresome, but Guadix was a tiny village and the plateau vast, and we had many miles to go that evening. We were adventuresome, but still dis-

cretion is the—Yes, we assured Pepita, we were English! God save the Queen!

And just for that denying of our birthright, at nightfall something happened. Of course we would not have had it otherwise. Still twenty miles from Guadix and fifteen miles from Baza with the daily rain storm that our English princess had brought about, drenching us to the skin—under the circumstances it was a poor place for our tired car to take a rest. We argued with the car but it refused to answer back with so much as an explosion. Night was descending rapidly. So was the rain, and at this stage of misery, just as it should have been, the *raterillo* came upon us.

One may notice I had grown more humble in my demands as to the kind of bandit we should meet. Reluctantly I had slipped down the various grades, and yet when the velvet toreador hat and long-barreled gun appeared above the rocks, I quite preferred the "little rat." He approached in a manner that to a poor observer would suggest timidity, but we put it down to cunning. However, it was not the course of action generally employed, and, after an instant of embarrassment, I took the initiative. With a certain tremulous eagerness, I extended half of

my umbrella, prefacing the offer with the enlightening phrase, "It rains."

At this the *raterillo* pulled off his velvet hat and edged away from the umbrella saying strange things which the artist construed into an offer of assistance—a trait peculiar to his kind—and, without further parley, set the man to work. To do so the brigand placed his gun with infinite trust into my arms and, glowing in my pride, I paced the road—the bandit's friend! Their concerted efforts, too, were useless, and in our wet despair we flung ourselves upon our new-found comrade and begged him to look after us. In the natural order of things this would have pleased a brigand; had he possessed the smallest appreciation of the position he could have seen what opportunities were offered him, but our *raterillo's* eyes bulged with awe at the thought of housing us. Still, he did not deny our plea. He was a poor man, he said simply, but he could give us something for our supper, and we could sleep at the hut of a neighbor a mile further on, who possessed a bed. He did not say an extra bed, but a bed.

The obstacle that now confronted us was the disposal of our inactive car. We could not take

it with us, for the bandit's home was back among the rocks, nor would he guard it, claiming (artfully) that he must sleep at night. On the other hand, the highway seemed a foolish place to leave a vehicle with attractive trimmings in the shape of lamps, cushions, and a trunk, and we looked sternly at the man for help. After some investigation he discovered at the foot of the hill a clump of trees and suggested that we push the car behind the sparse cover and take the chance of robbery.

Of course the bandit, since it was not his car, could take the chance more serenely than could we; but I was helped into the driver's seat to steer the course, while he and the artist put their shoulders to the wheel. Once it had started, the car leaped forward, and, eluding their grasp, began descending with greater speed than their legs could carry them. We had not calculated on this; I was a novice at the business, and the artist, paddling through the puddles far behind, lifted his voice and begged me to set the brake.

"Which is the brake?" I called back, zigzagging my machine along the road like a drunken sailor.

"Good heavens! Any idiot would know a brake!" came faintly to me from the running artist.

It was a poor time for a man to show his temper, and his far-off voice acted as the climax of a highly colored scene. Here was one of the intrepid ones, careening over a dark road in a motor car she did not understand, the wind whistling around her and the rain dashing in her face, running away from her protector, all in the heart of the bandit country. For the next few seconds, peals of maniac laughter floated back to greet the ears of the panting artist and the plodding robber, and when the car had settled at the bottom of the hill, they found her still delirious from mirth.

The clump of trees was there for the car to hide behind, although no one but a blind man could pass it by unnoticed, and he would smell it; and to further mark the spot a rude cross of wood had been lately thrust into the ground. When we asked the reason for the blessed emblem the *raterillo* shrugged his shoulders with the *quien sabe* which we hear in plays, and before we could question him further, just as we started toward our resting place, suitcase in hand, the bells of the diligence to Baza jangled

within hearing. The artist climbed up with the whip; I shared the gloom inside with four young priests; the little rat, as might be expected in this topsy-turvy land, disdained our offering of coin but shook our hands with vigor, and on we lurched to Baza.

It was after we had eaten supper at the *fonda* that the spokesman of the village club asked what assistance the citizens of Baza could offer us. The village club, we took it, was the room where we were supping, for the villagers dropped in one by one during our meal; liquors were brought in by the traveling barkeeper, who, tray in hand, carries his stock from door to door; but beyond a silent toast to us as they drank, we were not disturbed until the *fonda* boots had laid the toothpicks at our places.

The questions were first put to the spokesman by the landlord, a man strangely fat for Spain, but they came to us in French, and our replies were again translated into Spanish. The artist asked continually for advice, which pleased the village club if it did not clarify our plans. However, by midnight, we had all agreed that a mule, a strong one, harnessed to a cart, a light one, should convey the *señor* and the hotel boots, with the driver, to the scene of

the collapse; and we had also, with some opposition I must admit, decided that one dollar instead of ten would be a wage suitable for such a mule and such a cart.

It was at noon of the next day, as I sat in the *señora's* kitchen gloomily admiring her fine copper, and wondering, if the motor could not be repaired, how long a mule, a strong one, would take to haul it and the cart, a light one, to the town, when the joyful whirring of a faithful engine played sweet strains up the street.

"Automobile!" I exclaimed to the landlady, as arm in arm we hurried to the balcony.

"Voilà le moteur!" called the spokesman from the club.

"Automovile!" yelled the village street, following up the car as it stopped before the *fonda.*

The bandit sat in my place, gun over shoulder. At his feet was the hotel boots, and beaming from the driver's seat was the artist, explaining to the crowd that the difficulty had been caused by the fording of deep rivers. In the midst of all this joy I bethought me of the mule, but the Spanish word escaped me, and making big ears with my flapping hands, I called down to them: "Where is the ong-ee!

ong-ee?" The village street, with a concerted gesture, waved up the road, and with one voice supplied the word: *"Mula, señora, mula!"*

Late in the afternoon the *raterillo* came to say good-by, and burst into our rooms. The fact that the *señora* was taking a siesta and that the *señor* had but lately laved himself, carried no weight with him. In provincial Spain they do not knock on doors. We shook hands sorrowfully. He was parting with the biggest happening life had granted him. We were bidding a long farewell to our only Spanish bandit. Once more the artist pressed a piece of money on him, "for the children," but he refused it smilingly, and clumping down the stairs, started on his long tramp home.

We were of one kind that night in the village club. The traveling bartender did a thriving business, and the air was blue with friendly smoke. It was then we asked the meaning of the rude cross which had marked the place where our car lay. It was then we learned that ten days before a wayfarer had been shot and killed upon that very spot—on a dark night while the rain fell. "Bandits? Ah, no, *señora,* in Spain never! Probably for love!"

"But," we persisted, "we left our motor car

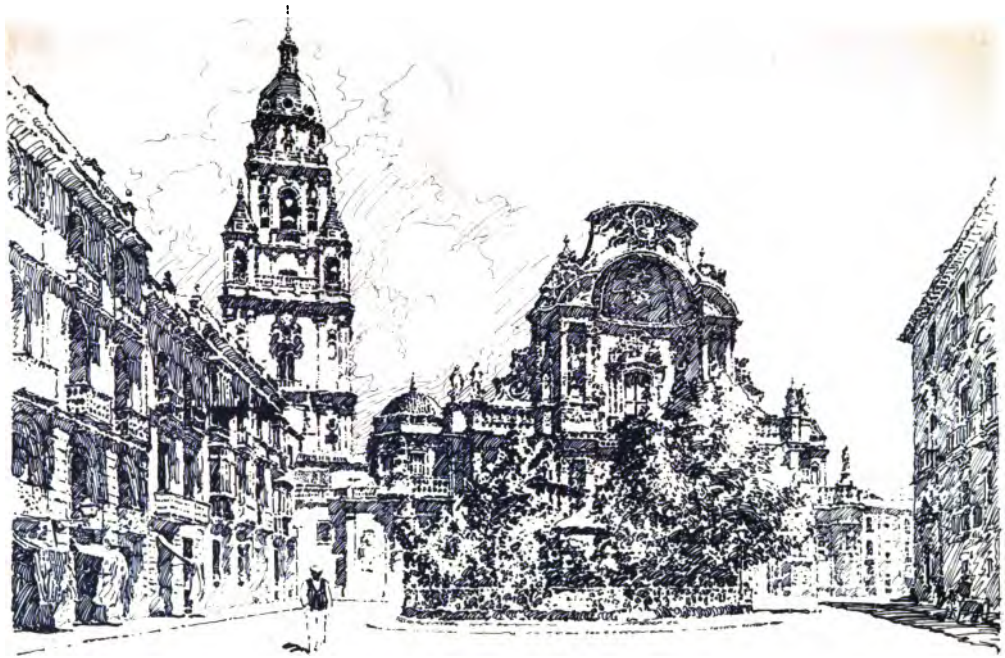
upon the road. It was untouched. We have traveled without firearms and with money on us. We had no maps to guide us and little knowledge of the way. Are there no men bad enough to turn bandit even for a night?"

There was a moment's silence as the spokesman turned into Spanish our lament. Some laughed, others shrugged their shoulders, but a tall, bronzed muleteer, smoking upon the balcony, flicked the ashes from his cigarro and sonorously murmured:

"La Muerte, que mata, no se puede matar."

Catching the sentence, which was meaningless to us, we repeated it in interrogation, but the spokesman, as though the driver had overstepped the bounds of courtesy, led us on to other subjects. For the night we forgot it, but with the first whirr of the engine the next day, it came back to us, beating itself out rhythmically as we journeyed toward the coast.

Within a few miles of Murcia, "a city with a bath tub," as it had been described in Baza, we met a little girl in Sabbath best leading a small donkey. Fascinated, they stood motionless at our approach, but as we were about to pass them slowly, the donkey jerked the rope



The cathedral and plaza de palacio, Murcia

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from the child's hand and started back over the course.

"Santa Maria!" cried the little girl, invoking her protectress, and "Roberta!" she pleaded to her beast. But Roberta was fleet of hoof. The car was stopped, and, digging hastily for a propitiatory coin, I started in pursuit. As I would reach the top of one low hill, Roberta and her exploiting mistress would be seen disappearing over the crest of another. On raced we three, Indian fashion, Roberta kicking up her heels joyfully, the child running clumsily in unwieldy shoes, I panting but persistent with the *peseta* clutched in my hand. Suddenly they dropped beyond the horizon and were lost to view. We never found a trace of them afterwards, and, a half-hour later, the artist, scouting carefully along, picked me up, lamenting that our kindly intentioned selves could cause so much distress.

"La Muerte, que mata, no se puede matar!" I muttered, half unconsciously, as I took my place once more.

"La Muerte, que mata, no se puede matar!" repeated the artist.

"La *Muerte,* que *mata,* no se *puede matar!"* sang the engine.

"At Murcia," I told the artist, "we'll unstrap our trunk and find the dictionary."

"We'll unstrap it now!" declared the exasperated artist, turning off the current.

Again I descended, and in the foothills of the Sierras we undid our baggage, distributed our effects upon the roadway, and brought forth the book of knowledge. After ten minutes, we climbed into the car again, silent, reflective, the motor beating out the wisdom of the muleteer:

"Death, the destroyer, cannot be itself destroyed."

And in this fashion we rushed on to civilization, well content that the old terrors of the road should become pleasurable fiction since the new terrors of the road have become pleasurable facts.

III

The Manana Habit

IT HAD been creeping over us ever since our arrival at Gibraltar. We attributed the condition to various causes, such as "feeling the ship's motion" or "a touch of the grip"; but it had secured no definite hold upon us, and we still could rail against the lack of business enterprise exhibited by the Spanish country people and remain guiltless.

As we began to work our way northward, *en auto,* the insidious habit became more distinctly a part of us, although our state might have politely escaped comment had we not been of those candid specimens of earth's creatures known as Man and Wife. I observed it first in the Man, and, being of a confiding nature, remarked upon it immediately. Thus confronted with the discovery, he was forced to admit that he did wait until morning to put oil in the feeders, instead of filling them up the night before — as all gentlemen chauffeurs should — and

that the frequent rests at the wayside inns were not entirely for the sake of the engine.

My triumph was short-lived, however, for he replied with unnecessary spirit that he had noticed long ago (though he had refrained from speaking of it) that I did not pack now until the last moment, and that was probably one reason his slippers had been left behind in Murcia. Upon reflection, I decided not to combat this cause for the loss of the slippers. When a man's feet are tired, packing in a rush seems a better excuse than a fourteenth-century saint. Besides, the spirit of unity that has made us a couple worthy of comment has for its foundation our mutual peccadillos, and the consciousness that we shared the crime of the "tomorrow habit" held us closer than our bonds of wedlock.

It grew rapidly upon us after we had admitted the thing, and with it developed a gentle tolerance of the postponing proclivities of those around us. We bore no malice toward the chambermaid who waved her hand airily as the only response to our demand for towels while the water dried upon our faces; nothing but the choicest of English was expended upon the boy who carried off the gentleman chauffeur's puttees and forgot where he had hidden them

(the pitiful bare expanse from knicker to sock top was nothing to the boy); and we abandoned the black looks we were wont to cast at the patron of the inn, who invariably delayed in making out his bill until the motor was pounding at the door.

A cause for congratulation that did much to allay any pangs of conscience was the excellence of our intentions—we expected to do better things when we got farther on, tomorrow, or tomorrow, or tomorrow.

I remember how eagerly (for Mañanites) we entered Alicante, after crossing the map of Spain with unsullied notebook and a sketching-pad free from all impressionistic records. We were considerably behind in our schedule, owing not to our difficulty in arriving at a town, but to our difficulty in getting away from it. The morning was so pleasant for lazily sleeping, the afternoon so short for a decent run, the night so vibrant with promenading Spaniards, that—well—the morning *was* pleasant for lazily sleeping. But all this dalliance was to cease at Alicante. Alphabetically speaking, the town suggested a commencement; who could have struggled against the M of Malaga or S of Seville? Alicante was a beginning—a begin-

ning of real endeavor, real results, and the Spanish Riviera.

We had decided to call the strip of Mediterranean coast running from Alicante to Barcelona by this name, for the reason that Spain had as much right to a Riviera as France or Italy. We felt that we were justified in this claim when we discovered palm-trees waving a welcome to us as we neared the coast, and while we appreciated their hospitality, we must admit that the town they shaded was as good a start for anywhere as any one could choose, for, no matter the destination, it was sure to be better than the beginning.

There are two things to do in Alicante. One can walk under the palms of the Alameda which runs along the water's edge and be stared at by those who sit in the cafés, or one can sit in the cafés and stare at those who walk under the palms of the Alameda which runs along the water's edge. Only, if you are a Spanish woman, you will probably walk up and down with your grandmother, while your husband or your father sits at the cafés. I have sometimes felt very lonely at those little tables; but they have seemed preferable to the cool stare of the don as he comfortably sips his liqueur. Neither

The gate of justice, Alhambra

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the señora nor the señorita objects to this stare; if they are conscious of it they are unresentful, and they must be mightily strong to stand an evening's senseless parading.

The Spanish peasant is the most polished gentleman in the world, but the provincial dandy is not a pleasant person. He does not limit himself to admiring one (which might be endured); he laughs at one. Since the foreign city hat is different from the Spanish town hat, the Spanish town hat laughs and points its finger; even a lady hat will do this. It never occurs to the Spanish provincial headgear that it is very funny, too. A Spaniard is under it, and therefore it *must* be right; yet, if the foreign city hat laughed, the resentment would be deep.

Spain is a land of contrasts. When one is driven to the point of laughing loudly and pointing retaliating fingers at the gazing populace, something very beautiful always happens, and one forgets about the finger of scorn and wipes one's eyes surreptitiously. It took a fine, big policeman to remind me of my manners on one occasion in Alicante. I found him arresting a very feeble old woman, who was asking alms without a license. She sat upon the usual child's chair, and she was loath to let it go but too weak

to carry it. So the big policeman carried it for her, in one big hand, and supported the trembling old crone with the other. Very slowly they went, stopping frequently for her to rest—the big policeman and the little chair and the old lady. So slowly that I, discreetly following them, was obliged to look into shop-windows as if that were my only mission in life. And all the people on the streets who met them turned aside to gaze up the road fixedly at something imaginary, as though feeling the old one's shame. When I finally reached the Municipal Building she was panting before the sergeant's desk, and no one laughed at my hat when I made it understood that I would pay for the license. I shook hands with the department and was courteously escorted to the hotel; but—mark the contrast—the change they gave me for my gold piece was bad!

Owing to the head of our hotel having the key to the case which contained the souvenir post-cards, we were delayed several days in Alicante. It was a point of honor with us that, in spite of our inertia over gasoline for the motor-car and such trifles, we had never forgotten to mail from each place pictured evidence that we

were having a better summer than our friends. We had given up by degrees any serious following of art and architecture; we did not climb towers for the view, and we seldom entered a church except to cool off; but we inscribed post-cards nightly on the wabbly tables of the café, and it was upsetting for the head to go off and "dreenk somet'ings," for two days; with the key in his pocket.

If one asks at this point, "Could we have bought cards elsewhere?" I do not hear him. The question is irrelevant, and, as though there were good in everything, the delay of the hotel man sent me to church. Or perhaps it was the persistent cry from the bells of San Nicolas which impelled me to follow the sound. The second peal started me flying up the street, with no other preparation than a scarf to cover my head. Since I was penniless, I tiptoed past the half-dozen blind beggars at the door, and, well pleased with my craftiness, entered the gloom.

It was early, which was remarkable for a Mañanite, but not to be regretted. I became immediately absorbed in the antics of a small boy in a red gown and a short white shirt effect, lace-trimmed, who bore all the earmarks of a

disciple of Satan. He appeared first with a key as long as his arm, and proceeded to hippety-hop to the great bronze gate of the choir, which, after the fashion of Spanish churches, stood squarely in the center of the nave and destroyed the vista. The key turned only by hanging to it, arms extended and much glorious swaying from side to side, after which the boy thoroughly opened the gate by clinging to the twisted scroll-work and swinging back and forth. Clang, clang, clang, went the gate to and fro, and life was very beautiful, until a tall person in a white wig, purple gown, and wand appeared and poked him off.

Unabashed, my imp hippety-hopped to the high altar, never forgetting the genuflection as he passed and repassed; but, catching my admiring eyes fixed upon him, from that time on he covertly wriggled his wicked little nose as he bent his pious little knee to the unseen Deity. His arrangement of the altar seemed correct to my untutored eye, although at the last moment, as a scale of tiny silver bells rang out sweetly and I caught the red glow of priests' robes from the cloisters, the empurpled official rushed to the altar, whisked away one crucifix, put another in

its place, made his wand once more felt upon the small demon, and returned in time to head the procession, accompanied by the magnificent roll of the organ.

We left the next morning very early. We had told the porter the night before that we wished to do so, and since he was an Englishman, a remnant of a stranded circus, he took us at our word, bundled down our luggage, and started us off before we could analyze our jarred sensibilities. The approach to Jativa (which, with Alcoy and Jijona, although inland mountain towns, we firmly included as three of our cities of the Riviera) was across a fertile valley brilliant with vineyards, and very welcome after climbing the usual steep range of hills which is part of every day's motoring in Spain.

Seen from the plain, the site of the town was astonishingly high. The village itself was blocked from view by a line of wall at the top of the mountain, flanked by turret towers, and impregnable in appearance to all living things but birds. The road, knowing a thing or two, however, kept on its uneven way until, having skirted the base of the hill, we found the inhabitants recklessly distributing their dwellings all

over the other side, as if, like a painted scene, the appearance of invulnerability were the only vital requirement.

At the city gates we were met by Vicente and Camilla. Vicente appeared first upon our asking at the Customs for a niño to ride with us and direct us through the labyrinthine streets to the best inn. He was one of the vast body of children who sprang out of the ground to greet us, but he was singled out for a certain softness of the eye; and that a soft heart beat under his blue-checked smock was demonstrated by his hurriedly seizing and depositing upon my astonished self sister Camilla, that she, too, might enjoy the wonderful "automovile." As Vicente was comparatively clean, Camilla was superlatively dirty; one wonders how, with but eight months to her credit, she could so industriously collect the soil of Jativa. She sat in my lap and crowed, and Vicente sat at my feet, beckoning on his companions who brought up the rear.

In this manner we were annexed by the children of Jativa. For four days we were their diversion, followed, surrounded, and engulfed. The plague of the edible locust would have been preferable: we could in that case have retaliated in a small way by eating the pests; but in

modern Jativa (while the primeval instincts of cannibalism did recur to us) we were obliged to limit our warfare to the simple expediency of the English language.

"Go back," we shouted.

"Goback," quacked the flock, following on; some, with an overdeveloped sense of humor, even adopted the waddling gait of the fowl we appeared to imitate. The dons of the city issued from their patios to hurl stones at our escort, and to apologize profusely to us for the bad manners of the niños. "The foreigner is not known in Jativa," explained the dons; and to atone, in a measure, two of the municipal guard were detailed to keep clear the line of vision of the gentleman chauffeur when he wished to sketch.

Our most valiant defendant, however, was Vicente. Tears of rage were in his soft eyes as he fought back his companions with his fierce little fists. To be sure, he did not use them well. The mild fighting of the Spaniard consists in violently pushing his opponent around in a circle—a bit of Islamism which the Moor left behind. But Vicente did his best. For two days he was my brave knight. Too shy to speak, but, his hand proudly in mine, he led me

through the winding ways of the ancient town. Then I committed the unpardonable sin; with his patched smock and shabby sabots so much in evidence, and grateful for his protection, I offered a piece of silver to the little boy of nine. Vicente looked at the silver and at me. His soft eyes flashed. Then, turning quickly, he flew up a twisted street. Staggered by the strangeness of these people, I ran weakly in pursuit, but I never saw him afterwards.

Our landlord of the *fonda* did not possess the sensitiveness of Vicente. The hour of our arrival was spent in a conclave with his family, as they gathered around our motor car in the courtyard to gaze admiringly at its extreme redness and the yellowness of its brass. And while this employing of their country's colors greatly endeared us to them, the evident wealth of the owners of such a gay machine tempted Señor Boniface to sundry raises of the usual hotel rate. He did this in the most dignified manner by ordering an aged servitor to our rooms to beg to inform us that a mistake had been made, and twenty cents daily must be added to our bill. After two such errors had been accepted by us and a third was heard coming up the stairs, we forestalled the aged servitor and sent him back

again with the irretrievable mistake dying on his lips.

Our host dismissed the subject as one beneath him, and heaped coals of fire on our heads by serving the best food we found on our travels. It was so good that traveling salesmen stopped over from train to train for the noonday dinner—one can say nothing more than that! The "feather drummer" from Madrid we had seen in Alicante; had shaken hands with him upon his departure, along with the string of servants, after the fashion of this democratic monarchy, and our meeting again was a matter of tremendous exchanges of felicitations and loud explanations to the table.

We all became very friendly after that. The woolen gentleman of Barcelona shared his especial wine with us; and the fan-dealer, who rode around the country on a motorcycle, and with whom we had naturally a great deal in common, presented me with an extra long pin for the picking out of snails—which no one had ever used but himself!

The gentleman chauffeur claimed that our delay in leaving Jativa was due to the difficulty in making sketches, and, liking the cooking myself, I did not argue the point. More than

that (almost), the village has an architectural beauty that is absent in many of the Spanish towns, and a charm that is shared by none. We care little for the fact that this had once been the home of the Borja, or Borgia, family. Of what moment was the imprisonment of Cesare Borgia, in the castle high above the plaza, as compared with the nightly appearance in the plaza itself of a certain black-haired señora wearing the high comb of her country, a true Carmen in type and a rare one, who shopped loudly in the market-place and exchanged smiling indecencies with the men before the posada? That this was the birthplace of the great painter Ribera scarcely added to its attractiveness; but the photographs of his pictures, hung bravely in the cathedral, were a pathetic tribute of the poor little town to their revered citizen, and we swallowed down an appreciative knot in our throats.

While Jativa owned not one Ribera, it possessed a cow. It was the first cow we had seen in Spain, and she had every right to be the haughty creature that she was. A girl led her about the plaza at dusk, milking a thimbleful of the rare beverage at the houses of the customers, and it is hard to say which of the three

concerned was the most proud—the one who sold, the one who bought, or the one who gave the milk. She of the bovine race was decorated with an old chenille-fringed curtain and, as if that were not enough to boast of, pulled along the streets a very unruly but bouncing daughter. The calf was tied to the tail of the cow by a rope, and had already learned the ineffable joy of hanging limp and being dragged by her fond parent. Fortunately, the rope was not too long for disciplinary purposes, and when exasperated beyond all polite admonition, the cloven hoof of mother set daughter upon her feet once more. Charmed with these bucolic instances in the heart of a medieval city, we might never have escaped but for the open contempt with which the woolen gentleman grew to regard us. With Barcelona, a real city and his city, straight ahead, how *could* we linger, was his daily cry. In our blissful idleness we regretted that we had once flatteringly likened his alertness to the business man of our country. After that there was no enduring him; mañana was hurled from his vocabulary, and relentlessly he drove us to our gay red wagon; the hand-shaking began, continued, and eventually was finished; the guards cleared the streets of children (with no

Vicente in their midst), and we jolted miserably away.

The rest of the story is a pitiful one. The habit we had once decried, later admitted with a sense of shame in Valencia, so overwhelmed us that only the remnant of a once strenuous pride forced us to conceal its ravages by offering a thin veiling of excuse for our delays.

In Valencia the veiling was a strip of asphalt pavement. Perhaps, to a mechanic who has driven a beloved motor car over eight hundred miles of tortuous Spanish roadbed, a strip of asphalt pavement will seem as good a reason for delay as one could offer. It was nicely situated in the heart of the town; one could dash from any point along the way into a perfect thicket of historical localities and still keep his eye on his car. This being the case, we saw more of the city than we would ordinarily have done. Moreover, one could buy fans, and postal cards even, in the very shadow of delightful ancient towers. Two of great beauty were octagonal in shape, and the design appealed particularly to our weak, many-sided dispositions. They were also extremely historical. On the site of one of these, the Miguelte, formerly stood a Moorish tower, and to the top of this

The castle of Touregano

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the Cid once proudly led his wife, that she might view the lovely country he had wrested from the industrious Moriscos—and realize whom she had married.

Valencia is known as the City of the Cid; and brought thus closely to the character, we made an effort to discover by what glorious right he was in a tenor's operatic répertoire. Indeed, I fear the gentleman chauffeur (he protests, however) had long associated the character with a sort of youngish goat, and, I noticed, was considerably surprised to find El Cid a gallant Christian knight who broke his vows and tortured Moors.

It was on the fifth day in Valencia, as we were slipping over our fine strip of asphalt, gloomily discussing the necessity of driving on to Barcelona tomorrow, or tomorrow, or tomorrow—it was on the fifth day that something passed us, something chugging, leaving behind the scent of gasoline to assail our astonished nostrils, something we had not met throughout southern Spain—a motor car in action. Eyes fastened on this strange bird of passage, we followed on its trail, while all Valencia ran out to see two automoviles "making the promenade." On went the car, out of the city, down to the wharfs,

where lay a boat, steam up and pennant flying, for the port of Barcelona. Silently we watched the stevedores run the majestic car over the gang-plank; bitterly we eyed the languid owner; gravely we gazed upon the bare mountain range that we must cross "tomorrow." Then the captain of the craft approached us.

Six hours later, as the sun sank behind the bare mountains, the *Infanta* steamed from out the lower bay. Up in the bow of the ship, secured by hawsers, could be discerned two motor cars. The evening was divine, and as we sat in our accustomed places in lieu of steamer-chairs, we planned our course of action for tomorrow, or tomorrow, or tomorrow.

IV

Catching the Boat from Havre

THE reason for our scurrying to Havre was the direct result of the vanity of the Illustrator; this weakness, and the charm of Concarneau, and the patriotism of the American artists were the causes in full of our race for the boat.

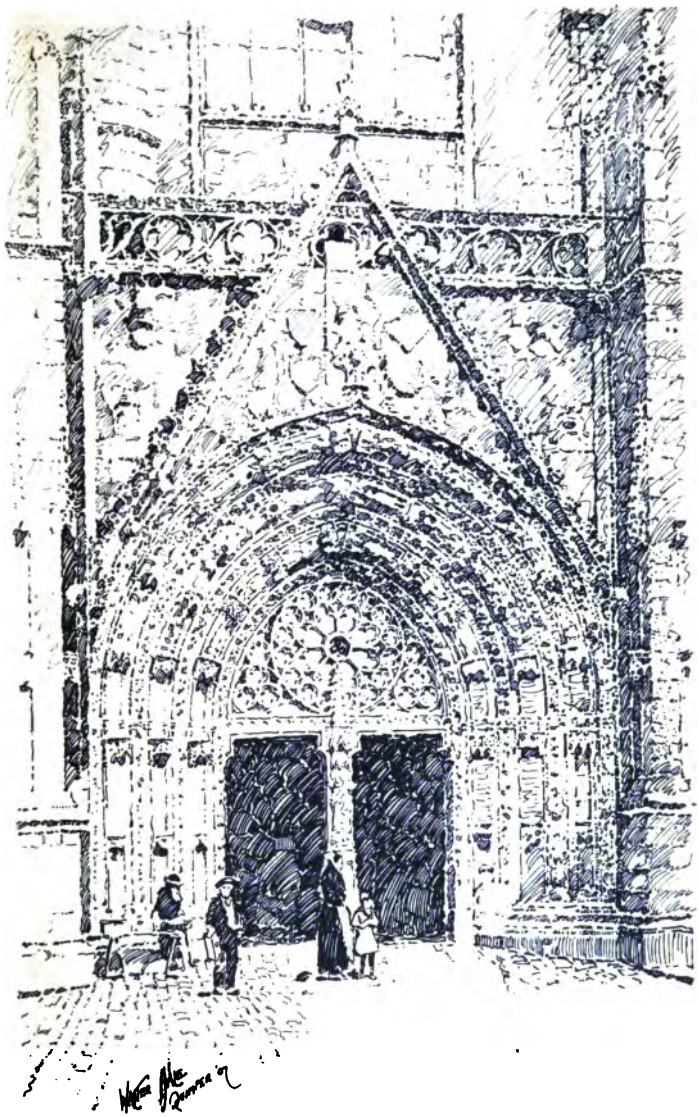
The Illustrator, let it be understood, was not vain of his looks, of the cut of his clothes, or of his sketches, but he was inordinately proud of the ability of his motor car and, I may add, of his ability to drive it. A few years ago it would have been generally granted that the man who possessed mechanical knowledge could not be taken seriously as a limner; but of late, in all parts of the world, the confining of an artist to his last has become as obsolete as the soft tie and the velveteen pantaloons—in all parts of the world, at least, save Concarneau.

The fact that we had driven from Gibraltar to the Brittany Coast was no open sesame to the

circle of men who sat smoking on the pavement in front of the Hôtel de France; the quick action of the Illustrator, thereby avoiding two geese, three babies, and a drunken sailor, elicited no pang of jealousy or glow of admiration. In this remote spot the artists smoked on, adjusted their silken ties, and sighed for the days that were no more.

A little later, however, when we had presented our card of introduction, showed a correct appreciation of the pictures on the dining-room walls, and given proof, by arduous attacks upon the water front, that we also were workers, not butterflies of fashion with no artistic knowledge beyond the adjusting of a carburetor, the painters widened the circle of their chairs by adding two more places; and at the end of the week, upon demonstrating how easily five could motor to Quimper, paint all day, and return in time for dinner, it was gravely conceded that gasoline and turpentine could fraternize with congruity, if not consanguinity.

There was one Philistine among their ranks to whom we turned fraternally. He had arrived in the village some years back on a rickety second-hand motorcycle, which breathed its last directly in front of the Hôtel de France, and



Doorway of the cathedral, Quimper

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was relegated to the dust-heap behind the hostelry, while it owner lived on in it. Eventually he erased the mechanical stigma attached to his name by adopting the Breton costume and painting remarkably well. But, even so, we looked upon him as an ally, forgetful of the lapse of years; and in that lay our downfall.

There were other reasons for the lengthened sojourn of the artists at Concarneau. Some frankly admitted they were too poor to get away, while others with villas on the Bay were too rich — there are no *trains de luxe* in Brittany. One languid Italian intended leaving, but, as he was ever half a year behind with his work, painting "Winter Sunsets" in July, and "August Bathers" in December, there seemed small chance of his catching up. Then there were the three men, much velveteened, who, while never admitting it, did not deny that they were the hero in the story of "Guenn"; and that three bore the distinction was a source of gratification to the innkeepers, for there was always one of them painting on the Quay, to be pointed out to the tourists who came for half a day, each with a fresh copy of Miss Howard's famous novel under his arm.

"Guenn" was a subject for much scoffing

among the painters—naturally excepting the three; so much so that our own volume was perused only when the shades were drawn. Following this stealthy reference, it was our custom to wander out into the night and search for possible Guenns in the localities she most frequented, but while we often met the hero walking about in the fishy darkness, individually or as a trinity, we never encountered their, or rather his, lovely model.

As time passed we abandoned the novel altogether, for it was the charm of the old town as we latter-day apostles found it which stole over us as gently as the tide slips over the moss-covered rocks on that dangerous coast. The Illustrator was quite unconscious of the engulfing, being a temperamental creature with a soul for the Beautiful; but occasionally I withdrew my chair from the artistic circlet, and, out of the enchanted zone, brooded darkly on our finish.

Rightly speaking, the finish—of our holiday, at least—was the sailing from Havre on the morning of the eighth of July. There could be no equivocation about that date, for ten days later we would be in the relentless grip of Duty, and any grasshopper avoidance of our engagement with the French boat would mean no

bread and less gasoline. I frequently dwelt upon this latter contingency—after the shades were drawn; whereupon the Illustrator would gently caress the velvet ribbons of his Breton hat and boast of the prowess of his engine.

While this vaingloriousness was hateful to me, I did not resent his pride in the motor's achievement; it was that alone which kept my faith in him as a normal being. Although he wore a Breton hat, he was watchful of the differential; although he raved of color on a pitch-black night, he cleaned the spark plugs; although he had abandoned the reading of the daily papers, still he castor-oiled the clutch facing; and, thinking on these things, I quieted my growing fears that we should not catch the boat.

It was near the end of June (approximately the end of June. Owing to our desertion of the papers, dates were a little hazy in our minds. Anyway, the sardines were running) that the Illustrator first spoke to the circle of our sailing on the eighth, and of the wisdom of starting on the second. In reply, our ally—he of the defunct motorcycle—as spokesman for the rest, expressed proper forms of regret in shaking tones.

The circle was much affected and groped for

hands in the smoky gloom, and this should have been the psychic moment for dissolving the party. But no! Pleased with his successful playing upon our emotions and the sound of his own voice, the ally further developed a suggestion from his Brittany bonnet. It was a simple thought, primarily—none other than a fête in our honor; but, his dormant mentality stimulated by the concentrated attention of the entire company, the ally suddenly developed the tremendous idea of celebrating on no other day than our Glorious Fourth.

At this all the other artists rapped their pipes with delight upon the table; the Italian sang "John Brown's Body" to the tune of the *Marseillaise,* and my feeble protests that the fifth of July would be too late to start were swept away by the heroes of "Guenn." "In such a car?" cried the heroes of "Guenn" in one voice, rolling up their eyes; and with the conscious pride of a young father the Illustrator wagged his head and said it could be done.

The rest is silence. By midnight, while I sat smoldering and apart, all arrangements which could be effected by discussion were completed. After much calculation with drawing-pencils on the hotel tablecloth, it was found that the Fourth

lay two weeks off to the very day; and it was proven to me, by tablecloth map, that a motor car such as ours, leaving on the evening of the fifth, could reach Dinard by evening, Caen by the night of July sixth, with but the short run to Havre on the seventh, and twenty-four hours to spared.

Not counting the feat of leaping to Havre, nothing seemed more impossible to me than the acquiring of the hideous noises and explosive beauties which go to make our nation's holiday; but I had not calculated on the Fourteenth of July, which all good Reds of France celebrate. Even so, the artists were forced to send to Rennes for the instruments of torture; for the peasantry of Brittany are still aristocratic in their tendencies, and there is a story, not discussed in the presence of our motorcyclist, of his first effort to make friends with the people of Concarneau by celebrating the anniversary of the fallen Bastille with cracker and rocket. The populace were invited to his studio, but when the day arrived he crackered and rocketed alone, no notice being taken of his proffered hospitality beyond a warning from his Bourbon landlord never to repeat his misadventure.

There was no prejudice against the Fourth,

however. They were all there, and I marveled and despaired that the hard cider could last so many rounds. It may have been this beverage—but I will not assert it—which delayed our departure until sunset of the fifth. Still, we got away, chugging out of the enchanted circle with both real and hard-cider emotions in our hearts, and in half a minute had left far behind the group of moist comrades, out of sight of the red sails and blue nets of Concarneau, with the old gray city walls serving as a background to the basin of tilting boats.

There is something stimulating about a start, even about a bad one, and a serpentine progress around, before, and behind droves of dodging cattle whets the appetite of the man who expects eventually to arrive somewhere. For this reason I myself would not have stopped at La Faouet to dine. Even the Illustrator, his mechanical senses slowly gaining the upper hand, might have delayed his meal for the joy of pressing on, had not a friendly voice hailed us from a garret window of the Lion d'Or as we were wavering uncertainly. We had met the voice once at Concarneau, and my companion, in a flood of cidery tenderness for all the painting fraternity, switched off the current.

He, the painter, came down immediately and marched us off to view bits of fine composition. It was plain he was a devotee of La Faouet, for he had a triumphant way of pointing out a sagging doorway with a scarlet flower blossoming in a window overhead and asking if we could find *that* in Concarneau. There were other artists at the table d'hôte, each with an unlifted eyebrow for the colony that we had left behind, and all with a strong opinion that Concarneau held little to paint but smells. It was better so. Nothing but the fear that he carried with him some of the fishiness of the town he'd left behind would have started the Illustrator before midnight.

We left at ten, and it was only eleven when we discovered the puncture. Eleven at some crossroads leading to nowhere, with a burning haystack in the distance! It was a bad puncture and the pump did not work well. The moon was dimmish and the glowing haystack too far off for illuminating purposes. More than that, the peasants who had tumbled out of their wooden sleeping-cupboards to attend the fire were too eager to return to them to be tempted by small coin and bad French to assist at the pumping; and when we finally resumed our

places there was no hard cider left in the system of the Illustrator, nor other resting-place for us than Pontivy for the night.

In the red guide-book, Pontivy is a place of some antiquity and several inns, but in the small hours, while the antiquity is intensified, French hotels have a way of hiding themselves. Nor are there roisterers to point out the way, and the night watchmen sleep soundly. After doing Pontivy thoroughly by lamplight, we shut off our engine in the street of the Old Bridge and waited to be found.

It occurred to me, as we sat there amidst sepulchral silence, that a few words as to the advisability of starting earlier in the day, in order to arrive within the hours of respectability, might serve to while away the time, and that it would be fitting to end the peroration with the vital question as to when the Illustrator expected to make Havre. I had but started, however, when the defendant bethought him to sing, as the last means of commanding the attention due us, and this he did very loudly and successfully. The burning haystack did not receive a readier response, and we were directed to a hotel a few feet away by a hastily aroused citizen who stood discreetly behind a barrel.

We started late on the morning of the sixth. I had impressed on the Illustrator before retiring the necessity of our making a long day of it and sleeping that night at Caen, so that on the seventh our eighty-four miles to Havre could be made easily and our car turned over to be crated. It was this conversation which served the man as an excuse for oversleeping. He had worried over it, he said, reproachfully. Moreover, he intimated that the more I laid bare such facts, the more worried he would probably become; and so, fuming at the temperamental being which shies at truths, I packed the bags. Even so, with a feeling of "getting on" becoming as terrifying as a nightmare, and more necessitous, we had a perfect day. A perfect day is one of sunshine, of good roads, of delightful scenes, and of incidents along the way. They may not be incidents which would bring pleasure to any but the man in the car; nor is his happiness necessarily derived from joyful events. The motorist is like the actor; he lives so continuously at high tension that he is inclined to revel in his emotions, and can mourn as happily as rejoice.

It was at Lamballe, while we waited for *essence,* that we cried, both of us, unashamedly,

with the village folk. And, after all, it was just an ordinary funeral—one of the seventh-class ones, where the mourners walked behind the casket, which is borne upon the shoulders of the dead man's comrades. He was a soldier, the town of Lamballe told us; that was the reason for the band and the flag over the coffin lid; and soon he would have been married, but—"Hush, she comes!" and the town broke off to strain its neck decorously.

Then we waited for the girl and watched her clambering up the hill, quite isolated from the rest of the women mourners, and quite unmindful. Had she been beautiful we would not have shed a tear. That triumphal march through her village would have been something for her ever to look back upon. But she was so hideous in her grief, so flushed with sorrow, so dreadful in cheap crêpe, so utterly un-French in her unconsciousness of everything along the hot and stony way but the losing of a stumpy little soldier, that the Illustrator lifted his hat again—for her—as though in the presence of as deep a mystery as death itself.

It was evening when we reached Mont St. Michel, the evening of the sixth, with Caen just eighty miles away. Had Caen been farther, had

the moon not crept up so alluringly one side the Mont, had the sun not slid down so enticingly the other side the Mont, was not the Abbey so fantastically blotted against the sky, we might have pressed on as our schedule bade, and not have paused for dinner.

It was not the cuisine of Madame Poulard which tempted us to linger. When one has eaten of her omelette twice one craves feverishly for an occasional failure, an omelette reminiscent of those heavy ones of St. Jo, Missouri, one that would keep down the pride of Madame Poulard and vary the monotony of her existence. A lifetime of omelettes and always good ones would be as miserable as a motor that nothing happened to.

We spoke of these things flippantly, secure in the good behavior of our car in time of need, as we walked along the causeway for our late start. Affectionately we approached our quadruped under guard of a small boy. The small boy rose from out the dust, and pointed silently to four great flabby, punctured tires.

We slept the heavy sleep of condemned men that night at Pontorson, ten miles away, where was a mechanician, who could, would, *should* mend the inner tubes at daybreak. They were

our last ones, and no more on that side of the Atlantic would fit our wheels. The landlady assured us that we would not fail to awaken early. "It is market day tomorrow," she said, simply, "and there are geese." There were; but the mechanic had grown accustomed to the honking of the early bird.

Still, by clamoring and epithets, we got away by noon of the seventh day, and started gingerly for Havre, knowing that any attempt at speed might burst the well-worn "shoes." Fearing a flood of passionate rebuke, the Illustrator presented alluring figures as we sauntered along the way, proving that the one hundred sixty miles to Havre could be done by midnight, and the car turned over to a long-suffering Consul for a later boat, while we, seizing our baggage, which had been sent on ahead, would then seize the boat.

It is one of the traits of the Illustrator—a sweet trait it is generally called by those not brought into actual contact with it—to grow to believe in the theory that he is endeavoring to advance. He waxed so cheerful over the ease with which he could present "*pro tem.*" to the astonished Consul a gay red motor car, that, when we eventually reached Caen, he was not

content to devour the first meal at the first hotel he came across, but, having raked up, among musty memories, the famous dish *Tripe à la mode de Caen,* insisted upon a search for it.

This was maddening, and stormily I trailed after him through the old streets, rending the quiet air with threats in a language which the passer-by fortunately could not understand. At one restaurant it seemed that the dish was right within our grasp, but, as it happened, one of the peculiar ingredients for the sauce was not in stock; at another, everything was at hand save the tripe; at a third, only the sauce; and it was only the blackest visage I could assume which prevented my traveling gourmet from carrying the tripe of the second café to the sauce of the last.

We got away by nine, after a gloomy tussle with a fowl as ancient as the town. The moon did not come up to greet us, and the French habit of going to bed with the chickens added to the difficulty of picking our way aided only by dim sign-posts. We had, however, reached Pont Audemay before discovering that the ferry which was to take us across at Quillebœuf did not run at night. But such news was only slightly disheartening. The opinion of us both,

jaws set at this stage of the game, was that it had to run. And run it did, for an immoderate exchange of gold for coal.

The Illustrator was very confident after this conquest of the ferry. He kicked his tires recklessly on the trip across the river, and boasted of the next thirty miles being done in what is known as a "jiffy." But I, ever more cautious, respectfully sounded the captain of the craft as to the possibility of sailing all the way to Havre. So many things would happen to a motor car, I confided to him, while a ferryboat could only sink. This was an unfortunate statement; the skipper became wild-eyed, and the owner of the car, overhearing me, was so hurt at my lack of faith that I found myself, as usual, in an apologetic attitude; and on we meandered along the country roads.

We reached Lillebonne and passed it—far enough, indeed, for my spirits to rise with uncontrollable buoyancy. There are cults in this day which count largely on hope as a motive of success, but I myself am always prepared for the worst when beginning to grow sure. In confirmation of this theory, nine miles beyond Lillebonne, as my spirits reached top notch, quite rightly, on the brow of a hill, there was a

sudden squeaking of the right fore-wheel, a sudden twisting into the soft turf of the roadside, and a gentle lowering of the tourists on to the sod, but not under it, as the wheel fell off.

"Thank the Lord, we were going slowly," said the Illustrator as he picked me up. After all, such a nature is an ornament to any family, and, proud of being a part of it, I rose to the occasion. By the light of the lamps we examined the bushing, which is the steel in the interior of the hub, and found that from the loss of the hub cap, unnoticed in our anxiety, the oil had dried, and we had nothing more complicated, nor less serious, than a vulgar hot-box, which had cracked the bushing. At all events, the wheel was neatly severed from the body of the car. An operating surgeon would have called it "pretty." I will not say what the Illustrator called it.

The hour was two of the morning of the eighth; the distance, fifteen — only fifteen miles from Havre. Two miles beyond lay the little village of St. Romain. Of what occurred from that time until nine, the sailing-hour, we have but a confused recollection. I bore in mind that we must do three things — think quickly, keep our eye on the time, and remember our

French. With these and a flask of cognac we made Havre.

The flask of cognac was first presented tremblingly to a farmer whom we routed out, and who came from his cupboard in so dazed a condition that he took an instinctive pull at it, and then softened to our pleading. A few minutes later the farmer in his cart, with the wheel, myself, and the flask of cognac, were trotting soberly toward St. Romain. The Illustrator remained behind to guard the car. There had been some discussion as to the better place for me, whether with the farmer or with the machine; but a dull man is safer than a dark road, if not preferable, and, besides, there was the blacksmith to conciliate.

The flask was empty by the time the cracked bushing had been removed and a new one put in, and I, who sat in the smith's yard striking matches to see the time until day broke and there was no longer need, could have wept for a swallow of the heartener. Back on the roadside we found the Illustrator walking in circles and anathematizing our Glorious Fourth. We reappeared just as he was about to tear sarcastically into bits our tickets for the boat.

The wheel was put on, but we found that the

bushing did not fit the axle, and as any attempt at speed might cause a return of the trouble, as well as burst our tires, we must again confine ourselves to the creeping of a baby. In this fashion, watches in hand, we went on toward Havre. We did not need our watches. Normandy is bedecked with clocks, all keeping various times. One hamlet would bring us immense relief and the next plunge us into profound despair. Tantalus was not more miserably placed. If we went fast, the result might be an indefinite halt; if we went slowly, we would surely miss our boat. But, even so, Havre came to us—we could not have come to it. Until that day when the small things of life cease to make up the great things, we shall never forget the first glimpse of the emblem of the Steamship Company as it waved from the office building, and the sound of a clock before us as it struck the quarter hour to nine.

With a howl of exasperation, the Illustrator opened wide the throttle and the car leaped forward, only to be shut off in another instant, so quickly is the distance covered when one does and dares. At the office desk we panted for our trunks. The clerk nodded, and continued adding up his column.

"Quick, you, quick!" the Illustrator roared. "Would you have us miss the boat?"

The clerk looked up amazedly, and so did all the others in the office. The Illustrator and I stood in the limelight of their inquiring glances.

"The French boat, sir? The French boat sails tomorrow."

A film passed over our tired eyes. We clutched hands passionately; before all the office, man and wife clutched hands. Some words were spoken. It matters little what they were, for a post-card handed to us read:

"This is too bad. You could have had another day with us. As you have probably discovered, we find that by some miscalculation we celebrated on the third. Bon voyage.

"THE PAINTERS OF CONCARNEAU."

V

An Arrested Pursuit

"IF I make the repair in half an hour," said the Illustrator, "I can easily catch up." I had been assisting the man up to the moment of his assertion. At least, I had unlaced the covering of a shoe and removed an inner tube. But at this I walked across the white French road and sat down in the three-foot shade of a vineyard. I was bitter. "Catch up!" I snorted to myself. "Catch up—with what, I'd like to know?"

The Illustrator pumped on profanely, and, unheeding him, I buried myself in my reflections. I was familiar with them—my inner thoughts; they had not varied greatly ever since a cheering populace blocked our departure from the port of Malaga. Now, as to this catching-up business: there are many ways of doing it, and a number of things to be caught up with.

For instance, in one's youth, by running, one may catch up with his brother, or, by walking,

with his grandmother. Again, catching up in arithmetic has been done, although not so often; the pursuit of history, however, is quite possible, as the study possesses a sort of human interest which fascinates the young. Grown older, one may catch up a child in delight, or rage, or time of danger, the last being the portion of firemen. One may also catch up a coat, or a friend in a falsehood. Inanimate creatures may catch up a number of things; a tire, for example, on a French road may catch up a sabot nail before one can say Jack Robinson—witness the pumping Illustrator.

But how had this expression become a motoring one? To us, at least, who had no schedule this side the first snowfall, no boundary unless it were the limitations of our travelers' checks, and nothing to pass along the road but the villages which disdained to enter into speed competitions, and evidently felt only a great relief when they were left behind—intact?

The man at this point of my reasoning was growing less vituperative. He saw the tire inflating. The long road stretched before his bloodshot vision; shortly his motor would be devouring it as a buzzard takes a snake. He knew that by a spurt he might yet make Avignon

before the sun was down, or, if too late, at sunrise he could prod his consort into activity and thus "catch up." He thought of those days in Spain when the bad roads kept them back, and how by hard and furious driving they recovered the hours that they had lost.

"Recovered them for what?" I murmured. "What are we pursuing, yet never overtaking, both of us, rushing insanely through a holiday? Now let us analyze: what came we out for, and what are we lacking?"

I looked at the weary Illustrator, tired shoulders stooped, vexed lines about his mouth; triumphant, yes, that the difficulty had been conquered, and yet not—— I laughed aloud, for suddenly the thing came to me which we were missing, yet like all the world were witlessly pursuing. "I think it might catch up with us if we would give it time," I said, aloud.

"Oh, we'll catch up," replied the Illustrator, as his favorite expression reached his ears.

I did not go into the matter. I locked the tool-chest, and we swept on, only I planned with cunning. That was not difficult. Deceit had become a part of me, a guilefulness that sprang originally from fear; fear and, I might add, distrust of husbands.

There is no more curious phase of motoring (always excepting the madness to catch up) than the one of distrusting a husband. It takes one away back to that glorious spring when we picked limousines, which we could never afford, from the magazines during the evening, and had free drives every afternoon. Those were halcyon days. I sat, relaxed, in the tonneau, bouncing about happily, and the Illustrator sat by my side, the while making up his mind not to take the car, and (listen to this) there was a wretched little squirt of a demonstrator in greasy clothes with a cigarette between his lips, who hair-breadth escaped us through the streets. He was a miserable creature; yet I had no fear, for that wretched little squirt was not my husband.

It does not come to us, womanly speaking, during those first days, that terror is to form so large a part of our motoring experiences. We have no realization of the gravity of the situation until the hour comes when we are to go out with our husbands alone, unaided, squirtless, into the great world. And they are to keep to one side, yet pass on the other side, holding out right hands when turning to the right, and left hands when turning to the left, and remaining cool as ice when we must cross the car-tracks.

Then we look at our husbands: fine, tall men in new caps, upon whom we have put our trust for better or worse; and fear enters into our souls, for we do not think that they can get away with the undertaking. The little squirt in greasy clothes can get away with it. Oh yes, but not husbands. It makes no difference as to his walk in life (and this was some consolation to me), he need not be an illustrator with a soul for the Beautiful. I found, upon comparing notes, that even a husband in the grain business was unworthy of blind faith, and as for him who took an engineering course at Yale, "A thousand deaths, my dear, from Fifty-ninth Street to the Viaduct."

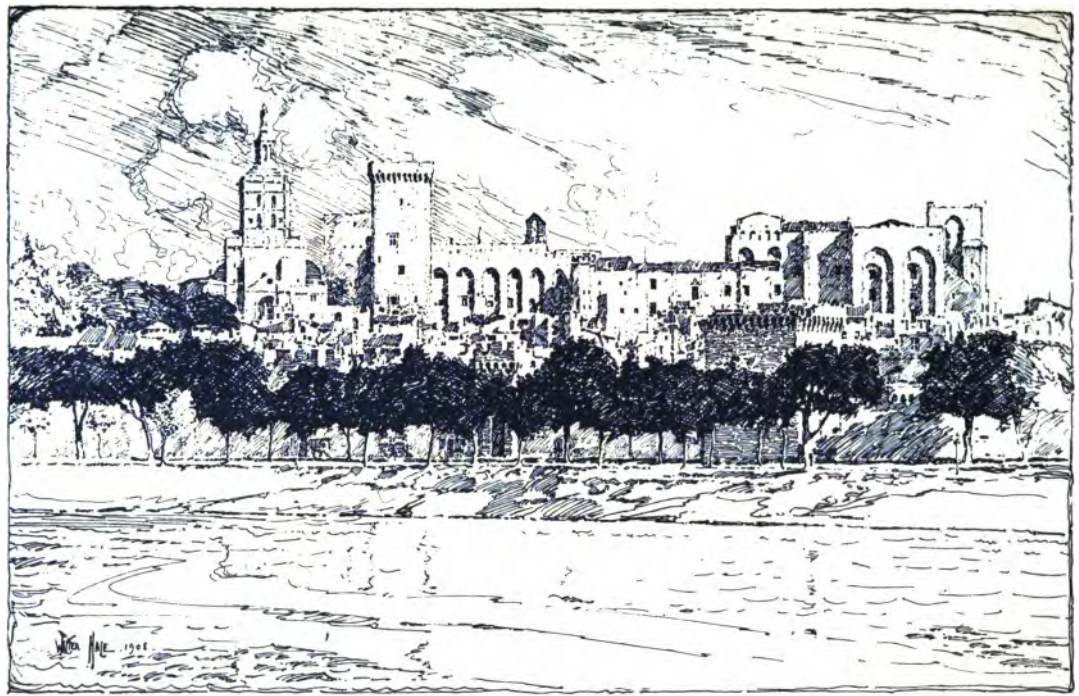
And another thing. Understand me before I go more deeply into it: I would not exchange my husband for the grain man, nor would the grain husband's wife consent to the exchange; yet in some ways am I better suited to the merchant, and she to the Illustrator: for when I go in their car and sit beside the produce driver I am happy; and when she goes in ours her laugh does not sound like a joyless garden-party in the third act. We have faith each in the other's lord.

The Illustrator noticed this, and commented

peevishly upon it, yet I did not resent his limited perspicacity. If I could but keep from him half the truth as to my opinion of his skill, I might still be rated as the companion, not of his bosom, but of his motor car, than which there is naught higher. In this way became I a deceiver. Loving the man, I daily pinned beneath my blouse, "In case of death, please notify," in several different languages, and coasted down the mountain-sides.

As time went on I branched out into various dissimulations, and, I may add, took pride in them. I could, for instance, inscribe on post-cards to loved ones at home, safely rocking on front porches, what a lovely, restful trip I was enjoying. At the time of writing, however, there would be some truth in the statement. Sitting on the wabbly chairs of a café, with the motor in an unlocked stable where the chance was most excellent for even a butter-fingered child to steal it, life took on a better aspect. And as we sped on to Avignon, something of the placidity of a stationary person possessed my spirit, for in the City of the Popes I was convinced our catching up would cease.

There was nothing in the attitude of the Illustrator when we reached the town conducive to



The cathedral and palace of the Popes, Avignon

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our staying longer than the night. He had put oil in the feeders before our dinner, and there was a glint in his eye as he read to me scraps from a small blue book concerning the trip up the Rhone Valley that boded ill for my shattered nerves.

We were taking our coffee on the sidewalk of the main street, an avenue which presented pleasing features — and restful ones. The *bonnes,* in plaid headdresses with long streamers, nourished their babies cheerily in the graveyard opposite; bugles up at the palace and down at the barracks exchanged musical compliments constantly; and at dusk a body of soldiers, headed by a gay young band, swung by at a quick-step, as though on a very important mission indeed, and shortly afterwards swung back again, evidently with task unaccomplished, but not yet disheartened. Then the red-trousered soldiers began to fill up the tables, for it was not a proud café; the glasses clinked, and the bioscope sought to educate us by strange doings.

The bioscope was a minute affair; the views thrown on a sheet that ran at right angles across the pavement greatly interfering with the pedestrian — but no matter, he should stop and drink. It is doubtful if the Illustrator appreciated these

good things, for he had discovered in the small blue book that the route up the Rhone was the one chosen by the Marseilles Battalion for their long march on Paris.

"It is especially fitting," he said, closing the volume momentarily to sip his *café verre,* "that we are going over the road they chose."

"Why?" I asked.

The man wriggled uneasily. There are truths which do not bear the cold searchlight of wifely interrogation. "Because they were brave fellows, too," he finally asserted.

"Why, too?" I relentlessly pursued.

The Illustrator gazed upon me fondly—it was only in the car that he became irascible. "Don't be so modest. Haven't we proved it? Tearing across Spain, as we did—no roads, no maps, no guns——"

"No gumption," I supplemented, *sotto voce.*

"What?" queried the man, in doubt.

"I said no gutters," very calmly from me.

His face cleared. "No, no gutters, either, though I can't say I felt the loss of them. Then the descending of the Pyrenees with the lock-brake out of order. What did those Spanish motorists swear—won't get down alive? I imagine that was n't handed as a parting bouquet

to the Marseilles Battalion. But we did it, we made the descent; and as for you—why, game, pure game!"

It was now my turn to wriggle, as the sense of sickening fear that I had experienced during the rush down again swept over me, and I turned to the biograph. The honest laborer was at that moment being marched to jail, while the real thief in the background was uttering silent cries of triumph. The patrons were deeply moved; a bourgeois and his family next to me were shedding tears.

"How kind they are!" I murmured.

"Nonsense!" scoffed my companion. "Wait till they put on a bull-fight, and hear them shout." He opened his small book again and read aloud, translating from the French with honesty if not fluency. "They had gone—no, went, chanting from Marseilles to Paris, joyously, with pox—no, *paix*—oh yes, peace, the 'Marseillaise' of Rouget de Lisle, and demanded of him his mother, remote and far away in a corner. 'What is now this revolutionary hymn that a horde of bandits who traverse the France are singing, and to the which one mixes up our name?'" The reader marked the page with his finger and sighed for them. "Think

of it, singing all the way to Paris and *walking* as they sang!"

The laboring man was in the prisoner's dock by now, and the interrupting voice annoyed me —and the bourgeois family.

"*But* walking," I amended.

"What?" said the man once more.

I swallowed down the truth. "Aren't you a little deaf? *Loved* walking. They loved it, don't you see? That's why they sang. They had never looked upon a motor car."

This was a mistake, and I knew it; there should have been no reference to motoring. The Illustrator, who enjoyed his emotions, became very sad. "And they never will. It took them twenty-eight days to cover just six hundred miles. Poor souls! I wish they could be here for me to show them."

I gasped. How quickly I had reaped the whirlwind. I waved toward the winking pictures on the screen, and cried, distractingly: "It's over, and the man is free. I don't know which are happier, those men and women on the screen or those before it."

The man beside me heeded not; he was figuring swiftly on the margin of his book. "Five days to their twenty-eight—that is, with ease,

and allowing time to catch up in case of accidents, but four is ample——"

I spoke convulsively, "They are throwing on another view."

"I don't care; four is ample——"

"Don't you think that they're instructive to the people?"

"I'm not the people. Four is ample, and if we tried——"

"It's something of America, I tell you."

"And serves 'em right. Now let me see—a night at Lyons, one more at—— Why, if we're sports, it could be done in three——"

The Illustrator threw back his head, eyes half shut in rapid calculation. Despairingly I stared at him—then came the change. I saw his closed lids open wide as he leaned forward, concentrating on the screen. In wonder I continued gazing at him. Saw a smile creep to his mouth as with his head he motioned toward the picture.

I turned and looked at Riverside, with Grant's tomb in the distance. "Comme une fromage," the bourgeois ejaculated, but we frowned him silent. It was not a story, it was just the scene on a bright day with the trees in leaf—and motors slipping by. There were landaus and victorias as well, buggies from the

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country, men on horseback, some perambulators, but above all were there motors. They came in from the top of the sheet by the café door, and they winked off at the bottom of the sheet by the curb.

The Illustrator named the motors as they ran along; he thought he recognized some faces; he knew the mounted cop; one of the big cars had a tire down, another would be arrested in five minutes if it kept up that speed; and then —and then—rapidly, but within the limits, controlled, direct, with dignity, slipped a car down the screen—a roadster, a beauty!—from out the corner by the café door down toward the curb. And the Illustrator rose to his feet, taking me with him, but unconsciously, and in a hushed voice cried:

"It's us!"

And it was us. I in my best hat looking anxious, and the Illustrator lifting his just as we departed from the joyous scene. That was all which we could gather in the first glad surprise. But long after we had left we stayed—if one can understand me. "For we may come round again," the Illustrator breathed.

We didn't, however. The picture was winked

off the screen, and we turned to each other, he simple in his joy, I complex in my guile.

"Did you notice how well I made that turn?" he asked.

"No," I answered. "Let's stay tomorrow night and see." I waited tremblingly.

"Sure thing," replied the Illustrator.

We all have one opportunity in life, and we must seize it. I seized mine. Hoist by his own petard was the man. During the first day in Avignon he walked about the town feverishly waiting for evening, but the second day he sent his motor to have the mudguards straightened (they were quite perfect in the picture), and in the meantime found some beauty in the palace, and took a guilty pleasure in sketching it. Cleaning spark plugs had, for a long time, taken the place of manual exercises with the pencil, and my weak protests had been waved aside with the edict that the towns through which we charged did not lend themselves artistically to perpetuation through the medium of his work. Now, as we sat outside the old bull-fighters' ring across the river, he acquiesced with me that sketching would do to kill the time—"until the mudguards were straightened."

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We did not at first admit that we were staying on to see ourselves creeping across a piece of muslin. But by some strategy after each evening was over, or, at least, the great event, a question would arise as to the manner of our driving, or of our costume, which (by sturdily opposing him) would occasion a dispute that could be settled only by another night.

It was the fourth day, when our car was more than ready, when I had explored every nook and corner of the town, when I was deeply conscious that the Marseilles Battalion was already eighty-four miles ahead of us—it was on that day that the question of the mustache arose. There had been no argument on the night before, probably for the reason that I was ready to move on; but at breakfast on the day we had intended for departure the Illustrator startled me with a question of his own.

"Do you think that I was wearing my mustache?" he asked.

The man is clever: before he enters Europe he cultivates a hirsute growth on his upper lip that he may not be mistaken for a waiter or, far worse, an actor. At the moment of his inquiry he was cleverer than I, for he seized my

momentary hesitation to order back the luggage. "Tonight we'll see," was his decision.

But we did not see. We made the usual pretense of coffee, and, grown more generous, watched patronizingly the story pictures that were first thrown on the screen. We even made a small wager at ten o'clock or thereabouts as to the wearing of the mustache. The Illustrator was under the impression that he had not yet assumed the disguise, stating as his reason that otherwise he would be recognized by at least a few habitués of the place. He said that he was glad of this, which was not the truth, although I called no attention to the falsehood. They were all finished (the pictures), and the lights of the café were flickering up and down in warning, when at last we called the *garçon* and asked why new views had formed the evening's entertainment. "Where is the 'False Arrest'—and —and others?" said the Illustrator, trying to speak coldly.

The waiter put down his tray, and having freed his hands, became immediately dramatic. "They come and they go, *m'sieuetmadame,* like the tourists. They have marched up the valley — Orange — Lyons — Macon — who knows?

They began at Marseilles, they end at Paris. That have I learned from the operator who makes to take them under his care. You have need of anything, *m'sieuetmadame?"*

We had, but not from Alphonse. In the early morning we started, three days behind the Battalion, one day behind the bioscope. At last we had something to pursue, but it could not be with haste, or we would go beyond it. This was a sweetly placid thought. It would be a shame to let the band of five hundred heroes know how quickly we reached Orange. They who marched through the dust, taking their turns at the cannon and forge, gave a long day to it; while we swept up the road, and behold us!

At this point the dissimilarity ceases, for the Marseillaise and we spent the night at Orange. They had speeches in the Roman amphitheater, we had pictures. The authorities were setting up a bioscope when we peered in through the stage door, or what was presumably the stage door. At all events, it was a very humble entrance. We wished to ask if we were to be on the program, but were seized with shyness; we walked in circles, for a time, around the authorities, or, strictly speaking, in half circles, as the

amphitheater did not lend itself to a complete *tournée,* and finally compromised on wondering in a loud voice if the views would be instructive. At that several ladies with tickets in their hands and church-fair expressions swept down upon us, claiming that they would be, and did we care to buy?

So we did buy, and the Illustrator made a sketch that afternoon, putting himself miraculously in it with his mustache off, as a sort of preparation for the evening's surprise to those staring over his shoulder. And that night we witnessed scenes of the Holy Land in the theater where the plays of Euripides had been applauded, and the Battalion (four days ahead of us) had roared the song which sets our pulses beating whenever a French tenor takes an encore.

The next day was a busy one. At Montélimar, through increased boldness of speech, we learned that the bioscope had spent the previous night on a sidewalk; but the operator's views had been thought uninteresting (this seemed incredible—we hated Montélimar), and he had taken train for Vienne. The Illustrator and I sang in unison as we motored on. "I have always wanted to examine thoroughly the cathedral at Vienne,"

said the man at the helm. We did this, and incidentally he was *sans* mustache.

The Illustrator had grown to take a proprietary interest in the picture, although he concealed his pride from me, and I did not know its strength until the second night in the cathedral town, when, joining him at a late hour at the café, my ear was met with vigorous cries of "Encore!" from a conspicuous foreigner banging with his beer-mug on the table. As he was not supplemented in his demand by other patrons, the scene did not appear again. However, as we left a general *bon soir* to all the company upon withdrawing, I noticed a covert waving of the Illustrator's hand toward the perspiring operator, and knew that he had made acquaintance with the little man. Also there was a positiveness about his motoring schedule, and a very lazy one it was, that betokened a familiarity with the future movements of the traveling bioscope.

At Lyons the Illustrator appeared in time for dinner with a clean-shaven face, wearing a motor-coat that had been reserved for Paris, and, so far, limited exclusively to Riverside. I was enjoying Lyons; there were silks and many churches of great beauty, and I complimented him on the improvement in his looks, and in a

great rush we sought a café in a distant street. But the French of the Provençal had been misinterpreted; there was no bioscope, and Lyons was a large city. For two nights we searched; then the Illustrator, consulting a small lettered card, took the road for Macon.

If one inquires the way to Make-on, after the pronunciation of its Georgia namesake, he will never get there, although Mack-ong is worth a struggle. It is a town of wooden-beamed houses, old towers, and a stretch of quiet street along the River Sâone where a café entertained some moving pictures and two stationary tourists. Subterfuge was from this time forth abandoned; the Illustrator and the operator met like lost brothers (by another village, I feared they would salute each other on the cheek); and, most beautiful of all, on the first night a gaunt Frenchman, brain-clogged by absinth, but with a discovering eye, shrilled forth a *"Voilà!"* at the great moment, and pointed like a clock at 3.15: hour hand to happy, conscious Illustrator, minute hand to man in picture motoring down the screen.

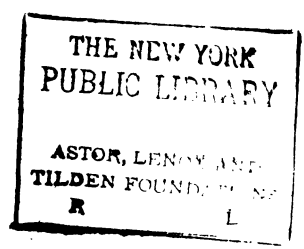
Then it became noised about—Macon is a small place. The café did a thriving business; the Illustrator, blue-shaven, walked about the

streets with the operator by day, sipped cognac with him by night. No longer need he cry encore, nor demand order fiercely when "le Tombeau de 'Unite Stats' Grant" (proudly translated by the audience) was thrown before them. It would be repeated by acclamation once, twice, even thrice; and on a Saturday night, when the workmen had been paid off, the Illustrator and his wife were forced to rise and bow!

When we left Macon the operator sat on the left step at my feet, his paraphernalia strapped to the turtle deck, while all our luggage was shipped on ahead. Our guest's eyes were full of fear, for he had not gone deeply into automobiling, and, out of respect for him, and the plates in the rear, we limited our speed. Indeed, the Illustrator had been heard to say in Macon that there were better things than tearing through a country. I sat back in relaxed bliss, and we all three sang the song of the Battalion (eight days ahead). The little man of the Midi knew even the fifth verse. "François in war magnanimous," he shouted, as we left behind the Valleys of the Rhone and Sâone and climbed the hills as far as Autun.

Here the driver shut off his engine and developed a new and beautiful trait, for he wished

The clock tower, Avallon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to stop and make a sketch! Although Autun was not our destination, although from there on were there hills to coast, yet he stopped to make a sketch, and for no other reason than that the scene was lovely. The wife of the artist beamed to herself as she searched for the pencils. "I think we have almost 'caught up,'" she said, but, wisely, not yet aloud.

At Saulieu I could speak. Saulieu of the one meandering street, of the Hôtel de la Poste at the head of it, of the pond at the right where the horses drank, of the baby hills at the left, of so soft an air that one could stroke it. In the great courtyard at the back of the inn, where the Battalion bound up their bleeding feet, in preparation for their forced march of seven days and nights on Paris, stood our idle car for that same length of time. For a week, although "the Tomb of U. S. Grant," went on the fifth day, we lived in Saulieu.

And "lived" is a fine word. It does not fraternize with haste. It is not akin to stopped or visited or toured. It can be best acquired by strategy.

After Saulieu came Avallon, and then Auxerre. In each we lived until I, in the end, was the one to use the goad. "This is the

twenty-seventh day," I urged, upon the bridge at Auxerre, "and the Marseilles Battalion are within sight of Paris. Sha n't we catch up?"

The Illustrator shook out his camp-stool and "made to sit."

"Oh, well," he answered, "you can't blame the Battalion for 'beating it'; but I don't believe we get our happiness that way."

"No," I replied, smiling sphinxlike. "Once we were in pursuit of happiness, but we did not succeed in our mad striving until we ceased it; then happiness caught up with us. You see, don't you?"

The Illustrator gazed at me fixedly, light dawning on his face.

"I think I am beginning to," he said, with meaning.

VI

The Tin Honeymoon

IT WAS just such a morning ten years ago when they took the river road for Pangbourne: there was a remarkable amount of blue sky and yet no sun, a way the English weather has of accommodating itself to the color-loving American guest and its master, the more somberly inclined Briton.

Albeit there are many such days in summer, the middle-aged couple felt in their middle-aged bones that all signs were auspicious, and that this tin-wedding trip, from the fleecy cloud arrangement of the heavens to the bounding of their middle-aged hearts, would be a repetition of their first bashful attempt at journeying together.

The couple in no ways looked upon themselves as middle-aged. Her hair was only "prematurely" gray; and what the vulgar might call "bald" was kindly admitted by his friends to be but the necessary expansion of a high forehead—to make room for higher thoughts.

Once upon a time, when they were twenty-five —or thereabouts—they admitted that thirty-five—or thereabouts—was far from an agreeable age; a decade earlier it had seemed much older, and earlier yet, thirty-five was, it goes without saying, quite synonymous with senility.

There was nothing in the attitude, at least, of this gay pair in middle life suggestive to the outsider that they had reached the stage when birthdays are not things to bruit about—no, not even with the balm of gifts ensuing. Occasionally they were heard to assert, with a touch of defiance, that a woman was as old as she looked, a man as he felt; and this trite boast evidently gave them new confidence in the possibility of being what they wished, and they would go about sternly keeping very young and very prankish.

It was at Pangbourne that the first blow fell. The hour preceding had been one of recollections and recognitions. Heads were wagged over the rows of stiff brick houses that were filling the valley of the Thames, but, even so, one stile was discoverable where they had rested, one great chestnut that had sheltered them from rain, and one tiny garden where they could pick an armful for twopence. In excitement he dug

her affectionately in the ribs, and for just an instant she remembered that in other days he had leaned over from his machine to hers and pressed her hand. But in other days they were pedaling on their way. Today he kept his hands on the steering-wheel of a motor car.

If this difference had not occurred to the owners of the car, so gentle had been their graduation from two wheels to four, the landlord of the "Swan" took in the situation at a glance. Bang! went the taproom door, there was a scurry of skirts, and a becapped maid opened up the parlor and beckoned in the lordly guests. This was a mournful proceeding; for, since it is forbidden in America, there is no greater joy to her womankind than to sip a cup o' kindness in the bar of pub or inn, unquestioned—more, unnoticed—one of the privileges of a country whose watchword is not Freedom.

There was a large manufactured perch, glass encased, in the parlor, as an intimation that there are as many good fish in the Thames as ever were made out of papier-mâché; also the date of the catching of that fish, and the announcement that tackle could be rented. The middle-aged couple laughed, for once the perch

had hung in the common room, and, seeing it, they had fished an idle blissful day. Not till sundown did they discover the sophistication of the fry they sought, every one of which knows well the difference between the tea-time crumbs of a rich punt's table and the hooked worm.

The becapped maid was politely interested when the couple told her they had been there ten years before. She was but a little girl then, she said (this, tight lipped, they refused to entertain), but she hoped the lady and the gentleman noticed the great changes. The couple across the best mahogany sighed at this, looked longingly into the cheerful tap-room, and replied that they believed they were beginning to. Pleased at their powers of observation, she went on to boast of the new American porch on the Thames side; some day the master would run it all around the inn — it would be fine for tea, as so many "trippers" on bicycle came there Sundays.

Now the word "tripper" should not have frightened the tin bridegroom into diving hastily for change and driving on with his tin bride. Ten years ago these two were trippers also. Yet so inconsistent were the creatures that they would have their low estate of other days remain, as

The "Swan" at Pangbourne

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indeed an ideal should, in far perspective, even while they stretched greedily for all the joy of it.

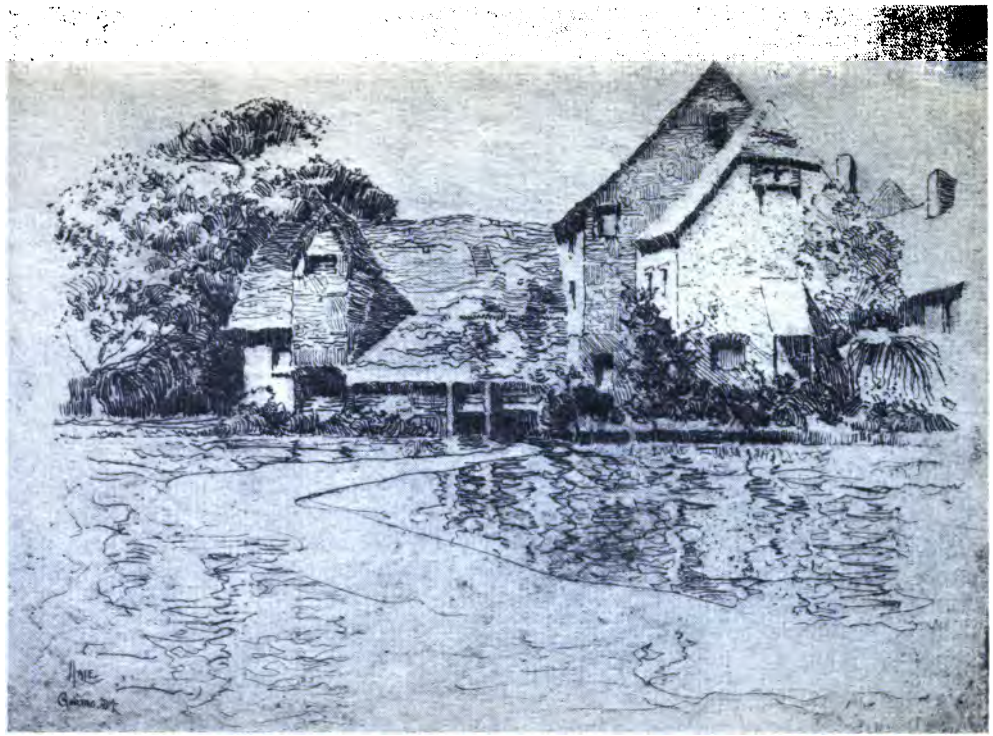
It is possible that there was more joy in the retrospect than in the actual occurrence, but the couple did not know this, and the gratifying of a ten-year-old wish is surely more satisfying than to supply hurriedly a momentary want. At Streatley, for instance, they motored straight to the inn on the river without discussion, for ten years ago they had longed to have a luncheon there, but knowing the cost of a river hotel, they could only look at it wistfully from the bridge, conjecture what the proud ones were eating, then trundle their wheels through the village until a Cyclists' Rest, quite full of trippers, came to view.

And so this day, as they sat at the best table overlooking the water, they asked that the extra covers be not removed, and while there were two visible guests, four portions were devoured; "for we are very hungry," said the middle-aged couple to the astonished butler; "we have been waiting ten long years to eat this luncheon."

A little girl by the river's edge was feeding the swans. From the bridge they had seen just such a child once before. Of course she was not the same little girl; the maid at Pangbourne had

taught them that; but she brought back the memory of the first shy jesting as to their own probable family, and whether they would or they would not call their first little girl Felicia or Dulcinea. Douglas, naturally, would be the first boy (one could see they did not intend to stint themselves on children, whatever other luxuries must be denied), and afterwards would come a Peter and a Jane to save the family honor; but not the first-born boy and girl—they were to be the children of romance. A few years passed, and the jesting ceased, for there was no humor in the Douglas and the Dulcinea who were not. Then passed a few more years, and the deep-felt loss for what had never been ceased to be a poignant grief, and they laughed again over their family, while in some subtle, unadmitted way she became to him the Dulcinea, he to her was the small boy Douglas.

On the way to Oxford they missed several landmarks, or came upon them suddenly as if the objects had run down the road to welcome their return; but when the spires of Oxford shot into view a full four hours earlier than they had once before, the couple realized that this rushing age had very little time for roadside acquaintance, and that the horizon was the only



Cleeve mill near Streatley-on-Thames

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bit of scenery a motor car could not devour in its mad haste.

If this tin honeymoon is ever touched upon by the two most vitally concerned, they will slur over Oxford, the reason being that beyond a cup of tea in the yard of the "Golden Cross" they never left their engine. Once upon a time they lazed in the meadow, and looked with half-closed eyes from the young green of the grass to the old gray of the buildings, and, like Hardy's Jude, the bridegroom sighed (quite secretly) that the outside of the walls only would be his. Then, immediately conscience-stricken, smiled at the bride entirely, reproving himself that he could waver for a moment in the perfect wisdom of his choice.

Today, as she nicely discriminated between the tools in the motor chest, he felt himself all-wise. With gleaming eyes they hung over the exquisite adjustment of the tremblers, and, conquering the difficulty, drove on to Broadway—classics, culture, Cupid, crowded out of their exultant mechanical hearts.

The hills are immutable even in crowded Britain, and the sun sets in the same place beyond the vale of Evesham, as if refuting the charge that times are changing. This is a com-

forting thought to a tin bride and bridegroom, grown a little anxious. From the Cotswold Range across the valley is a view that brings a pain to one's nose if he attempts to hide his emotions, and forces the tears down one's throat in a surprising manner. But the middle-aged couple, remembering the days when they were unashamed, bathed in the flood of sentiment.

"We can't grow old," he cried to her, "so long as we can *feel* so."

"And *look* so," she responded, fluffing up her hair.

Yet half an hour afterwards that middle-aged couple, installed in the most beautiful of all hostelries, the Lygon Arms, were complaining bitterly that they perforce must feast a second time on the cold meat of an English Sunday. This was a transition too delicate for a bridegroom, real, tin, silver, or gold, ever to perceive; but the tin bride, even as she gazed reproachfully at her well-done beef, was conscious that the finger of time was laid most heavily of all upon the menu. She felt the weight of it as the two politely sniffed at boiled potatoes and pleaded for a touch of garlic in the salad dressing. With all the bright memories of that other night in Broadway so clearly in their minds, there was no

recollection of the meal they ate beyond that, hot or cold, it was quite perfect.

It would have been a tragedy otherwise; for how well did they remember the halt at the top of the long, wide street, and the careful going over of their funds to determine if they really could afford the Lygon Arms! In little piles of silver they apportioned off the dinner and the lodging and the breakfast—yes, and a little more even than the red book said; for one could never know the vagaries of a stylish inn. Then there was a fourth pile of small change for the tips. "If we do the thing at all, we ought to do it well," the bridegroom had commented, and the bride nodded acquiescently.

Night comes to Broadway gently. The after-dinner stroller lifts his chest and sniffs the air with a proprietary manner; for are not many of these great ones who have lived here of his own country? and admitting the appealing beauty of the scene, he is content that they have become expatriates, since his own Broadway offers so little to the artist, save a market for his wares.

Contrary to all expectations, the middle-aged couple slept that night in Stratford. Having traversed the street once in the twilight, once in

the moonlight, while still twittering of the joy of it, the welcome simplicity, there came a call to arms from the open courtyard gate. It was but the reflection of a passive moon upon well-polished motor lamps, a silent cry, but the possibilities of darting through the white lanes once more before they slept laid hold upon this couple who talked of simple living. Within the hour they were in Stratford, somewhat ashamed, laughing a little craftily at that old-fashioned bridal party they had left ten years behind in Broadway.

As the tin bridegroom said in Stratford, there is little profit in growing old unless one's made of china or of some such stuff. In a measure it must placate one to increase in value with one's years. This was as he paid dearly for sleeping in a sixteenth-century bedchamber, where the floor waved like a ship at sea, and the uncurtained, leaden-paned windows admitted twentieth-century sunlight at 4 A. M. We of this generation indulge in these absurdities to feel we are nearer Shakespeare; but beyond a night of some discomfort—the beds of the poet's time were not of roses—we still find a something more than ages in the gap between the bard and us.

The Shakespeare hotel, Stratford

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Nor did the revisiting of the church, the birthplace, and the cottage of Ann Hathaway lessen the void for the middle-aged couple. They were impatient of the ever-knitting girl, who bade them "look up the fireplace, look out the window, look in the chest." Once before they had looked obediently with the rest; now they fled to the garden, and, comparing fearful notes, discovered that they were nearer Shakespeare, nearer Ann, when they brought to memory the yielding virtues of the two happy lovers. This was an evil state of mind. Ten years before it had been their deep regret that the perfect poet could not be embodied in a perfect man. Now they breathed more freely as they basked in the thought of a fellow creature's peccadillos.

In a fit of penitence they dogged the footsteps of the guide at Warwick Castle—a sop to the first bride and bridegroom who had found the fee too large for an hour's wandering. Decorously they traversed eight of the show rooms, an integral part of the mute body of sight-seers, who, although of many climes, become an unvarying unit without detached thought when the curator starts them on their rounds. At the ninth door the tin bride and bridegroom were heard to groan, "If we were but poor again," and so

startled was the custodian by this departure from the unit that an exit was devised, and the unfortunate incident closed with the shutting of the door of Warwick Castle upon the rebellious pair.

Two hours later, the strength of their convictions reënforced by food and drink at the "Warwick Arms," as they sat among the ruins of Kenilworth the couple admitted stormily that they were individualists—each for the other if it could be—but first, each one for himself.

The far view was beautiful to them for the stretching of their souls; men and women interesting for the purpose of contrast with themselves; the old red walls of Kenilworth, crying of Elizabeth and Leicester, meant less to them as a historical ruin than its present beauty of line and color and sullen power.

The man having confessed his sins aloud, was ready to condone them. The woman sighed for penance. The sinning and confession should not be so pleasant.

"Once we accepted these things for themselves alone," she said, sadly.

"And now we are not content unless we shape them to our own lives," he completed.

"Is it because we are growing old?" inquired the tin bride, still perplexed.

"It certainly is not," replied the tin bridegroom, stoutly. "It is simply this: once we viewed the world from the outside—longingly, you will bear in mind, though half afraid; now we've climbed into the hollow of it and are looking out."

"I think I'm still afraid—of going on," said the tin bride, after a long pause; "could n't we go back?"

But this time the tin bridegroom did not grasp her meaning.

"Go back?" he echoed. "Why? The road is good. Let us go on."

So the middle-aged couple motored on to Coventry, for that was the end of the tin honeymoon.

VII

The Romancing of a Square Party

WHEN the Young Man and the Young Woman who were traveling with a party, and whom we had met at Monte Carlo and grown to like, told us that they would enjoy the trip across northern Italy because it would be "improving to the mind," we edged off uncomfortably toward the Casino and lost a few more unimproving francs. But even the absorbing of our silver did not blot out the gloomy prospect of motoring an intellectual pair through an emotional country.

We, as a middle-aged couple (the expression had been forced upon us, until we finally accepted it), had considered the inviting of the Young Man and the Young Woman as near an approach to a revival of tender sentiment as our slightly silvered hair would permit. It had been our vague intention to hold the mirror up to them — and see ourselves. We wished the young couple for the trip at least, to engage in a sort

of delicate exchange of gallantries, which we should have enjoyed with ourselves in the principal rôles had not the stigma of "middle age" weighted us down with its awful dignity. We hoped for a sort of flirtation pleasing to the eye, which would blossom under the Italian sky, then, later, gently die. I made this statement to the Illustrator with no knowledge of the rhyme until he laughed. Since then I have been repeating it proudly.

The Illustrator, as he bitterly slung in their books of reference amid the oil cans and made ready for an intellectual departure, had no hope of their vulnerability, but I was not bereft of all attacking methods. The first one, I admit, was frustrated, for at the start the young girl beckoned me to the rear seat, where she had already installed herself, with a mental firmness which no romantic couple in middle age could well combat—and remain unashamed. The Young Man settled himself in my favorite place by the driving Illustrator; the satiated retinue of the Monte Carlo hostelry bowed their adieus; and with my heart beating expectantly at reëntering the land of rich sensations, we made for Italy.

The Young Woman, who must have heard the prancing of this artery of mine which refuses

to grow old, smiled at me kindly, with a question in her eyes.

"I am wishing," I said to her, conscious of my effort at careful phrasing, "that the first of the little dramas of the roadside which come to us so thickly in this country will greet us at the Customs, just as we slip past the tri-color and draw up at the post of green and white and red. Don't you think that would be splendid?"

The Young Woman looked dubious. "An episode that will give a clue to the character of the country?"

I nodded, flattened but defiant. After all, she had my thought. So she leaned forward, one hand upon her notebook, pencil poised.

At the French barrier the clean children bade us "bon voyage," then a climb across a gorge—muleteers along the way—a donkey-boy singing half French and half Italian—a sudden turn—the colors, green and white and red, upon a rock—a small stucco house with an official lounging waitingly—and in the doorway a signora gravely examining the tousled head of a small, dirty child.

"How awful!" cried the girl, shutting her notebook with a snap.

"How Italian!" I replied, well satisfied.

If one follows the Corniche road after passing into Italy, only the man of wildest imaginings can feel an appreciable difference between it and the country that is left behind. There are still the colorful sea, the baked white road, and the pink villas, where surely no one was ever born or has ever died. There is not the dignity of these simple events about their vapid architecture. But twist the motor to the left after leaving Ventimiglia, thrust its nose into the Maritime Alps, and let it smell out Tenda, and one's forgotten Italian speech comes back to him by the aid of sign-posts and road warnings. It is a way of sharp turns bitten into the rock, across mountain torrents busily furnishing electric power to the gambling houses back on the Riviera, and past vineyards hanging from crevices, which soften the grim visage of Mother Earth as do long eyelashes beautify a stern-faced woman.

The Young Man and the Young Woman gave forth expressions.

"It is volcanic," they agreed.

"It is glorious," I asserted.

"It is every bit on the high speed," said the Illustrator, whose mind was on his engine.

At Tenda the young couple agreed to make

up their notes. Our windows looked upon a pale-green Alp, and, below, in the main street—the one street—the diligences came and went. Still they were wishful to make notes. But after dinner we took our coffee on the pavement, and the light was dim. More than that, there was an "episode." She, the lady of the episode, sat at the table next to us, and there were men about her. She was pretty, plump, provincial, and she had a way of lifting her eyelids as though held down by cognac. That is rare in Italy. The Young Man and the Young Woman grew almost interested. The lady was evidently doing the wrong thing, and was pleased about it. I suppose life is dull in Tenda. The Italian officers and their wives, who appeared to know her, were surprised, and whispered over their coffee.

After a while, out of the gloom—for the pale-green Alp threw a black shadow at night—a stumpy little husband appeared: one dressed as though having come from a journey—a journey, we assumed, that should have brought him back at ten instead of nine. He made no scene, he bowed to her companions, and, in tones tinged with as much sarcasm as he dared, begged his *sposa* not to incommode herself—he asked only

for the key. At this the wife, with an insolence born of brandy, told him that was simple, and thrusting her hand into her pocket, withdrew a key such as Bluebeard would have relished. It was ten inches long at least. It was so much more impressive than its master that we went over somewhat to the side of *la sposa,* although we should n't. Then he trudged out into the road again, lugging the key, knowing that he should fight, yet a scared little man. But after another round of cognac a boy appeared, a servant; in his hand he carried a lantern, and in his mouth a message from the signor; he had come to take her home. There was a forceful quality about him which the signora recognized, for, though she tried to shake him off, he would have none of it; and while one can with dignity quarrel with one's husband—yes, and well within one's rights—how absurd becomes the situation when one quarrels with a serving-lad! So the lady went out into the darkness, too, only she would not walk with the boy. He went ahead, and showed her mudholes, which she hazily avoided while pretending not to hear him.

That was absolutely all, and we shall never know the end, which is most tantalizing; still, the young couple could not make their notes for

watching, and he was heard to say to her, "Think of a heartache in a little town!" So the evening was n't altogether wasted.

Yet the next day they had become stiff-necked and unregenerate once more, for the morning is ever provocative of high resolves. Although I descended early, I found the Young Man occupying my place by the driver, and the Young Woman from the back seat was full of alarming erudition concerning rock formations. It made me wonder why the Creator had spent so much time carving her features prettily, when almost any face would answer for the study of geology. The Illustrator, who wished to be helpful in their emotional development, responded to the rocky dissertation by a few clumsy hints as to the tunnel we should shortly reach, and the opportunity its two miles of blackness would offer "to the foxy." Poor wit this, and most unfortunate in its result. The fine shoulders of the Young Man assumed so moral an uprightness that no possible flight of fancy could conjure a blond head resting on their heights. The blond head itself was being proudly tossed by its owner in the back seat, while I sat silent, controlling my writhing feet, which longed to press a wifely warning on the Illustrator's ankles.

The tunnel, as it turned out, was a black and chilling experience, and our lunch in Cuneo at the Bar of Iron, while provocative of chuckles from the Illustrator at the appropriate name, was not entirely a mirthful occasion. Still, as we descended into the plain my spirits soared aloft, for the necessity of high-sounding epithets is diminished when on less aspiring land; the "soul" (as defined by the young couple) retires, and our mean shell puts powder on its nose, and takes an interest in its dinner.

Yet was I uncomfortable over the thought that this dinner must be at Turin—yes, and the stay for the night. It is a place reeking with self-improvement, and there are museums to be visited. "A city conspicuous for the regularity of its construction," I heard her read to him, and I cast about me for more irregular beguilements. But Italy will never fail one emotionally if he limits himself to street scenes. After the Young Woman and the Young Man had taken a regular walk (and as darkness softens the lines of this rectangular town, the lights are alluring, museums closed, and there is music in the air, the walk could not have been dangerously instructive), and after they had returned, they found us peering into the lives of other people

from the rear windows. Since we refused to budge from our balcony, they were necessarily squeezed into one themselves. To my surprise and delight, they accommodated themselves to this without effort. More than that, the girl made a discovery — a "human find." Above the little café, at an open window, sat a woman, crying. She was good-looking, but with the thinness of those who feel too keenly. At the next window sat a hard man — her husband, I was sure — reading a paper while she wept. Now and then she found that she could not sit quietly and cry — she must walk about the room, with her arms upraised and hands talking a great deal. The man read on. The young couple approached agitation; the Illustrator and I held hands — as an example. Once the grief-stricken creature crossed to a shelf on which were vials, and we held our breath while her eyes swept the labels. The man at the other window did n't care. Yet she thought better of it; she came back again and looked down into the street — life held her there. For a long while she stood shaking her head as though it hardly mattered one way or the other; then a street fight, which is always one of words in Italy, claimed her attention, and when quiet was restored below

she put her head down on the window ledge and rested. At this point the man, whom we were all hating vehemently, arose and folded up his paper. Our hopes revived in him; now, we decided, he would kiss her. Even the young pair longed for a reconciliation. But he didn't. He approached the lamp which was burning near him; there was a fumbling at the wick, then he was left in darkness; but the woman on the other side of the wall which separated them remained bathed in the radiance of a light which we could not see! As they probably never knew of the existence of each other, it was a blow to my romancing. Still, as the girl said, tears were tears, whether the one for whom they were expended was in Turin or in Toronto; and the Young Man, greatly mellowed, admitted that it must be rather satisfying to be cried for.

"Perhaps she had the toothache," the Illustrator started; but I could reach his foot.

The next day it rained; however, emotionally and territorially speaking, this did not delay our progress. Indeed, it was the Illustrator's day. "Be human," was my insistent plea to him; and, while he took advantage of my directions, I don't deny that the halting at the various *cantine* along the watery way did much to bridge the

chasm between the front and the back seat. A *cantine,* according to the small red dictionary, is "a cellar, a cave, or a cavern," and this definition was the Illustrator's argument that his continual patronage of them could stand the pure white light of scrutiny. No one, he continued to the young couple, who were uneasy at first, could be criticised for entering "a cellar, a cave, or a cavern"; and it was not his fault that, as time went on, the cellar, the cave, and the cavern had thrust themselves up through the earth like mushrooms, until they became houses with bars at one end, across which the signora dispensed simple mixtures known to the Illustrator as "dryers."

Since there was always a stove or fireplace for our simpler drying purposes, the Young Woman finally overcame her scruples, and I was surprised to find how soon the fire which had served as the girl's reason became her excuse. At the sixth drying-place she nodded to the Young Man, who lifted his glass and cried *"Salute"* as though ashamed of nothing. The Illustrator winked at me, which I at first endeavored not to see, but as he kept on doing it, under the impression that I did not grasp the

situation, I finally responded with a cold stare which greatly mystified him.

The "Canteen of the Angel!" was picked out by the girl herself. The sign was a fine angel flying down the front wall with a large brown bottle in its hand and clad in a blue ribbon—though what right an angel with a bottle had to the emblem of temperance we could not discover. That it was a good angel there could be no doubt, for when we once more climbed into the car the Young Man retrograded to the rear. He did it very badly, calling out in a surprised fashion, after we had started, "See where I am!" while the girl faintly echoed, "See!" However, we kindly refused to see. With feet treading upon each other, we forged ahead.

The day went on in more delightful intimacies. For lunch we had our clothes baked; or, to be clearer, they were baked before the lunch. There were two rooms in the Hotel of the Little Mule. In the one the girl and I handed our dripping garments through the door and went to bed. In an hour they were brought back, warm, and odorous of veal. The girl, after a moment's thought, decided that this was funny;

later, when our square party met, and the Young Man, perplexed in his dry clothes, declared he smelled of veal, she caught her breath from delight; and when the lunch was served, pasta, fish, and—veal, she clapped her hands in ecstasy. "Was there ever such a day?" cried the Young Woman.

There was no more rainy weather from that on, and naught but sunshine in the hearts of the young couple. In fact, the Illustrator claimed (after two days of quick-melting ice) that the sunshine was exaggerated, and that there was n't any warmth in the world to thaw out two young hearts so quickly. "Hang it all," he grumbled to me, "they seem to think because they've cooked their clothes in the same oven that all social barriers are down. And sneaking off the way they do! I tell you I don't like it!"

I was not so deeply concerned. As the speech of the Illustrator would suggest, much of his dissatisfaction was due to man's selfishness. Now that we were able to hold the mirror up to the couple and view, or perhaps I should say *re*view, our own emotional awakening, we could not get hold of the happy pair long enough for a satisfactory reflection. In the first place, we could not keep continually turning from the front seat

to stare at them joyously riding in the rear; then, when we descended from the car they had a way of rushing off together on the pretext of buying postal cards, and returning without them, which no doubt would have satisfied us sentimentally had we been along, but, by some shrewd cunning, suddenly developed, they managed that we never were.

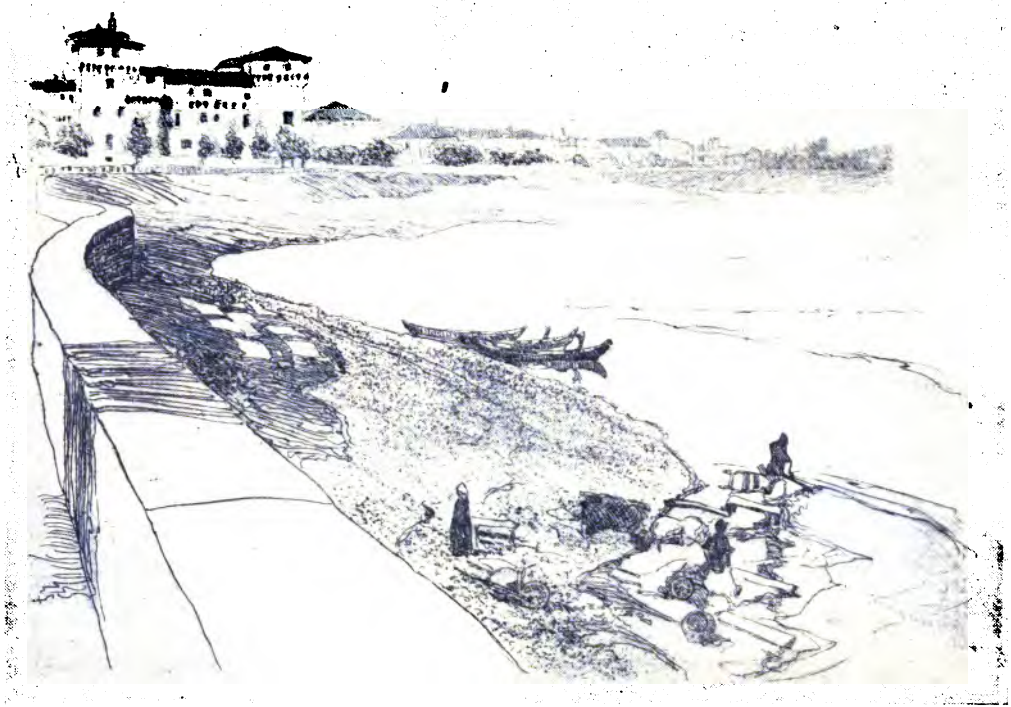
I suggested to the Illustrator that if he sketched vigorously they might stay and watch him; and while this failed in Brescia—the creatures climbing to the clock-tower he was drawing, and jeering at us—at Cremona he had developed a regular line of attack. Here in an open square he appealed to their sympathies. Since he was an old, old man, he turned to them for protection. He looked to them to draw a magic circle around his sketching-stool and, with horned fingers, centesimi, sweets, and main force, keep the Italian public from the line of vision; while I, also very old, would rest in the motor car which he so loved to put into his foregrounds. It was a pleasant relief; keeping clear the line of vision was generally my work. I grew fond of Cremona, basked in the sunshine, dozed a little, perhaps—being a very ancient person—and was just dreaming

that I heard the sounds of the far-famed violins, when an amazed signor called my attention to the unpleasant truth that the music — noise, forsooth — was the voice of the Illustrator, deserted by his bodyguard, rendered helpless by the throng around him, and calling for assistance.

I endeavored to calm him. "All young people are alike." The man was slinging his sketching paraphernalia into the car as he had once pitched the reference-books of the truants, and was preparing to go on without them.

"Alike!" he snorted, in reply. "Don't you think it. I never knew one of these abstemious creatures, temperamentally speaking, who could keep his head when he did cut loose a little. Why, it took us weeks to get as well acquainted as these two have become in just five days, and we were in Capri, too! This generation——" He broke off to welcome them with that guilty attempt at jocularity which we so often assume when in the midst of criticising a sudden arrival. "Thought you 'd decided to walk on," he hazarded.

I myself was of the opinion that an explanation was not out of keeping. But they were unconscious of all irony. "Oh no, only to the corner for a minute," replied the blind ones,



The castle on the lake, Mantua

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helping each other into the rear seat, "just to see the birthplace of—of" (a consultation here)—"of Stradivari."

"Humph!" returned the Illustrator; "that's been destroyed for ages." But the young couple didn't mind.

"If Cremona is instructive, wait till we come to Mantua," I suggested to them. As I did so, I was horrified to find that in five days I had such swift recourse to their first methods of enjoyment. However, the pursuit of learning had no attractions for them now. "Instructive!" scoffed the Young Man, as once the other man had scoffed; and from her: "It hardly matters, does it, while this soft Italian sun is shining."

The Illustrator grated into the high speed. "Sickening," he hissed between his teeth.

From that time on, our efforts to attend the love-making of the young couple grew more and more frantic. The Illustrator still clung to the idea that some middle-aged joy ought to be derived from the situation if they only would let him come along; while I trailed after them relentlessly, more from a sense of duty, as before my vision there persistently arose two sets of parents who, with lifted eyebrows, questioned the thoroughness of my guardianship.

If I had attempted to inculcate in our guests the idea that Italy was conducive to love-making, Italy itself rose to the demonstration of the fact as though it were a living thing seeking to help me. Tall, cypress-shaded avenues were lovers' walks to them — that the way led to the cemeteries was of no moment; the barred gates of prisons were lovers' trysts; every castle on every hill had its romance; every town through which we swept, still bearing the scars of ancient conflict, was found, by diligent research, to have warred only for the love of ladies.

There was no use in telling the Young Man and the Young Woman when we reached Mantua, for instance, that the place was noted for silk manufactories. They had their Shakespeare, open, in their laps, to quote from, which set the lovely town back among the centuries where it belonged. They demanded a sketch —

> Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,
> That leads toward Mantua,

provoking more snorts from the Illustrator. "Shows he'd never been here — writing like a sausage of a perfectly flat plain," he ground out,

doggedly. Even I, his stanch supporter, drew my breath at the iconoclast, while the young people lashed themselves into a perfect storm of sorrow that the great lover of all lovers had, indeed, never seen this country.

On the outskirts of Mantua they carried their grief, along with the copy of Shakespeare, into a small boat moored to the bank. This was done at the instigation of the Illustrator; by including them in his sketch, he argued, he could not only use but watch them. I asked myself if it was not Machiavelli who had said that he could deal with simple statecraft but not with youth; and as I mused, while the artist was intent upon the outlines of the old Gonzaga stronghold, a little rowboat slipped out into the Lago Inferiore, past the washing-women, past us, out of the sketch, out of our vision for an hour.

They returned without apologies—it was their custom now. We represented just two ugly old godparents with a magic pumpkin to haul them through enchanted country. They bore in their mouths many quotations for staying overnight, but with the contrariness of the man who is playing a losing game, the driver now was keen for going on to Padua. This,

however, they met with a cry from *Romeo and Juliet:*

> 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
> To come to Padua!

and before we could confute them, having no Shakespeare of our own, and being a bit rusty, they went on to lighter badinage, catching the ball of humor and tossing it about—until we, harried, bewildered at this powder-play, emerged from the smoke of their sharp retorts and compromised upon Verona.

It was not until we were well upon our way that we remembered their sudden acquiescence must have been occasioned by that flighty Juliet. Still, as the man at my elbow remarked (he talked principally between his teeth now), we would arrive late at Verona, make a sketch in the morning, and rush them on to Padua, where, he darkly hinted, he had plans that would circumvent a Delilah.

So on we whirred through the soft black night. The young couple intent upon themselves, the driver intent upon his engine, I intent upon the concocting of two letters to two sets of parents. I had thought their import was sufficiently

severe at the time, but before I slept I added a more acid postscript to my mental composition. For, past my window, wafted out upon the air from the Young Man's window, came a gentle declaration.

> There is a lady in Verona here
> Whom I affect,

quoted the stripling.

It was caught up and answered from the girl's window:

> My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
> Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.

It was capped and silenced for the night from the Illustrator's window:

> Mark you this, Bassanio,
> The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

There was a smashing-to of casements, all of us smoldering in the dark from various emotions, and there the feud rested.

If the artist did not retain the young couple in his sketch the following morning, it was not for

lack of a borrowed third story window from which to watch them. I, as his faithful henchman, went with him, seeing to it that the children of the signora who loaned us the view did not sit upon the drawing pencil. We were in a triumphant mood, inversely as the happy pair were subdued. They had elected to sit in the market-place below us and study the frescoes on the old palace façade; indeed, they had promised to do so. This was well, for it was a cloudy day, and the umbrellas of the hucksters, which might have hidden them, were still furled. A day bad for shadows, but the subject was one worthy of a drawing at any time. Yet the Italian sun is hard to keep behind the clouds when there are lovers about. It crept out and beamed upon the two. A big umbrella was unfurled over a stand of artichokes—we grew uneasy; the green beans next received a shelter—we could hear the young couple laugh. They were near the cucumbers, and as the sun shone hotter this miserable vegetable was also engulfed. The opening up of the coverings became general; they stretched into a lumpy sea of canvas. Certain fishy people swam around under them, and up a side street. When the sketch was finished we went, as one

The piazza del erbe, Verona

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man, and poked them down from Juliet's balcony.

They were quite unashamed. "Did you enjoy your solitude *à deux?*" they asked us, brazenly.

We blushed a blush of middle age, and drove them sternly to Vicenza; for Vicenza, the Illustrator had discovered (by peeking stealthily into the Shakespeare), was not known to the poet. It is a charming place, but the man, in his desperation, thought his assurance to the contrary might keep from them the truth. "It is a dull town," he kept repeating, cheerily—"a dull town, no winding ways, nothing but bare open places. I'll do one of them, and draw right from the motor, so you can all three sit and watch me." He spoke of this as one would hold out peppermint sticks to schoolboys.

"Why, if you *want* us to stay with you," said the young couple, smiling a very wise and old smile.

"What do you think they mean by that?" whispered the Illustrator. "I'm half afraid of them."

Their forced politeness made us conscious. Now that we had them well within our grasp, we didn't find their talk of any pleasing conse-

quence; more than that, it limited our own range of conversation. Their presence barred themselves as topics, and also precluded some fond nothings which the middle-aged, when alone, can exchange without fear of being very funny.

This may have been the reason why the Illustrator, departing from his fell design of keeping them in quotationless Vicenza for the night, brought us to Padua to sleep. To me he excused his move by referring once again to the mysterious means which would turn the stream of the young creatures' bubbling spirits into their old quiet channels. It was maddening to listen to these stealthy hints as we rushed through the night, and to my guarded inquiries draw only guarded "'ssshes" in response. The young couple sang college glees from the rear seat. They were new glees since the time of the Illustrator, so that he could not join in with them, yet he was not annoyed. He nudged me painfully, uttering exultant gutturals. "Subtle influence," I gathered, and, "Creatures of habit, every one of us."

Although it was a trying evening, perhaps it was as well that the right moment for the unfold-

ing came the next morning when I most needed it. The Illustrator found me sitting forlorn in a Paduan armchair, my breakfast cup untouched before me, and in my lap two letters which had been sent in from the bankers. Two letters from two sets of parents who were strangers to me, in answer to the ones which I had written when I was about to take their children under my efficient wing. From widely distant homes these letters came; the senders did not know each other, yet the contents were about the same.

"Be careful of our (boy, girl)," they wrote. "(He, She) is engaged to a most estimable young (lady, gentleman), so (he, she) tells us, whom some day we shall take into our home."

I put my head down on the Illustrator's shoulder. "Such duplicity!" I sobbed. "And more than that, how four young things must suffer!"

The man rose to the occasion! "I have just talked with them," he comforted. "I've given them the outlines of the plan of which I've hinted. Told 'em this was the seat of learning, that everybody studied here. I promised them that we would stay two weeks, and they could take a course of something at the university. In that way we'll get 'em back to their old ways."

I shook my head despondently. "They'll circumvent us."

"Not a bit. They went right off—delighted—to see about a course."

I looked hopeful.

"So you come out with me," he finished, with that protective air which compensates for his departing youth. "You come on out; I think that you and I can get some joy out of a Paduan canal without infantile assistance."

So we went out alone, and if the sunshine in the hearts of both was mellow, it was warm, and we did not feel the need of youthful fillips to a conversation which bore the stamp, at least, of much experience. There was a guilty pleasure in returning late to find the other couple waiting humbly.

We thought there was an intellectuality about them which we had for some time missed. We grew kindly.

"How's the 'varsity?" we questioned.

The Young Man answered, soberly enough: "We hardly know. You see, since we're to stay here for a fortnight"—he seized the hand of the Young Woman—"we've had our banns put up."

I rose, mighty in my sense of right, and wrenched their hands apart. "You can't; you're both engaged. I've heard from home."

It had absolutely no effect.

"Of course," said the Young Woman, "but to each other."

The Illustrator and I sat down suddenly.

The Young Man became a coward. It was the girl who broke the silence. "We thought we ought to keep it a great secret. We did so want to come along with you, but since you write and sketch and go in for being intellectual, we feared you wouldn't care to have two spoons around, so we started out to be——" she gasped here.

"Erudite?" supplied the Illustrator.

"Yes, thank you. But somehow the influence of——" another gasp.

"Of Italy?" suggested I, a touch of triumph in my voice.

The Young Man laughed aloud and pieced out the broken thread. "It was some Italy, but it was mostly you—you two."

We popped up astonished heads. "Us!"

"Yes; your wanting always to be together, and alone, although you tried to hide it; so that

threw us alone, making us forget the erudition game; and when we saw how happy you have been for all these years, we decided that we could n't do a better thing than to follow your example right away."

"But we *can't* be an example," we screamed, joyous just the same; "we're middle-aged."

"Not in Italy," said the Young Man and the Young Woman.

VIII

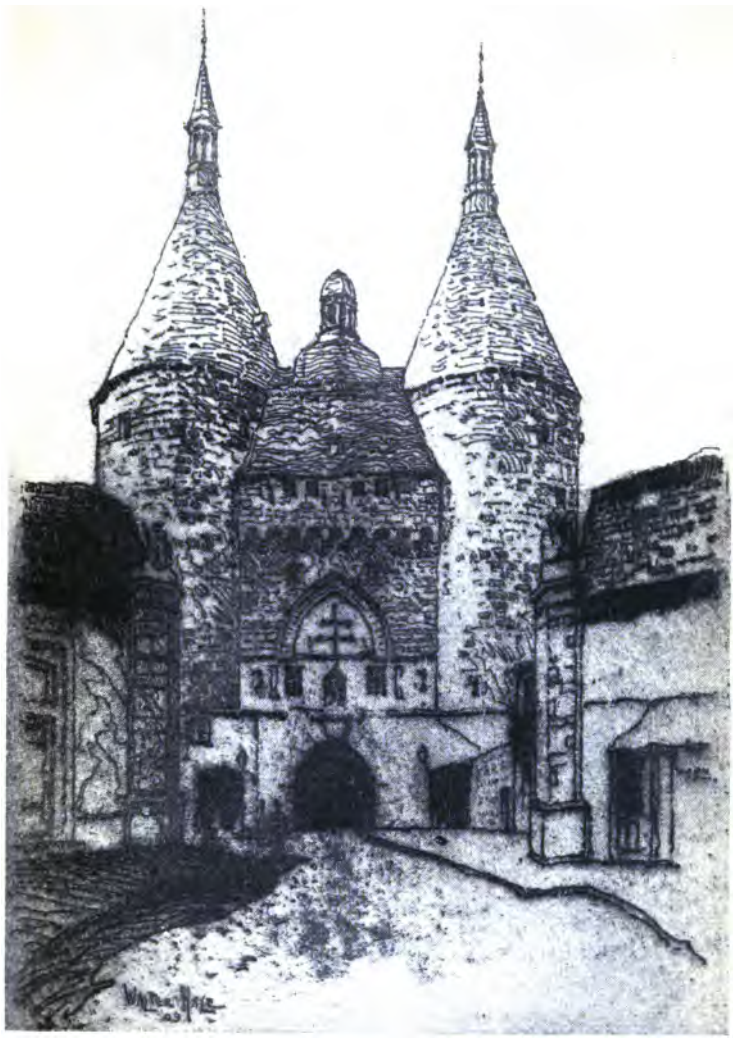
We Take the Cure

IT WAS in northern Italy, after we had done our duty by the lakes, that the Illustrator forced me to admit the necessity for one of us taking the Cure. Perhaps I should not limit this renovation of our system by the article *the;* it was a Cure—not two cures—on which the man insisted. His argument was that, in the pursuit of the correct thing, we should, at this time of the year, join the general exodus of Continentals to the high places, the low places, the grand places, or the simple places where could be found "les Eaux."

I was willing to countenance this three weeks' cessation of motoring joys on the condition that I was not to be the one to suffer the internal laving. And, while I think that this was the original intention of my companion, he accommodated himself to the new order of things with the usual facility for shaping events to his own good, which I ought to but do not appreciate.

As we turned the nose of our engine northward in our search for a Cure, he began eating and drinking all the things he shouldn't—and all the things I couldn't—serene in the prospect of the scourging which was to come. More than that, as time went on he adopted a languid manner, was often discovered peeping at his tongue, and left off polishing the brass of our automobile as one too exhausted for any unnecessary effort. Had he been in any way abetted in his mental suggestionings, I doubt if we could ever have climbed the Alps; but my private scorn of his growing ills, and the general public's acceptance of a Cure as a natural place to go to in July, kept him physically sound, although emotionally wounded.

There was no use in telling our friend, the Italian servant (which is a generic term covering all of those we encounter in our travels), that the signor was going to take the waters. He had no sympathy for the sufferer, who was, from the European viewpoint, starting on a holiday. Besides, he might follow up his congratulations by an inquiry as to what waters were to be drunk, and this thought was disquieting to the Illustrator; for he could not yet decide what



The porte de la Craffe, Nancy

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occasioned the ennui from which he was suffering, or, as I put it, "which would be the pleasantest Cure to take."

I remember our first discussion on this subject, our first plain discussion, and that means telling the truth at all costs. The surroundings were conducive to a kindlier topic, for we were dining most excellently at a little inn of unknown name in a town which shall ever remain a mystery. I know that we approached it at deepest dusk and looked down upon its few lights from a great height which we had climbed on the second speed after leaving Lake Maggiore. Even the peasants in the back seat gasped at the stern descent which lay before us, and essayed to walk, as they and their forefathers had safely done for centuries. The back seat, let it be interpolated, had been built originally for the accommodation of chance acquaintances. We had forgotten, when in America, our roadside comrades in Italy; but the two yawning places thumped us in the back from the hour that we tipped over the Maritime Alps, prodded our conscience into a remembrance of the old delightful friendships, and turned our car into a seeming hayrick, from

under which our guests shrieked and chatted as we carried them and their head-burdens up the steep hills.

"It seems to me," I stormed between—and during—mouthfuls of delicious chicken at this dinner in the town of mystery, "that you ought to have some idea of the Cure you are going to take, and where it is going to be. We can't go through the country haphazard, shouting out, 'Cure, Cure, Cure,' and expecting one to run down the road and drag us to its source."

The Illustrator looked at me reproachfully, then he coughed in a hollow way, and made as if to leave the table, but decided to stay on and try to eat a little more. It gave me small concern; he had done this for years whenever he could think of nothing to say, but the shabby old waiter, before whom we were speaking freely, confident that so obscure a person knew only his own tongue, broke into soft-voiced English from very sympathy.

We had known the waiter to be remarkable from the moment of our arrival. He had greeted us in the dim courtyard, wearing the bold green cloth of a porter, but after he had "descended the baggage" from the car he appeared in the bedrooms, thoroughly disguised

as a chambermaid in a long white apron, bowed to us in welcome as though having met us for the first time, and added to the uncanniness of the situation by offering three large towels apiece.

The Illustrator became hysterical at this. Clutching his booty, he could do nothing but repeat: "Three large towels in Italy. Three large towels in Italy!" while I searched madly for the silk hat which must have produced this magical city, duplex servants, and wealth of linen. The old man, replying to our strange variety of Italian with his own excellent speech, appeared deaf to our innuendoes, soberly discussed the menu, and shuffled off with "orders for the chef." On our way to the dining-room we passed the copper-hung kitchen, receiving a *salve* from him as he hid under a cook's cap, and again, for the fourth time, he gravely acknowledged us as strangers to him when he entered the dining-room as a waiter. But his costume for this rôle was not the meager swallowtail we had expected—on his shrunken form hung an old threadbare Eton suit. "A suit with a history," my companion declared; "but, in the face of such magnificent pride, how shall we ever learn the story of it?"

Counting our mercies that night, we admitted to each other that had there been no quarrel there would have been no cough, and had there been no cough there would have been no sympathy, and had there been no sympathy the waiter would not have broken impulsively into English and brought to our attention the Alpine town of Courmayeur. From a discussion of Courmayeur we were able, by delicate stages, to lead up to the Eton suit, and then it was explained — the towels, the desire to do all things correctly, and the perfect discipline of the four servants — for our friend had been a steward on our transatlantic boats and knew the world.

As the dinner went on he became tremulously nervous, wishing to be a good steward and keep us stocked in forks, yet eager to ask us of the boats which he had left behind — and of the leviathans of today, which he would never see. He produced a worn black book from his pocket — his sailing-papers — and showed us the good-conduct marks which he had received on every voyage he had made. We fished gingerly for the reason that kept him in this inland town. "Cherchez la femme," we tamely quoted. The steward smilingly admitted it, but the woman was his mother. It is the oldest story in Italy,

this unquestioning sacrifice for the old ones. She had asked to see him, so he gave up his place. Then when she died there had been so little of his money left that he had taken service here as—a slight proud hesitation—as the waiter.

When we left in the morning he was in the steward's suit again, and fastened on our luggage, *sans* green apron, as a compliment to us. We paid our bill to him for the signora we never saw, "And, since the others are not down," said the Illustrator, vaguely, "I 'll leave these francs for all of them with you." The old steward acknowledged courteously the shining silver pieces for the porter, for the maid, for the chef, and—for himself.

It was at Pont St. Martin, in the foothills of the Alps, that the Illustrator descended and made a sketch. There was something of the solemnity of the making of a will about the deed; he called it his "last sketch," as though Courmayeur would engulf him in its waters altogether. He was doing it for me alone, he said; and while I knew that it would be used for reproduction at the first opportunity, I did not tell him so—which proved my schooling. As the sketch progressed, however, he became so gloomy that I was obliged to remind him that

a Cure did not necessarily wash away all artistic effort. Yet the thought holds out pleasing possibilities if applied to the half-fledged art student trembling between a solid business career and the teetery profession of making pictures. Imagine what a scurrying to the waters of uncertain sons by anxious fathers if they could emerge after three weeks, eyes glistening for business, art forgotten!

The argument that ensued as the result of the promulgation of this thought was entirely unnecessary, for upon reaching Courmayeur we found that there were no waters at all. On the other hand, it was a place where one got over the waters—a Cure-cure, in fact. As the Illustrator said, no one but ourselves could ever have managed to begin at the wrong end, and I admitted this, except that by no possible phrasing could the word "wrong" be applied to this wonderful little village.

It was the sort of place where the hotel-keeper opens the windows upon a View, and then gives the price of the room. The cost of living is not debatable when one looks upon Mont Blanc from the Italian side at five in the afternoon, with the one street of the village twisting itself into our line of vision as a cheerful reminder that we

were well among the humans. Of course we admitted that we could n't stay at Courmayeur—except for a night to watch the afterglow, and see the world roll over in its bed, blotting out the stationary stars; except for a morning to spy upon Mont Blanc as she tried on her many-colored robes before she chose her costume for the day.

The twisted street was full of Alpine-climbers in the morning, ropes coiled about them, guides ahead. They clumped off sturdily, and as they passed a cross of stone at the end of the street each raised his hat. It is a very noble cross, placed there by Luigi di Savoia, as the inscription reads, but whom we best know as the Duke of the Abruzzi, to the memory of a guide of Courmayeur who was of the missing when the Duke and his men came scouting home from the frozen North. At the foot of the shaft a dog in bronze guards the knapsack and snow-shoes of his master who has not yet returned, and until his return the men of the village will lift their hats as they pass by the cross.

"The best guides on earth are from Courmayeur," said our concierge when we interrogated him. He was no longer the haughty official as he spoke, with shining face, of his

own people. "And the Duke knows it, and gets them all from here for his many expeditions. Ah, he is a great man, Luigi di Savoia; all the guides love him—and all the world besides. Is it not so, signora?"

It was up to the top and down again, French customs by the way, before we reached Brides les Bains of the Savoy mountains that afternoon. It was through snow-drifts at the peak of the Little St. Bernard, and with steaming engine in the valleys, coats discarded, ere we circled up to the Hotel of the Establishment, and wafted about a little dust for the women and children to protest against as they sat in the charming park. The band was playing the flesh off its bones without the aid of the waters; and as the band is, as far as I can surmise, the most absolute indication of a Cure, we were glad to have arrived during one of the concert hours.

We were fairly sure from the start that we were going to like Brides, and after dinner the Illustrator was positive that it was the place for him. Although this may be foreign to the theme, there was an agreeable wine with the excellent meal which was put down as part of the Cure, and my companion, on the theory that the more one drank of it the more cured one would be-

come, grew almost cheerful over the prospective treatment, and spoke as a man who might yet recover.

Of course he was obliged to leave to the examining physician the ailment which he hoped to overcome; but the good doctor, although short on English, was long on diagnoses, and as the Cure covered a multitude of difficulties, none but the most robust creature could escape a verdict favorable to drinking the waters. In the meantime, "eef you like walk—walk," which was the extent of the physician's advice, was sternly followed by both of us. Indeed, I was thrust into the routine of the others perforce, as at five in the morning the water-drinkers began chattering toward the walls, and huge mountains of well-dressed flesh scuffled up the gravel of the park as they paraded, until scuffling back at them became a necessity.

July and August is the French season, not the English and American—which is in the spring—but all the more interesting to the traveler who knows little of the home life in the Latin countries. It was at Brides for the first time that I saw children with their mothers, although the Luxembourg Garden is my play-

ground. Here they were caressed, laughed at, played with, and occasionally punished, but I have never yet seen a French child in the lap of a mother or father. To judge by the patrons of the Cures, the bourgeois father's lap is sacred to flesh, the mother's to crocheting. A stranger often wonders from what source rise the hideous hand-work emblems of the simple life which ornament the salons of French families, and not until he visits "les Eaux" will he see that between glasses of water these monuments of a race not given to idleness are evolved.

Now that we look back upon our experience, we realize that the Brides les Bains is the most serious Cure of the many that we encountered. We are so apt to associate the Latins with a lightness of purpose that it took us two days to realize that the visitors did not arise at five in the morning with the sole intention of talking some more, nor that they went to bed at ten because the lights were turned out. More than that, while there was a casino and a band, there was no gambling, and the Frenchman who spends his holiday without the comfort of the "little horses" must have a very bad liver indeed. And more than all this, to prove the sincerity of the Cure, the consulting physician

pronounced the Illustrator to be unfit for the drinking of the waters.

My companion and I drew in our breaths sharply at this announcement. My jaded conscience pricked me a bit—perhaps, after all, the man was ill! The man himself cast upon me a heterogeneous look of despair and triumph.

"You mean," he said to the physician, "that I am not well enough to stand the treatment?"

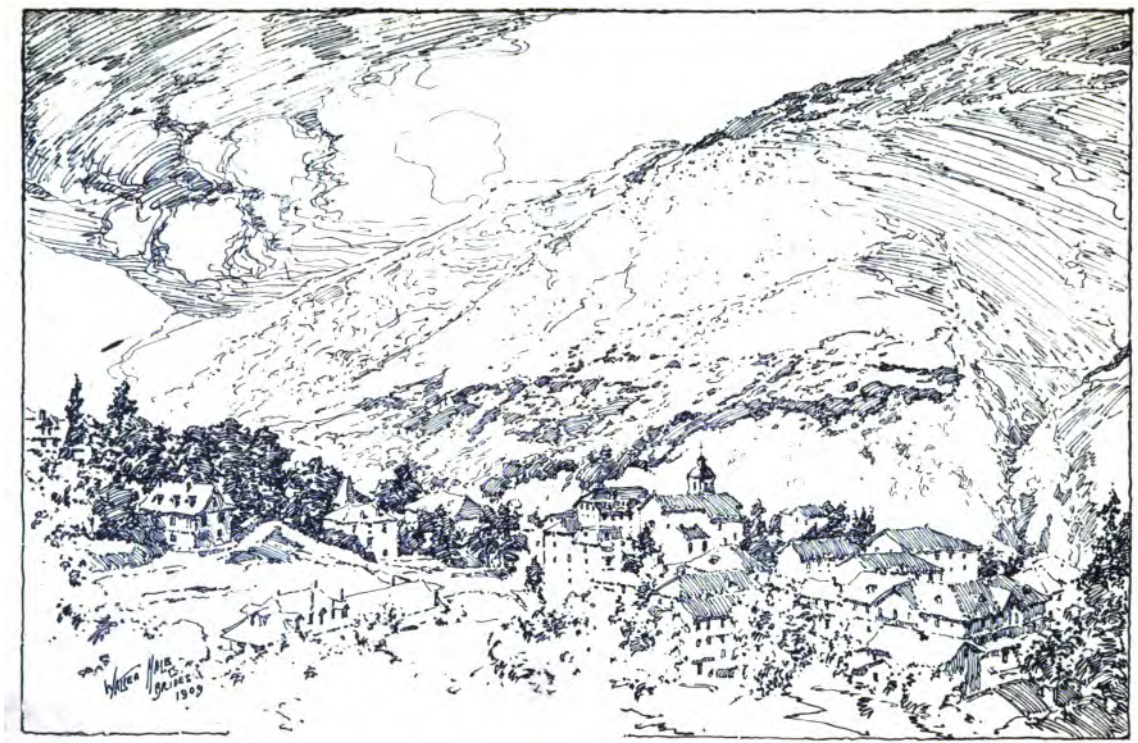
"Mon Dieu, no!" replied the honest soul; "you are too well—you do not need the waters!"

He paused dramatically, waiting for an ecstatic acceptance of his verdict. And he is still waiting, and wondering at the strangeness of the American who went away sorrowfully like the rich young man of the Bible, and, passing through the shaded walk, gazed wistfully at the mountains of flesh gathered about the source, mugs in their pudgy hands.

And so, after a half-day's descent, "going sweetly," as the French say when the grade is gentle, we came to Aix les Bains. Aix of the Lac du Bourget, Aix of Savoy, but, above all, Aix of Paris! Long before we reached its environments I instinctively felt for my powder-puff, the Illustrator whisked at his tie, and the

hats in the back seat were heard to rustle expectantly.

I have not yet spoken of the hats, and this is an oversight, for a Continental may be cured of many ailments at the waters, but her hat is a necessary evil which she will not wash away. Mindful of this insistence of head-gear in the evening, we had both purchased hats at Venice. Of course Venice is not the place to buy millinery unless it is made of beads. The Illustrator's brim was too narrow, and mine looked like an inverted gondola with seaweed clinging to the keel; still, they were hats, and I could sweep my aigrettes into the eyes of my neighbor at the table d'hôte with the fattest of them. Since we had no definite place in the car for this excess baggage, they were generally forgotten in the hour of our departure, and all through northern Italy the air rang with the cry of hotel servants as they ran up the street after us, waving the head-gear in their hands. The bystanders took up the far-off cry, unaware of the import of the matter, but just for the joy of screaming; and the police, with a duty to perform when peace was disturbed, generally performed it before the hats caught up with us and were stowed away under the tarpaulin in the rear.



Brides les Bains of the Savoy mountains

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As time went on, they developed a certain American sagacity and progressiveness which often extended to their creeping from out the tarpaulin, crowns lifted, to enjoy the scenery. Sometimes they leaped into the road and were returned to us after more halloing, and we relaxed in our anxiety over their safety only when two solid peasants were sitting upon them. These happenings did not improve the appearance of the hats—as wrinkles are the penalties we pay for experience in life—and it was small wonder that they were endeavoring to gather themselves into some sort of shape as we approached Aix. They felt, although Venetian hats, that the water of their own city was but a drop in the bucket of fashion when contrasted with the effete stream which flows from the Source of Aix.

We dined that night at Nicola's. If any one has been to Aix, even though he might, by some strange chance, have come to drink the waters, I need say nothing more than Nicola's—then watch the wave of reminiscence sweep across his face. He may be thinking of the dinner or of his companion at the dinner, or recalling with regret that he might have bettered his companion at the dinner; but at all events he will

associate with the soft night the Continental charm of dining in the air, very near the pavement, music in red jackets, a clean sweep of asphalt between him and the park of the casino opposite, the perfume of *some* woman's hair, at least, and — since he is a little old and jaded — the icy coldness of the best cocktail in France.

Across the street, leaning against the railings of the casino, the working-people gather to hear the band. Our hearts are not tortured by this sight in France. We are sure that they have dined as well as we are dining, and for much less money. There is no lack of dignity in these knots of men and women. The French artisan as an artisan feels himself to be as good as you as — artist, let us say for the alliteration's sake. The blue *béret* of today is the *bonnet rouge* of a century ago — the liberty-cap of peaceful times, and the proud head-covering of the first citizens of France.

At the table next us sat a grande dame no less simple in her manner — no less noble. Madame la Comtesse, the garçon called her, but the courtly gentleman across the bit of damask from her was addressed only as Monsieur; and perhaps it was his very lack of title which had kept them for each other through the many years,

after the left-handed fashion of the Continent. From under a black hat of tulle—which, being in the possession of a great lady, treated mine with soft consideration—gleamed her white hair. His, too, was white, combed across from ear to ear, but his mustachios were still brave. Around her neck she wore a wide black velvet ribbon—that damning ribbon which, in the wearing, conceals the wrinkles of the throat while it admits them. His only decoration was the touch of red which France gives to those who are worth the turning round to see.

"Once a year," sighed the Comtesse, lifting her glass.

"Once a year," replied Monsieur, bowing over his.

Then they went on to speak most simply of their families—of the marriage of her daughter—of the illness of his wife—we stretched shameless ears. A red coat sang from *La Bohême,* and some Americans applauded. They were quite unabashed when no one else did, and we were glad of that. We travelers from home often struggle with the self-consciousness of a new country, fearing sometimes to do the thing that's wrong, and sometimes hiding our confusion with bursts of noise. The red coat bowed

around the room; later, when the Americans departed, he stood with plate in hand before the exit. On the plate a louis stared up, yellow with insinuation; the Americans, still confident, covered the coin with duller silver, and we were also glad of that.

Motors were turning into the casino gates, fiacres of the city, and the great omnibuses from the various hotels bringing to the doors a sweep of satins and a supporting background of black cloth. Big hats rubbed hats as large—not always the right way. Inquiring faces looked cold apologies at one another at these collisions. Monsieur and the Comtesse saw nothing of the passing show—the processional of a year's events was moving swiftly with the dinner.

"He is a brute to me," the Comtesse was confiding. Monsieur pressed a concerned toe upon another toe—above the table perfect decorum ate its artichokes for all to see.

The red-coated tenor on a high note proved why he was no longer singing under the arch of the proscenium. The French shrugged their shoulders and went on with the meal, the artisans on the pavement catcalled loudly, but all the Americans clapped their hands in passionate sympathy when he sat down. The tenor's face

resumed its look of confidence; contempt for us who overlooked his weakness struggled with the singer's love of loud appreciation. The incident which made our hearts ache he buried in his self-complacency. After all, art is its own consolation.

The bill came, and the Illustrator bore it like a man. There are those who, regardless of the *addition,* place a note upon the table and leave the uncounted change to the waiters; but one is no less respected in frugal France who takes a serious interest in his expenditures. The red coats gathered about the door. The maitre d'hotel handled my wrap with deep concern; a near-by beauty looked upon the Illustrator with approval.

"Dost thou remember?" Monsieur was saying to Madame la Comtesse. Perhaps it was as well that we were leaving.

With a cold stare, we passed a uniformed officer at the casino door. We had seen lords do that trick before. His hand was half extended, either for the stranger's fee or for an examination of the season's card; but at the stare the proud official bowed us humbly in—and my hat quivered with excitement.

By means of the "little horses" casual francs

were going the way of the croupier, but at the first play my half-louis returned to me like the well-invested talents. I gathered up my gains and turned away. The Illustrator was annoyed. "You must play on," he hissed.

My hat and I defiantly retreated to a far corner, and I tied the gold pieces into my handkerchief. My companion was ashamed. His self-respect did not return to him until we reached the baccarat-room, and there at the most crowded table sat an American, exquisite in appearance and in dress, who for years had been used for decorative purposes at the far end of the first row. She was raking in gold pieces with her own little croupier—all eyes were turned on her. She looked up and nodded brightly to the Illustrator—all eyes were turned on him. The chest of my companion expanded happily—the same elation comes to us when policemen wave their hands as we pass by. Why is it?

As we walked through the brilliant streets at midnight, the motors were still flashing by, the cafés held their full complement, little tinkly music greeted us from every side, there was no hint of sickness in the air, here was abounding health and wealth; but when we put our hats

away we thought that they looked worn and fagged, and it occurred to us that this keeping up of appearances might leave a similar mark on us.

Then came the morning after, and so steady a roll of omnibuses outside my window that I was forced into an earlier rising than the night before would justify. As I made a simple toilet, I was filled with petulance at the thought of further encounters with more befeathered creatures. I stepped upon the balcony and found, to my surprise, that it gave upon the Establishment, and thus it was that I looked down upon the other side of Aix. Aix of disease and need and suffering—Aix of the morning! The patients crept into the baths, some dragged their twisted limbs, some were lifted from fiacres; the hotel 'buses, which the night before carried a glittering freight to the casino doors, now bore tired men and women, eager to quit themselves of their miseries of last year and prepare for more miseries to come.

I rushed into the hallway, that I might descend to investigate this strange other Aix. A litter, borne by two men, which came from the next room, blocked my way. It was of gay striped awning, the flap closed as though an

Eastern lady were out to take the air, but through the curtains I heard a moaning. Out in the quiet streets many of these litters came and went. Monsieur of the night before, very old and rather shabby, marched bravely by the side of one from which a querulous voice was heard, but Madame la Comtesse descended from her motor and took the waters, still *en grande tenue.*

Together the Illustrator and I sought the house of the physician. At Brides I found difficulty in keeping pace with him, so great was his impetuous desire for health again; here he crawled. I feared he feared a similar verdict, but variability is one of the attributes which keeps an Illustrator young and charming. As we reached the polished door-bell, he stayed his hand.

"Aix in the morning—Aix at night," he mused. "The question is, Am I ill enough for the forenoon and——"

"Am I smart enough for night?" my hat completed it. In our close companionship we had become as one.

Two hours later threadbare Frenchmen dove into various restaurants, assumed their gay red coats, and emerged as Hungarian musicians—

very carefree. Then they began to play Aix through its *déjeuner;* the wide gates of the Casino grated open, a few tables were uncovered, a few francs were lost. The other side of Aix turned twice in its soft bed and decided to get up; but long before the lining-pencil of the pretty ladies had emphasized their pretty eyes we were in the farming country of the Jura, making for a nest of Cures in the district of the Vosges.

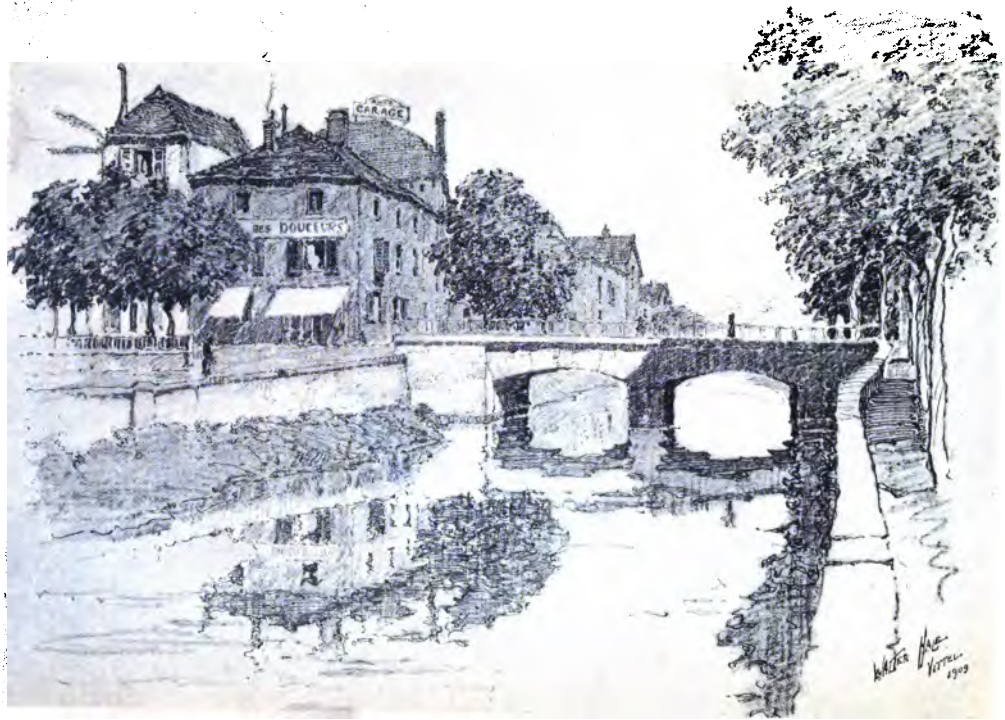
The Illustrator's spirits soared aloft. The pursuit, which had grown a little tiresome, would now be at an end; from now on, he confided, he would be the one pursued. The thought was satisfactory to him, as it is to every man. There were six Cures, all within a stone's throw of one another. We could motor around in a circle, he explained, and await capture. My private scorn was quieted by the beauty of this almost unknown country which lay before us.

Who has ever heard of Dôle? And yet at Dôle we spent the night, dining exquisitely, though the dinner was not forty but four francs apiece. The town was black with age, yet bright with the eternal youth of France. We walked along the ancient streets, strangers in a strange land, proud of our conspicuous isolation. We

conversed in French, sure that there were no Anglo-Saxons near to laugh at our bad accent — the Latins we need never fear. A crowd had gathered at a street corner to buy something of a boy in spotless white, something that in a wire cage was swinging back and forth over a flame — something popping, something snowy. We shivered, but there was no disputing the American invasion of Indian corn.

Later, as we seated ourselves at a café table with a bag between us, a voice smote us on the ears, — a voice choked with pop-corn, but asserting to his companion, in the language of the Hoosier, that he had lived there for five years, "And, my dear sir, I can make a cheaper bottle, and a better, and a bigger, and a——" We staggered off to our French bedsteads.

The next day we rioted in Cures. Plombières was first. I associated it with plumbing, which is not unwelcome after a long absence from the porcelain tubs of our meanest flats. True to its name, from every window of the crooked streets protruded bath-tub faucets. We felt that we were dreaming. Could this be France? Circumventing the physicians, we asked cautious questions of a porter, looking honest, who was, self-confessed, a stranger to the village also, and



The river at Vittel

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had no civic pride. Yes, it was true, they bathed who came there, as had the Romans "some time previously," but first they drank the waters of Contrexéville. An annual draught of water, an annual bath, but not at the same time—ah, no! So Plombières was a Cure-cure too? The porter, looking honest still, confessed it; and, more than that, after the bath there was a high place up on a near mountain which was a Cure-cure-cure.

We motored on, and I was sorry—the crooked streets of Plombières are full of shops, equally crooked maybe, yet delightful; but, as the Illustrator said, health must be considered first. Then came Vittel—a mere waiting at the railway gates for the express from Nancy, which mothers all the cures, to pass us on its way to Paris. "Cured" was stamped upon the fat and smiling faces that peered at us from the windows. Bains les Bains we splashed in and out of; Martigny, also of the baths, and therefore an after-cure, we shrugged through; until as night came on we found that by the process of elimination only Contrexéville was left to us.

"The first thing that we see," the Illustrator planned, "will be a sign, a definite sign, whether or not this is the place for me."

And being flabby-minded at this period also,

I did not combat him. Only I noticed that the man appeared to look at nothing positively, yet seemed to be searching vaguely for something that he might want to see. Nor shall I ever know whether the youth who wore upon his sleeve the potent words "Golf-links" sought out the Illustrator, and stood insistently in front of him, or whether my companion, espying the lad loitering conspicuously alone in the center of the little park, felt that the "sign" was found, opened his eyes wide, and nudged me madly. It was the golf-links boy who led him to a physician for consultation, waxing warm over the beauty of the course which, as a lover wears his heart upon his sleeve, he delicately advertised.

Then came the night and day of waiting while I fixed up the hats—which were well satisfied with their surroundings—and sought to learn the manners of Contrexéville. It was not a complex life. Many arose at five, the band played in the park, and during the early hours there was much scuffling over the gravel and drinking of the waters, but (and I lay heavy stress on this) there was no eating. Not until ten was this fast broken; but, at the clanging of a bell, crocheting ladies, gouty gentlemen, children, and small, obese dogs made for the dining-rooms,

where one egg course, four of various meats, and two of pastry were industriously put away as if the honor of Contrexéville depended on it. There was something noble in the visitor's attention to this part of the Cure; even the dogs upon their chairs beside their masters looked from out their puffy eyes and did not refuse the many viands cut up and pressed upon them.

"Oh, you little French dogs, and you fat families," I exclaimed to myself as I dragged my repleted body around the park, "why are you so delightful? Your table manners are bad, and you crochet too much; you, dogs, wheeze; and you, children, do not climb upon the laps of your mothers. As a nation you wear two kinds of clothes: the worst in the world, or the best. You have all the wisdom of the serpent, and you are as gay as possible over it. Why are you not ashamed? Why are you not revolting?"

It was certainly a bad attack of indigestion, and I tramped angrily about the paths, praying that the Illustrator, who had gone to learn the doctor's ultimatum, would again be found "not wanting." But that was before I saw the puppet show, saw the fat fathers there, the crocheting mothers, the rouged lonely ladies, the servant of the Indian Rajah, the Russian princess, and

the little boots of our hotel with the Illustrator's trousers on his arm going off for a pressing. And, of course, the children.

It happened in the park, with a bed of glowing begonias for a background. One sat on camp-chairs or stood, just as one minded, but so moral was the play that no one walked off when the man came with the Guignol's hat held out for pennies.

He was a clever man, with an engaging tuft of hair growing out of his right cheek, after the fashion of young men of his ilk. When he had taken the pennies he played a few bars on the piano and sang a little song. It must have been a bad little song, but it put us all in a very good humor. After each act he asked if the Guignol should go on with the play, and when we besought him to make the Guignol do so, for we had become easily acquainted with him and "talked back," he disappeared under the gay awning which upheld the puppet theater, and became all things.

There was a thief in the play, and a bad old man whose servant the Guignol was, and the daughter of the house, who wished to marry a handsome young fellow, but who was prevented, and there was — there was a stick! The Gui-

gnol held it mostly, but there were terrible moments when it seemed that he would never come sliding in with it, and the girl might be carried off by the thief right under our noses. As the play progressed, the audience felt, as one man, that if calling out "Attention!" would be any help to the lagging Guignol we were willing to give it. So call we did, and the Guignol answered with the stick; but one time he beat the father, who, though bad, was old, so soundly that we were forced to cry "Enough, dear Guignol"; and at still another time I doubt if the girl, who had lain down in space to sleep, would have been spared by the advancing thief had not we echoed "*Le voleur,* Guignol!" to the very skies.

There may be those who would have thought that the girl's own lover might have done some of the rescuing, but he was only good to look at, and once in his excitement the Guignol struck even him with a resounding whack. It was an accident, of course, and then the stick fell down among the children, and the play delayed its action till a lad with pink silk socks handed over the instrument of torture. Oh, how we laughed! And at the end, when the thief was fairly caught, the Guignol tossed him

high up in the air; not once, but many times, for we all shouted, "Bis, bis!"—but I can go no further and contain myself.

When it was over we wiped our eyes—we had simply let them run before; there was no time to bother—and looked about us. The rouged ladies (rather streaked now), the Russian princess, the bourgeois families, the small boots with the Illustrator's trousers, the little rigged-up children, all smiled at one another; and with my tears I wiped away a prejudice, seeing quite clearly that there can be no offence in those who have not yet grown up, and in that lies the charm of France—just fat boy and girl giants, all of them.

As the clever man who was all things was folding up the camp-stools, I approached him tremulously. "The marionettes, m'sieu, they go tomorrow?"

The young man arrested himself, and was astonished. "Ah, no, Madame, we stay; for three weeks more we stay."

"And how long is the Cure?"

"That is three weeks, Madame."

With a high resolve, I started toward the house of the physician. If the Illustrator's health again failed to serve him, perhaps—

I could answer the requirements? But at the gate I met the man, his hat filled with emotion to the brim, and in his hand he held a paper.

"I'm in a bad way," said the Illustrator. "Where's my golf-bag?"

IX

Real Castles in Spain

IT HAD always been one of our "Castles in Spain" that we should some day visit the real ones. Toward that end we occasionally descended from our cloud châteaux, and laid by a material dollar or two for steamer fares. But we were uncomfortable whenever we did this, as sordid saving is not along the lines of castle architecture, and our search might have been indefinitely postponed — after the manner of dreamers — had we not been driven into action by the discovery of a Fact.

Now, a Fact was something with which we had had little to do in life, and if we had not, by chance, opened a reference book while waiting in the library of a tardy, erudite host, we could have once more escaped the truth. But there is lay, staring up at us, confuting our previous idea that the expression "Castles in Spain" was derived from the close resemblance our fond

imaginings bore to the airy structures of that remote country. It was from the French, the cold, iconoclastic type went on to insist, used by them to denote the utter nothingness of their fancies, since, in reality, their Spanish neighbors were as destitute of castles as were the dreamers.

I turned to the Illustrator for assistance. Castles were falling down around my ears like aeroplanes with leaky valves. How to get around the terrible truth of this statement was my cry.

He is a shrewd man—in a dreamy way. There are times when I believe he affects a sort of business helplessness, though I didn't think of this until he accused me of it. Anyway, I have noticed that our most unreal plans attain actuality through our own faith, and somebody else's practical assistance.

"The only way to put down a fact," announced the Illustrator solemnly, "is to present another fact."

"But we haven't any other fact," I mourned.

"Spain is a fact," he answered me. "Now let us go and see for ourselves about these castles."

I sighed heavily. "Spain is a dream—to us."

"Not if we can borrow the money," said the wise Illustrator.

I took heart of this, for the reasoning was built along the lines of our most successful air castles. There was nothing mundane, like the laying aside of a mean sum now and then, in this graceful planning. We would go equipped as those should be who sought Spanish castles. So, long before our absent-minded host came down to greet us, we had figured out that the trip would be in the nature of a good investment, paying back the money with stories of our travels, and leaving something—a little something—over and above, for us. We had even decided on our Shylock: it was to be our host—a punishment for coming down so late!

We trust that much of what has been stated will be put down as nonsense. That is one of the advantages of a fanciful form of expression: the reader does n't know just what to believe. So if he refuses to listen to the suggestion that we borrowed the old gentleman's money, we are not hurt. But from this very paragraph, starting on its way to our first real castle, down through the brilliant peroration with which I hope to end this story, I shall

tell nothing but the truth. As the Illustrator said, after a few weeks in Spain, "*Somebody's* due to tell it, now and then."

It is a truth that the Alcazar at Toledo should not have been our first castle. Financially and geographically speaking, it is a long way off from our port, but historically it was the first that we could find. The minute I laid eyes on it I declared to the Illustrator that I had never built anything like that in my life; and the Illustrator said he had n't since he was a boy, but, on a certain day when he wanted to go to the circus, and his father made him paint the fence, he remembered erecting in his sad little mind some such gloomy edifice, in which he tortured his parent until supper-time.

We found, after much probing, that torture was indigenous to this castle. It is impossible to mention every case, as a magazine is not an Astor Library; but when Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings, came to the throne, in seven hundred and something, he had the deposed ruler dragged all the way from Seville, in chains, and as the old man had dug out the eyes of Roderick's father, so on the same spot

Roderick followed the eye-for-eye rule—which the Illustrator thought was the Golden Rule, and had to be taken aside and told.

Yet, as my companion expressed it, he "got his" in the end. It was through a woman, which brings the story up-to-date—or back to Adam. Had he been satisfied with his unlawful wife, whom he carried off as she was about to marry a husband along the North of Africa, the Gothic line might still be reigning. Had he even been kingly, his posterity would have stood a chance; but one morning he deliberately peeked into the women's quarters which ran along the river—just as the elders gazed at Susannah—and there, bathing in the roaring Tagus, was the lovely Florinda. Now, Florinda was the daughter of Count Julian, the military commander of the Goths at Morocco, and he had left her in the care of his liege lord. If the monarch exceeded his attentions, he paid for it. The girl's little page crossed the wild peninsula in something like a "trice," and brought news to the father of the terrible fate of his child. Then Count Julian became "The Traitor" par excellence in the eyes of Spain forever. But first he made his way to Toledo, and, after much kissing of the royal hand, took

his daughter back with him. From the port of Malaga they crossed to the Moors, who this time were not his enemies. He delivered Spain over to the dark-skinned race, and for seven centuries their gentle and excellent rule swayed over all, or part, of Spain. King Roderick, driving white mules to an ivory car, went out to do battle with the enemy on a great plain near Cadiz. But he was undone, or, in the language of today, he was "done" instead, and in his hurry to get back home he fell into the Guadalquivir and was drowned.

"His wet form of death proving," said the Illustrator, as we stood looking up at the gloomy pile while a patient guide waited for his recompense, "that it was the water-bathing Florinda, not Florinda bathing in the water, which was his downfall. Water was his curse. And the Spaniard of today still bears in mind the excellent moral. They are not a dirty people, they are abstemious."

"I go now," said the guide, with his hand held out insinuatingly.

We shook it politely. Later we disgorged, and the guide smiled.

"Ah, you like joke. I tell to you a funny."

"If you can arrange it," I said to him as we

walked back to the hotel, "will you tell a joke about the castle? Always in America when we build them they end up in a laugh. We should like to laugh tonight."

The guide considered. "There is Wamba," he finally essayed.

"Is that the joke?" we asked, after a silence.

But it "was n't yet" the joke. It seemed that Wamba was one of the earliest of the Gothic rulers, before the old castle had acquired any luxurious Moorish touches, and before anything as delicate as the Inquisition—which had its turn in Toledo—was ever dreamed of. It was a time when there was difficulty in getting monarchs. We did not think this remarkable, mindful of the gouging out of the eyes; still, we did n't think it a good joke, either. The guide said we must "more wait." Wamba was a lowly man snatched from off a farm (almost everyone was snatched in those days). He enjoyed himself "very nice" at the castle, eating and drinking everything that was offered him, even to the potion that the Pretender to the throne sent in. Then, when he was supposedly dead, they put him in the monk's habit and cowl—this was the custom of kings, adopted that they might creep into heaven, each giving a general

impression to the saints that he was "a religious"—but, mark you, just as they were about to bury him, he woke up!

So we laughed a little, imagining the chagrin of the Pretender, and were about to fee the guide again, when we found him looking coldly at us, for he had not yet reached "la joke"!

You see, the point was that a man having once assumed the habit of a monk could never put it off, nor could a priest rule over a kingdom, so poor Wamba was turned out to become a mendicant and beg for his living. Such was the joke. We left the guide in front of the hotel, filling the quiet night with mirth.

And that is one of the funny things about Spaniards: their sense of humor is exquisite, but they always laugh at the wrong persons—even at us.

There is a castle in the southernmost point of Spain, at Tarifa, which belongs to the history of this period. It is purely Moorish in construction, and it was built by the Mohammedan, Tarif, who landed his troops at that point for the confounding of Roderick. I was keen for visiting all the castles in their regular historical order, even if we had to hire a third-class car-

riage by the week, but the Illustrator said it was wrong to be careless with our hard-borrowed money. So we stayed in Toledo while he had studs and other jewelry made from the steel and gold which they once put upon the hilts of their famous swords.

But even now I wish we had gone to this Moorish stronghold earlier, and not just upon sailing for home. There is something numbing in the word Tarif to an American who would like to be honest about her custom declaration, if she could afford it. Think of a Moor in the year 710 being directly responsible for that endless upheaval of trunks at our docks! Some may argue that there would have been a tariff, anyway, had not this fortress been the first to lay a tax on imported goods, but without the name I am sure the custom would not have gone to such disagreeable lengths. Why, the very act *sounds* like a Tarif!

The remembrance of the repacking of my trunks after visiting Tarifa, and the difficulty experienced in making two Spanish combs go into a pair of the Illustrator's pumps, drives me gladly back to gloomy Burgos. Its *castillo* is on a hill, like a lofty thought, although its

history is not so ennobling. Indeed, the citizens of Burgos are not at all proud of it—they wished to take us to the cathedral. "We are noted for the cathedral," they told us. I was obliged to pretend to the guide that my companion was an atheist—one very apt to behave improperly in a church, even to shrieking out things. The Illustrator, having been advised of this, gave obliging little shrieks as we would near a church, so that the guide finally hurried us up the steep hill, and on to the famous ground of El Cid.

The cavortings of El Cid are of great fascination to a castle builder. His history is so blended with romance, miracles, tradition, and downright falsehood, that a dreamer can dream almost anything about the man and find his airy fabrications justified. This flower of Spanish chivalry began early in life to do things, and, while such precocity made us uneasy at first, the rewards for his youthful efforts were absurd enough to correspond with our own irregular fancies.

It was while King Fernando was reigning at Burgos, in the eleventh century, that the knight, Rodrigo di Bivar (it was the Moors who first called him Cidy: My Lord) slew an old man;

and when his daughter, Jimena, came shrieking to the king for vengeance, the wise Fernando placated her by giving her in marriage to her father's murderer. It was a poor compliment to Jimena, since she demanded retribution; but no matter, as this is legendary. It was in the castle that he married his wife, and in the convent near by that he left her and his two daughters when he went a-slaughtering to Valencia, and conquered it. After many years he returned for his family, and found Jimena waiting faithfully for her lord. She must have had a dull time of it, and even a Spaniard cannot decide whether the joke was on the revengeful wife or on the husband.

The grim castle gate of Burgos was not always open in welcome to El Cid Campeador. After the death of Fernando, his son Sancho behaved as we have often heard of Sanchoes doing. He was an ambitious youth. Since the castle of Burgos was not enough for him, he went seeking first the throne of his two brothers, and then his sister's. But as the last covetous attack resulted in a spear-thrust between the shoulder-blades, Alfonso, one of the dethroned brothers, was made ruler in his place.

Alfonso had been living in our old castle at

The castle gate at Burgos

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Toledo, under the protection of a Moorish king, who then held the city. It was one of the characteristics of Spanish chivalry at that time to fly to the Moors for protection, and later, to fly at them for plunder. This particular Alfonso had grown so friendly with the Moorish court that he had made a vow never to do them harm. A vow is a serious thing, in chivalry, so that, after Alfonso had become king in place of Sancho, he was obliged to take the Moorish ruler of Toledo upon a friendly walk beyond the city walls. Then, summoning a horde of lancers, he forced the dark-skinned monarch to release him honorably from his vow. In that way the Moors were driven from Toledo — and another jest was added to the history of Spain.

But Alfonso was convinced that El Cid was instrumental in the slaying of his brother, and when the conqueror came ringing at the great castle gate, the king, sitting on the throne which had been restored to him through the efforts of the visitor now awaiting entrance, refused to answer the door-bell. More than that, the good people of Burgos were not allowed to countenance their hero, and the knight would have had a sorry time of it had it not been for the Jews — and his sense of humor.

Jew-baiting was not yet at its height in Spain. A great colony of them had fled to Toledo, which is said to be the Tarshish of the Bible, where they flourished under the protection of the Moors; and a goodly number were then in Burgos, despised by the Christians, but very useful in a financial way. El Cid found them so. In fact, he condescended to have a Spanish joke with them, although they themselves did not know how humorous were the three iron chests packed with cobble-stones which he entrusted to them in exchange for a large supply of negotiable money. The Jews were put upon their honor not to open the chests, which they had been told represented vast wealth, until a certain number of years had passed, for the Campeador was sure that he would return to redeem them.

And right here I am forced to admit, although it spoils the delicacy of the wit, that El Cid did return, and did buy back the "gold-brick" chests. In all that I have read of the great conqueror's story, this is his finest act. He made friends with the Moors, and he used them as his supporters only to betray them, not once but many times, in the name of Christianity.

That he possessed a miraculous astuteness,

which, if for no other reason, earns him a place in song and legendry, is shown by the premonition of and preparation for his death. He took an almost exaggerated interest in his funeral, and prepared his body for days beforehand by drinking nothing but embalming drugs. As a result, when death came to him there were no outward signs of a departed soul. Then, arrayed in his most princely garments, filched from the bodies of departed sultans, he was put upon his good horse, Babieca—a trusty animal, said to have been fifty years of age—and headed the great funeral train for Burgos.

And, as the story goes, when they reached Burgos, he was still so like a living being that he was not buried, after all, but was placed before the altar in the chapel of Cardeña on an ivory divan—purloined from a Saracen. There he sat for ten years (while Jimena prayed daily at his feet) until one day his nose fell off, and, of course, there was nothing to do then but inter the gentleman—and sing his praises forever afterward.

Touregano is said to have been one of the castles at which they rested—now the gypsies encamp about it. It was Washington Irving

who noted that the richer the habitation, the poorer the inhabitants; but he deplored the fact, whereas we rejoiced in it. Of all the fanciful people who should occupy castles in Spain, the gypsies are the most suited. They are truly children of the air, for they appear to do nothing whereby to earn substantial bread. Occasionally we caught them strumming upon a guitar, and it was a great delight to us, for previous to the discovery we had seen this romantic emblem of the Spanish lover in the hands of blind beggars only.

At Torija, another wayside castle without history, we found even more simple inhabitants, for rabbits were the sole occupants. But, as the Illustrator said, if one can get rabbits out of such an impossible thing as a silk hat, why not out of a castle? Torija itself was more of a surprise than the silk hat, as that is generally borrowed from the audience, but this great pile rose out of a plain without even a guide-book warning. It came to us at dusk (or, properly speaking, we came to it), just as one dreams impossible glories when the day is done—a ruined castle, lifeless but for the hopping about of its excited tenantry. Its very impracticable

loftiness may have brought it down. Ours have often fallen that way, and have gone to decay without an effort to raise them, abandoned save for foolish, regretful little thoughts, which, now and then, slip in and out of our ruined hopes like the rabbits of Torija.

The Illustrator developed a fondness for these impulsive castles, which came when least expected. He maintained that his own most satisfactory ones had been erected on days when he should have been occupied solely with the construction of poultry sheds. He generally found in their picturesque uselessness a resemblance to his own Spanish architecture, and was able to sustain the comparison with much verbosity — although it was the fortress at Lerida, of which he spoke but little. Lerida is of Catalonia. In the streets that day the Catalan peasants, wearing the same red liberty-cap which the French dub their *bonnet rouge,* and which we borrowed for our goddess, were gathered in little groups, talking eagerly of the affairs at Melilla. Although they are the most seditious of all the peoples of Spain, and the violent anarchist rises from the slums of their great city, Barcelona, yet I did not see anything

of fanaticism in their clear eyes. They were burning with indignation and, I think I may say, enlightenment.

The Illustrator walked soberly among them. This was war talk, and, although in a tongue strange to him, he felt the force of it. Up at the castle, which, suitably enough, is now used as a powder magazine, there were more groups about its great Moorish gateway. It was closed against us, against all comers; but one felt that the dangerous explosive was not in the arsenal that day, rather in the street, waiting for the flash of a match to set it booming. Since then the match has been applied, and at Ferrer's death, Lerida once more became "the seat of the belligerents."

The Illustrator looked up at the fortress. "I built something like that once," he said to me, "but it was not in Spain; it was in Cuba that I would have wished to see it rise—only your fears tore it down." And I could not answer him at all, since I had razed his hope of entering the fight by all the strategies of home.

After the burial of El Cid, it gave us a great deal of pleasure to jump four centuries of blood, and land, without a jolt to our imaginations,

The castle of Segovia

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at the beginning of the reign of the good pair, Ferdinand and Isabella. We had grown fond of the Moors, and this endless treachery to them had made us most uncomfortable. In skipping these centuries we were glad we did not have to live through the driving back of the infidels by war and chicanery until they built Granada for their last resting-place. And yet the Moor is still in Spain. Everywhere he has left behind him traces of his exquisite refinement. His architecture the Spanish borrowed freely. His learning was contagious, and for a time flourished among the Christians, and his customs were stamped indelibly upon the country. The Spanish woman, with head covered when she goes abroad, is the veiled Mohammedan of centuries ago; and the men who sit at the cafés, while their wives walk up and down the Alameda, guarded by still older duennas, are the Moors who once divided their household, and kept their women apart.

So we came to Segovia with a light heart, for it was in this castle that Isabella and Ferdinand were proclaimed rulers over Spain. We found Segovia analogous to our own castle-building, for we have celebrated many happy marriages in our Spanish structures. Then, they started

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life poor in purse, after the manner of lovers, and were secretly married before they realized that they had no funds at all—and this, too, has a familiar sound. Also, they borrowed money—but I shall go no further! Only it was a pleasant reflection when we looked back upon the unanticipated trail of suffering which we found that the good pair left in their wake, that they, at least, were happy in themselves.

Isabella, in her zeal to purify her country, founded the Inquisition. With the silver cross ever before her, she battled with the last of the Moors, while with the same emblem in the hands of the priests, four thousand suspected Christians, in Seville alone, met death in the splendid and pious bonfires. Every successful step toward Granada was celebrated by the burning of heretics along the way. Those who had felt the refining influences of the Arabs were driven into France, there to disseminate the culture they had imbibed. What Isabella built, she destroyed; what she found, she lost; what she loved, she blighted. And this is the history of Spain.

It was at the Alhambra, in the Court of the Lions, that I looked up into the eyes of the

Generaliffe, Alhambra

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Illustrator and saw there a satisfaction equal to mine. "This," said the Illustrator, "beats my castles, every one of them."

"Yes," I answered; "domes and pinnacles, splashing fountains, exquisite tracery, softest colors, space, order, peace—all that I have ever dreamed on the maddest moonlight nights is here—and more."

"Much more," the Illustrator cried. "And more—here we find only the beautiful."

For once a guide seemed pleased with our appreciation. He strove to drive us into further superlatives. "And then the history," he insinuated temptingly. "Think what that adds to all this beauty. These floors, senora, have been washed in blood!"

So we heard the guide out dumbly, listened to the horrors of the lovely place, paid him his due, and, losing him, walked up and down the little street in the palace grounds where live the artisans who have claimed the rights of squatter sovereignty, and been upheld by law. Again the incongruity of these simple people to their surroundings was a consolation to us.

"There is just one difference between them and us," the Illustrator said. "Other men have built these castles, and these live in them. We

have built ours, but no human being has set a foot within our silent halls."

"And I don't want them to," I responded with some passion. "It seems when they are real, then misery begins—that joy flies with the phantasy. We have found that there are many castles in Spain, but——"

"But—we'll take ours in the air," said the Illustrator for me.

X

Without Benefit of German

THE Illustrator pointed out to me that it was our duty to motor Lucilla from Carlsbad into France. She was his cousin, he said, and she was less apt to tumble into pitfall arms opened by automatic noblemen at the sight of an American girl, if she went on with us instead of continuing with the party who had brought her into Austria.

This ruffled me. "Oh, we know a few noblemen," I replied. We were toiling up the hill after two glasses of Sprudel water with only a soft-boiled egg ahead of us, and I was blamelessly snappy.

The Illustrator, who possesses the sort of cunning apparent to a child, panted out something complimentary. Though blood is stronger than a wedding-ring, he was willing to admit that Lucilla was a sentimental idiot ready to fall in love with any other idiot, preferably a foreign one, and that my good common sense

would be just the safeguard she needed to get her back to America unattached. The Illustrator thought that the girl, after two years of convent life in France, ought to have a look at our men, anyhow.

He spoke of the sight ahead of her as a privilege, and had I been sitting comfortably on a bench I should have agreed with him. But there was no top to the hill whatever, and its absence, coupled with the reference to "good common sense," which suggests everything plain and flat-chested, brought out the worst that was in me. The worst in this case happened to be the truth.

"You know you're only asking her because she speaks German and we don't," I gasped, hanging on to the railings while I delivered the blow.

My adversary stopped also and looked at me, hurt, but abandoned the expression after a few seconds' straining, as it was too dark for me to see. I moved on moodily, but a song rose to his lips, with which he filled the air. Indifferently he treated it, almost unconsciously he sang, as one drops into the language he loves best. And no one will ever know the English or the German of it. At last the noise ended; he

glanced at me for approval; the light of a lamp fell upon our faces; we saw each other in our weaknesses; we laughed, and straightway the top of the hill was reached!

Of course we didn't tell Lucilla, when we asked her to accompany us, that our polyglot chauffeur, who spoke all tongues, was not returning with us. The Illustrator feared she might believe she was needed only as interpreter, and I feared that she would not have the same faith in her cousin as a driver which we all instinctively enjoy in those who are hired to sit at the wheel. But the girl had small interest in such things when they were discovered.

"I adore motoring," was her statement. "I always feel that I am rushing on swiftly and more swiftly to the Great Adventure that is somewhere waiting for me."

One German baron arose and groaningly went his way, but her cousin treated the quest simply. "Oh, yes; plenty of adventures, Lucilla. Every sign-post leads to one—especially if we take the wrong sign-post."

"There's something mystic about those fingers, isn't there?" said the young lady from school. "Always pointing, pointing—and toward what?"

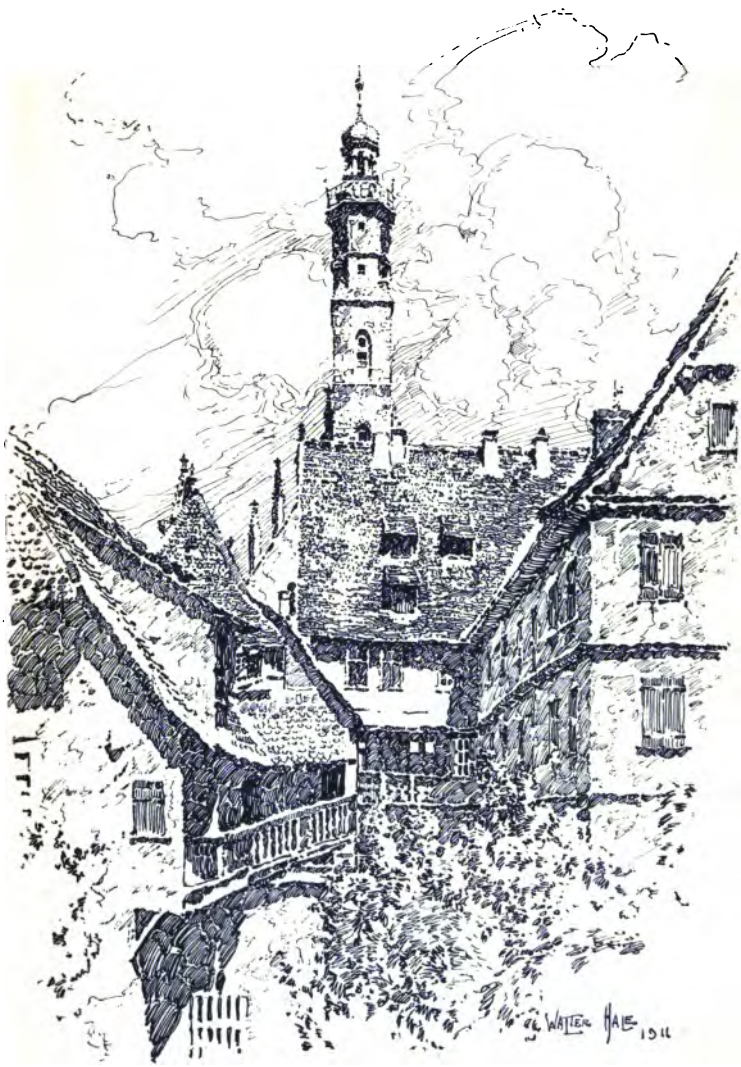
"I'm afraid you'll find it a little dull," I suggested to her. She was a pretty girl, and I didn't want her to be disappointed on her first invasion into the world.

"It won't be dull," she assured me. "Something always happens when I am around that is unexpected. Besides, there will be the open country, you two dears, and my book."

This reference to literature brought the subject around to German. "Take all your library," advised her cousin, with his usual uneasy facetiousness when he must touch on truths. "You know you'll have to speak a little German for us."

"One needs only Heine," answered Lucilla, vaguely.

Slightly suspicious, but not disheartened, we made ready for the start. The girl had one handkerchief to wave to her adoring swains—and one tear. She sat by the Illustrator's side, a charming picture of expectancy, and watched the long, white road like sister Anne from the tower. Though she saw no sheep, it was a matter of triumph to me, her duenna, that she could discover nothing more romantic than geese. There were geese until Elbogen, and children by the score begging for pennies; then



Rothenburg

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there was the castle for distraction, and Lucilla's first attempt at German.

"It's this way," said the Illustrator. "If there is no closing of the customs at the lunch hour, we won't be delayed upon reaching the frontier, and I might as well stay here and make a sketch. Just ask this gendarme, Lucilla."

His cousin opened her large eyes to look apprehensively at the man demanding so free a use of the future tense. "I don't know that I will find that in my book," she murmured.

"In what book?" we asked her.

"Why, in my Heine," was the answer. There was a cold pause. We looked at her while from a pocket she drew a well-worn volume. It seemed Lucilla's turn to speak. She did speak. "You see, Heine's verse is beautiful, and I have what we call in school an interlinear, so anything, of course, that's in the book I can say."

The Illustrator sat down weakly on his muddy tire. I tried to catch his eye, but the coward dared not look my way.

Lucilla had opened the volume; small boys collected around us and asked if we would to the castle bekommen. The Illustrator stamped his foot at them, shrieking aloud, "Begonnon!"

"I had thought," said Lucilla, "that there

might be some reference to customs and lunch under 'Pictures of Travel,' but there seems to be nothing about food at all except—oh, yes. How would this do?

This young man, so good and worthy,
Cannot be too much respected;
Oft he gives me wines and oysters,
Gives me liquors well selected.

Before she had completed the verse her voice had trailed off uncertainly. The situation was growing desperate; the Illustrator more so. "If we were only on shipboard, we would be all right," he kept assuring us, until even Lucilla was a bit cross and asked him what that had to do with it.

"Perfectly simple," he asserted. "I studied a very good phrase-book all the way over on the boat, so as to talk with the German captain, but I did n't get any further than nautical expressions. Now I can say, 'She looks like a fishing-smack,' so that anyone will understand me."

"Well, say it," scoffed Lucilla; and I—for some reason or other, I had gone over to the cousin's side.

"Es sieht aus wie ein Fischer Boot," cried he to the multitude.

A large peasant woman who had joined the crowd advanced upon him and replied in a flow of choice words which we did not understand. The crowd felt that she could properly resent being likened to a fishing-smack, and urged her on. We all three climbed into the motor; the lady would climb also. "Halten!" rang out upon the air, and at the same moment an elegant young man on a motorcycle shot into view. Lucilla looked back at me, and I quailed—her adventure had begun!

All prospective lovers are wrapped in mystery to the young girl; what is tiresomely plain to the disinterested outsider is seen by her through the seven veils of her romantic illusions. But the young man, whose timely arrival and native tongue adjusted our difficulties, remained enshrouded like a mummy even in our worldly eyes. He spoke not but understood our language; he wore English clothes, was without a signet-ring, and looked American; this last the Illustrator noticed, but his cousin said he was prejudiced.

We met the stranger at the frontier an hour later, and the Illustrator was very glad indeed

to see him. The Austrian officer, who should have paid us a goodly sum of money which we had deposited upon entering the country, refused to give us back a heller. He talked a great deal about it and did not get angry, although the Illustrator called him a thief (in English). He flapped a paper in our face and we flapped one back. We turned to Lucilla and besought her to help us.

Lucilla went through her Heine diligently. "Here is something," she said, "but it has 'Kiss me, sweetheart,' in it, and I don't want to confuse him."

The Illustrator, who was caring less and less about family honor every minute, said if it would help at all to read the verse anyway, and we would see that he did n't accept her invitation. I interfered here. Lucilla remained surprisingly indifferent. She looked again and decided upon:

> O my golden ducats dear,
> Tell me why ye are not here!

The Illustrator was fearfully ashamed, and walked away while she read it to the officer. She even showed him the book. The Austrian

went into his little house and closed the door, and we could hear humiliating sounds like laughter. We were very much discouraged. As Lucilla admitted, it was the only time in his whole life that Heine had ever referred to money, and if this didn't get the officer nothing would. "And yet there must be a way," she continued, looking back over the road we had just covered. Indeed, we were all looking back, but with less hope than was in Lucilla's heart. But he came, although we thought he had run back to Carlsbad. He came, and I could have taken oath that the knapsack which was now strapped on behind was not there before. I did not tell this to Lucilla.

The mysterious stranger was a man of parts. He could talk with the officer, who at once presented his flapping paper to our rescuer upon our yielding ours to him; and for the document, which was only a sort of check, as the Austrian frontier had run out of French gold, the stranger gave him money. This was passed on to us. We all shook hands, talked at him, and swept away, leaving the chugging cycle far behind—leaving our leader in the rear.

Once did Lucilla protest. "You go so fast;

how can he follow us?" was her unsophisticated plea. The Illustrator looked severe, I looked severe; but the man at the wheel knew that fresh tire tracks are unmistakable; and I had whispered to the stranger, "Nuremberg." I blushed as I did it, but the terror of the Germanless in Germany had made me bold.

Still, as the girl had confided to me while we loitered for a time in Neustadt, it was better to have him back of us than ahead, for sooner or later we could get into difficulties (yes, she said "could"), and then he would catch up. Her viewpoint was not commendable. She offered no apologies for what the Illustrator called her Heinous German. Indeed, her chief contention, when we fell upon her with reproaches for not finding "oil" and "carbide" and such precious words, was that, had she known them, nothing so romantic as the stranger would have come into our lives. "There would have been no adventure," she concluded.

"But we don't motor for adventure," said her cousin in kindly, bell-like tones.

"Oh, of course not," replied Lucilla, looking at us with commiseration in her young eyes. "I forgot."

"Now, why 'of course not'?" fretted the Illustrator as we two aged ones tottered away from her. "Does she suppose that you and I can find no beauty in this world because we're over thirty? Aren't we both adoring this old street, these overhanging houses, these bursts of flowers at every window?"

I pinched his arm. "But we're adoring it together, aren't we?"

"By Jove! yes," he admitted. Then reflectively, with some of the compassion the girl had felt for us: "Poor Lucilla!"

Though our sympathies for the girl were awakening, we were conscious of our duty, which first and foremost was to get her home for one look at our Young America. After Sulzbach the Illustrator grew almost impatient of this duty to his cousin. He made a grievance of it. If Lucilla were not along we could take this excellent courier with us, strap his motorcycle to our luggage, and talk to him all the way about ourselves without having to ask politely of himself. He pooh-poohed my suggestion that had there been no Lucilla there might have been no cycling guardian angel.

After Sulzbach, Lucilla took the back seat.

She no longer looked forward for adventure. At Sulzbach we had been fortunately rescued from staying over-night by the mysterious stranger. We had stopped only for coffee, but, unobserved, the porters had taken off the baggage and there were no words for going.

"Try, Lucilla, try," we urged the girl. She opened her book leisurely. I am convinced now that if Lucilla had tried harder and tried more quickly, we need not have thrown ourselves once more upon the overtaking cyclist. "Tell them we expect to motor until late, but we must get to Nuremberg."

"I can't find Nuremberg, but here is something that might give them an inkling:

> We traveled alone in the gloomy
> Post-chaise the whole of the night;
> Each leaned on the other's bosom,
> And jested with hearts so light.

Of course," she added, hastily, "I need n't read the last two lines, and I can take off that little past thing to 'travel' and make it present."

I was very doubtful about it. "The Germans have n't as much humor as the Austrians; and you know what that fishing-smack did."

"Then I'll have something for the landlord immediately," she cried, turning to the next page and reading:

> Art thou indeed so hostile,
> Art thou tow'rd me changed so sadly?

"No," said the Illustrator, once more the man of honor. "You can't say 'thou' to an innkeeper. It is impossible."

"Then," said the girl, closing the book, "there is nothing for us to do but wait."

"I don't know what you mean by 'wait'," said her cousin, peevishly, walking away so that she couldn't tell him. Three hours afterwards we arrived in Nuremberg, and removed the evidence of travel from our weary selves.

"Only a day," said the Illustrator, "but it has seemed years. I look into the mirror and see an old man, an ignorant old man who wouldn't study German when a boy."

With my usual contrariness, I was feeling kindly toward motoring. I always did, after the run—a sense of gratitude that I was still alive, no doubt. I besought him to recall the pine forests, charming villages, cloud effects. He snorted me into silence. He wanted to know how one could enjoy the clouds when at

any moment one might run over a goose. "And what could we have said to the policeman if we had run over a goose?"

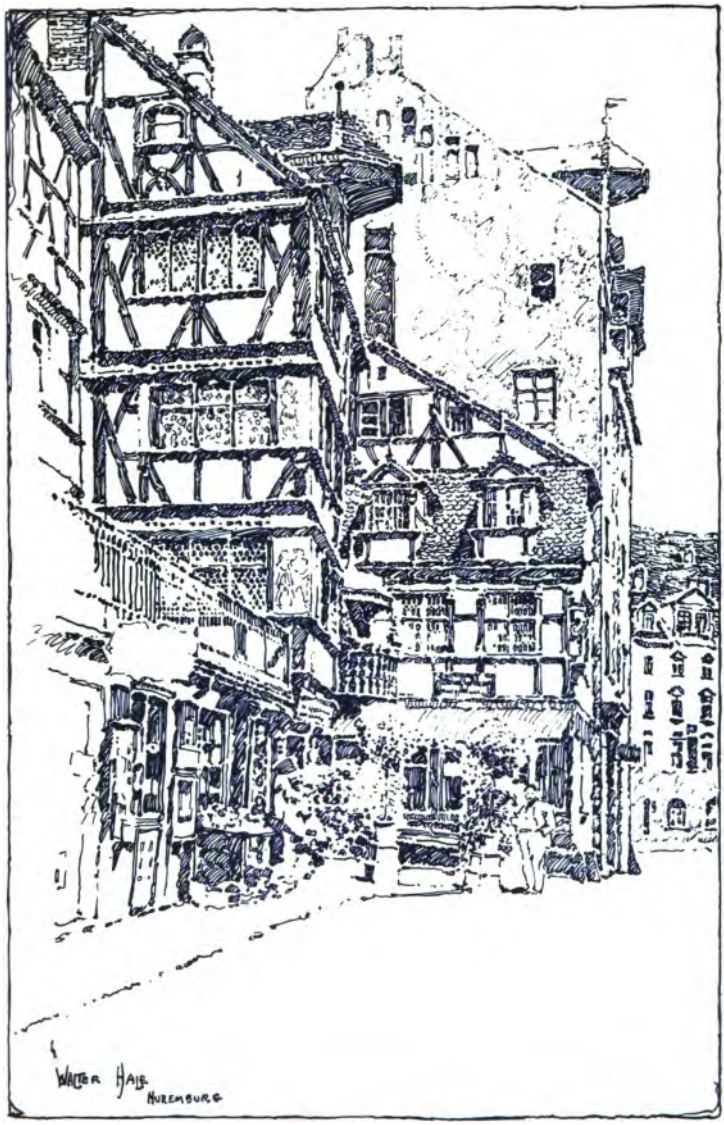
I suggested that we could always offer money, but he waved this aside. "That is one of the terrible things about the Germans: you feel that they are honest. It is what makes the race so ill-favored and so superior. They know German, and they are honest. No one could be good-looking and speak German; the sound of the language makes them ugly. And there is nothing left a homely person but honesty."

It was impossible to interrupt him in his rash deductions. "No, we shall drive hard," he continued, "until we reach France, corrupt France, homelike France. To France! will be our cry. I know that word 'to,' anyway. Nach France! Nach! Nach!"

"I did knock," came the gay voice of Lucilia through the door. "But you're in such a state you would n't hear Gabriel's trump on your own motor car." She entered. "I've been looking from my window, and who do you think has just arrived?"

"The stranger," said the Illustrator.

"How did you guess?" she pouted. Her eyes were dancing; the corners of her mouth



Old houses of Nuremburg

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

were turning up. "First he stopped at the hotel opposite and asked something, then he stopped here and asked something, and now he's sitting in our little garden drinking beer."

"If he could only go with us," I sighed.

"It wouldn't be fair to Lucilla," said her cousin, hovering about the door.

"Oh, I shouldn't mind," said Lucilla.

"Let us leave it this way," I decided. "If he asks absolutely outright to go along, we can't refuse him, for he has been so kind. Now, remember—if he asks."

"Where's my hat?" said our guardian, leaping for it. There was the grim determination of Macbeth about him.

When we descended, the two were in the little garden; they hunched up to each other at our approach as though they were old comrades. The first attack was through the medium of Heine. Lucilla, having the book, was obliged to sit beside the stranger. They ate Schweine Cotelett mit Eingemachten Gurken, yet Heine would have done the same. The Illustrator and I talked meaningless phrases to each other.

"We were sorry to have to go ahead of you today," the little cousin said. The stranger

intimated by some good foreign shrugging that it could not be helped, and after a rustling of pages the poet also assisted:

> My carriage is traversing slowly
> The greenwood merry and bright.

He read the German sonorously. Lucilla translated aloud. We insisted upon that—for propriety's sake.

"Yes, a motor cycle *is* slower," agreed the girl, in a low voice, as though there were a death in the family. The stranger became very sorry for himself and scratched among the leaves to make his grief plainer:

> The trees in the autumn wind rustle,
> The night is humid and cold;
> I ride all alone in the forest,
> And round me my gray cloak I fold.

Lucilla thought it was dangerous for him to go alone. The cyclist looked bravery; life was nothing to him. Heine backed him up:

> Within my breast there sits a woe
> That seems my breast to sever;

Where 'er I stand, where 'er I go,
It drives me onward ever.

As we rose I discovered that the Illustrator was making fearful eyebrows at our guest, at which the Teuton, after one despairing eyebrow back, leaned across the table and addressed us. His inflections were pleading, but it was the Illustrator only who seemed to understand him.

"He is asking to go with us," he asserted, forcing an element of surprise into his voice.

I withered him. "What makes you so dishonest? You don't know a word of German."

"Ja, ja," nodded the stranger.

"See, he is saying 'Yes,'" cried Lucilla.

The Illustrator was torn with a happy thought. "I 'll get the concierge; he can translate."

But the stranger seized him by the coat. "Nein, nein," he implored.

The Illustrator withdrew coldly. "Perhaps he is n't even speaking German," he suggested.

Fortunately, our rescuer did not hear him, for Lucilla had thrust into his hand the book; she had opened it as one prays for a sign, and

he read the sign aloud, while her pretty voice breathed out the English:

> Dismiss me not, although thy thirst
> The pleasant draught has still'd;
> Some three months longer keep me on
> Till I, too, have been filled.

He kept his thumb over the next verse. "There," said Lucilla; "he's asked; now you make arrangements." Suddenly shy, she turned away.

There is no moral to this story. From the hour that we took the stranger into our circle we prospered. We grew normal and brave; we looked our Baedeker squarely in the face; we fought with cabbies. Nuremberg we criticised without fear of arrest.

Having sternly discovered the oldest house, the Illustrator sketched it. There was a lady inside the house who was almost as old. Inversely, she took small delight in her aging premises, but showed a pitiful interest in her register, which contained some of the newest names in our United States.

It was by adding to her collection that we discovered the appellation of our guest. I had

feared a count or baron; or, to be honest, I had hoped for such a title; or, to be fair to myself, I would have hoped for such a title but that this would have been bad for Lucilla. Having everything we wanted in the way of an interpreter, the Illustrator and I now thought very often of the welfare of Lucilla. He was not a count or baron; he had no *von* to juggle with. He was Ludwig Baumgartner, at our service. Shortly after the discovery I was to be found whispering passionately to myself, "I don't believe it!" until Lucilla came out and joined in with me. She didn't believe it either.

"But you must," I cried to her, angrily; "it's your salvation to believe it."

"I don't want to be saved," said Lucilla. And that made her a sinner, so I went off to tell her cousin.

The Illustrator was finishing his sketch and could allow himself to grow excited. "She'll pretend he is a prince or a grand-duke from now on," he said, hopelessly, "and fade away to nothing over the prospect of a morganatic marriage." The Illustrator understood Lucilla.

"What shall we do?" I asked him. I could see the two in the distance looking over Heine. Herr Baumgartner could find anything he

wanted to say to her when alone, apparently without difficulty. "Shall we go on without him?"

"No, indeed," hastened my consort; "that would be impolite."

"Well, what?"

"I've been studying the map. By easy runs we can reach the frontier, which is Metz, in three days. Now, what can a slow German do in that time? Besides, it's only an adventure conjured by thought, and these lacerations of the imagination bear no scars."

I nodded. "Yes, dreams are dissipated with the morning, though I have known of dawns that break too soon."

The Illustrator yawned. "I never knew of any dawn that didn't break too soon — for me."

That afternoon was Rothenburg, of ancient name, of recent fame. It is what Nuremberg should be — was once, perhaps.

Lucilla did not treat me well in this place, and tried to get away from me. She and our guest had closed their Heine and walked around the walls in silence. I made flights from them to the Illustrator, who would not have left the subject he was sketching to check their marriage at the registrar's.

I dashed back to the couple. Lucilla was saying awful things to him. "It is ridiculous," were her words; "but why is all this so like home? Why do I feel that way?"

Even I could get his answer. "Germany *is* home; my home, your home."

Once more back to the Illustrator. He was through. I rushed upon him. "Can we make Metz by tomorrow night?"

"We can."

"Then we will."

"What's wrong?"

"They see a red fire glowing on a single hearth."

"They're sentimental fools."

"They're serious. I saw their eyes."

We slept that night at Heilbronn. My diary has little to say of it except that the town hall, the honey, and the waiters were excellent. I recall a sigh as I wrote that I must give so little space to the pleasant things that were happening to us and so much to this disquieting adventure. Always before, there was room to speak of towns and people and the condition of the road; now there was only Lucilla and Ludwig Baumgartner—Germany devoured by a little wabbly flame of love which we must quench.

Divers ways have been employed for smothering a passion — pistols, poison, pillows; but I doubt if one ever before tried to outrun it in a motor car.

As the Illustrator put it: "Get to Metz and say good-by to Ludwig before Lucilla says good-by to us."

I did my share. I sat with the girl in the back seat when we left Rothenburg. The two had looked at me dumbly, unprotestingly, as little ants must look up to us before our heels descend upon them. I was uncomfortable. After a while, as we rushed into the blackness, Lucilla slipped her hand in mine. "Never mind," she whispered; "it is too dark for Heine, anyway."

And I thought bitter things of the poet, and had literary aspirations of outwitting him by my superior knowledge. I confided this to the Illustrator when the shades were drawn in Heilbronn, but he was unkindly sceptical. "You can't stop Heine," was his ultimatum, "but if you could steal the book, that would be a way to stop the Dutchman."

I grew dignified. "I wouldn't think of stealing," for at the time I saw no way of managing the thing; "but I might borrow it,

just for a time, yes, and——" I made for Lucilla's room. It was late before we slept, but, neatly cut out with a penknife, and hidden underneath the cold, indifferent oilcloth, were certain scraps of definite pleading on the part of Heine. We were tired, and we found some comfort in the discovery that the poet seldom committed himself baldly.

At last Lucilla crept to the door and begged for the copy—to make her pillow higher. "If we must go so early," rose her soft voice, "then why not sleep a little?"

Guiltily we handed her our revised edition with all its honorable intentions laid to rest. Indeed, we were doubly guilty, for it was not until the morning, over the excellent honey provided by the excellent waiters, that the girl and Ludwig learned that we were leaving Heilbronn early so as to reach Metz late. I dared only peep at her, though I saw the color beat in and out of her cheeks; but I have less sympathy for men—I stared at Herr Baumgartner. Then I stared harder, feeling in a tantrum, for Mein Herr was delighted, plainly so. We all saw it, and Lucilla's cheeks chose pale rose for the day.

Yet she played this grand game of "Adven-

ture" which she had sought with no flagging of her spirit. And as for the adventurer (we called him that from Heilbronn—bitterly), he sat beside her with a caress in every guttural he uttered. By the river Neckar we steered our course to Heidelberg, villages for bell-buoys, ruined castles for lighthouses.

Before noon we came to Heidelberg, a city of excellent cuisine, scattered colleges, and lads in monkey-caps, with faces seared or raw from wounds. They were not fine specimens; they were plump—inert; our traveling companion towered above them. We wheeled upon him with the common impulse to search his face for dueling cuts, but he bore no scars. A German with good manners and no scars—there was something questionable about Ludwig! "To Metz!" breathed the Illustrator, as one to whom a duty had become—strangely enough, for him—a pleasure.

We all felt the tension of that last ride together. It was long; it was rough; it was through cities where progress had planted a smoky finger and left the impress of bad manners. Our brother motorists no longer waved a greeting, as was the custom of the country farther back. I gave a fleeting glance over my

shoulder to Ludwig Baumgartner firmly sharing the back seat with Lucilla. I had thought that I might find her quite alone, that the romance was like this stuff that dreams are made of. But Herr Baumgartner was with us. Kindly, glowing, his eyes toward Metz, with one hand he grasped the Heine, while his other was hidden under Heine, holding Lucilla's hidden hand!

I kept my secret from the driving Illustrator. My cheeks burned, but tolerance was in my heart and Metz was near. Already through the dusk was heard the sound of bugles, the beat of drums. Cavalrymen, swords clashing, rode by us; thick German soldiers stumped toward their barracks. French was heard with a German accent, German spoken with the timbre of the French.

At the Porte des Allemands we were halted for the passing of a troop of horse; smashing along with the air we took from England, they slipped from Germany. It served our purpose.

"'My country, 'tis of thee,'" hummed the Illustrator.

"'Sweet land of liberty,'" I continued.

"'Of thee I sing,'" chimed in Lucilla.

Then something very splendid happened; for

the anthem went on—in English—rumbled out in the fine barytone of our adventurer. And he knew all the words!

The Illustrator throttled down his engine and turned upon him. "Now will you tell me——"

"Yes," said Ludwig. "It was a wager; I was put on my honor that I wouldn't speak a word of English until I reached a frontier town—nor allow one who knew both tongues to help me out. Forgive me; you'll all forgive me, won't you?" But he was looking at Lucilla.

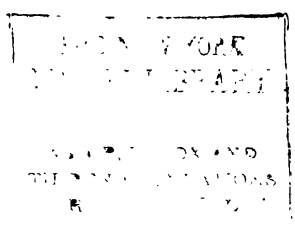
She was very pink, and her eyes shone. "You're an American?" she asked.

"Just that," he answered, simply. "My name is Crandall. My home's in Orange."

"Why," smiled Lucilla, "my home's in Orange, too."

I pinched the Illustrator, and we leaped through the Porte des Allemands "nach France."

La porte des Allemands, Metz



XI

O TIMES! O CUSTOMS!

JULIE could never make up her mind to anything beyond the purchasing or not purchasing of a blouse. And in that she showed no great strength of character, for she always bought it, although she had soared far over the hundred-dollar limit which our customs granted her, and sailing was still ten days off.

Julie's mother, recognizing her daughter's weakness (of mind, and for clothes), showed almost a European eagerness to marry her to a young man who was not only willing but eligible. It was her contention — for she discussed this every evening with us in our little hotel in Paris (unless the Illustrator saw her coming) — that Julie liked Richard, but that her heart was not awakened. "She needs romance to feed upon; now you two——"

I felt the thin edge of the wedge, but the

Illustrator bit the apple, and we took Julie with us on our zigzag journey up to Havre, while her mother remained in Paris and "held the thought." We travel for improvement always, and as soon as the Illustrator heard that there was an aviation school near Rheims, he wished to motor us to that city immediately "to sketch the cathedral."

He sat up very straight, humming sentimental airs, all the way to Rheims, and allowed me to put my arm over the back of his seat so as to make Julie, sitting serenely in the rear, feel lonesome and unloved. We believed that the exquisite countryside combined with our carefully paraded happiness would force her into an active longing for Richard and a definite cry of the heart.

To be sure, we should not have known where to find Richard, had she suddenly cried. He had left Paris in a huff the night she ate eleven kinds of *hors d'œuvre* for dinner, because she couldn't decide what else to have, and nothing had been heard of him since. She had shown no concern over his disappearance, and at the crafty suggestion of her mother that we might visit the morgue, was plainly relieved at the

thought of so definite a settling of the vexing problem. After that Richard was revived; but Julie, bouncing loosely around in the back seat, refused to admit that it would be pleasant to have him along as ballast. "It might and it might n't," was her conclusion.

The lace-work of the cathedral fretted a mild evening sky as we drew up before the ancient hotel, which has kept its excellence unspotted through force of many years' proximity to Holy Church. Once before we had been assisted to descend by the same green-aproned porters who now gathered about us, and the talk had been, from arrival to departure, of the cathedral: the best hours, the best light, the best guides, and the photographs of these. Times have changed; new France greeted us with the courtesy of old France, but the phrasing was different. "Good flying weather, madam—not a breath tonight, sir—early to-morrow will be the time. Church services? No madam; but full flights, please God."

As I write, my sentences feel the nervous tension of that moment. Before the door, shabby, unkempt motors were carelessly herded; they had the manner of oxen driven only for

actual service. In the courtyard, airmen were chaffing one another at the sudden dropping of the wind. Now it was too late to reach the Champ de Châlons. The Illustrator dashed from bar to bar, then back to us with news: "A little hotel where we might dine and spend the night—one must arise at three to see the flying. Yes, Mourmelon—they practice on the military field—the Government loans it to them—at sunrise and at sunset. We've missed the sunset, but there's the sunrise—what? Hang the cathedral!"

Dinner was on when we reached the inn at Mourmelon—little tables for chance guests, long ones for the schools. Men grotesquely arrayed, tired, dirty, ate their meal in company with gorgeously dressed women. Some had soared among the clouds and were insanely happy; others, who had not been able to leave the ground, were depressed, and snapped at the gorgeous ladies. The mail came, and the air was thick with titles as Madame dispensed the letters. The scions of great names clumped out into the garden to smoke and to drink their coffee; a tin-pan piano played the Matchiche—some one essayed to dance Apache fashion; some

one from the shelter of the arbor sang in a brilliant tenor. The maids came and went: "Bien, m'sieu," and "Bien, m'sieu."

At ten, doors banged and the house grew quiet. At three, in the heavy darkness before dawn, alarm-clocks rang from room to room. Some were smothered by exasperated Othellos, others were conscientiously heeded. A little later, motors, shaggy as those at Rheims, coughed from out the courtyard; and not long afterwards, as the sun was obeying the alarm of chanticleer, we too drove toward the field.

The great plain stretched mistily before us. At the far end, thirty or more wooden *hangars* flanked the confines. Gaudy booths made of yellow pine sold liquors, post-cards, and toy aeroplanes. All of it was new, different from anything else in the world, and yet it was familiar to us. This we could not analyze, but we were at home.

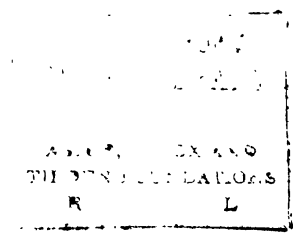
Monoplanes and biplanes were circling around a clump of trees in the middle of the field, from which bored soldiers reconnoitered during the day. Men in blue blouses were wheeling the machines from the *hangars*—new men, a new race of men; the pilots gave direc-

tions as the youngsters rose in the air. The planes darted above us like darning-needles, and the Illustrator was observed to kick his motor and addressed it as a cow. It lolled in the road, clumsy and soulless.

At six we drank our coffee under a canvas stretched before a booth. The cups were cracked, the spoons were tin, the blue blouses were there, and the aristocrats as well; but nothing mattered. The machines were still clicking above us, while from across the plain a snake of cavalry was twisting itself into the day's maneuvers. A solitary scout, detailed to cover our end of the ground, halted under the shadow of a fir-tree. It was the little tree which gave the key to the sensation that we had lived all this before. It was the homely scrub which we knew in our far West on the edge of our great deserts. This was the raw life of our mining-camps, our frontier life, the roughness that accompanies development. Wooden shacks, a stretch of country, the military in silhouette, a roistering hotel, and men moving about with a fresh purpose: America in a nutshell.

Julie was finding difficulty in deciding whether the scene was that of the Mojave or

The "bird men," Champ de Chalons, Mourmelon-le-Grand



arid waste of Arizona, when an aeroplane, which had been frolicking about in the skies, brought up at her feet and deposited Richard literally where he had been groveling figuratively for the length of the summer. The girl continued uncertain in her welcome of him, but the man returned to groveling with great joy, and the Illustrator was whooping. He tried to hide his own unwieldy machine, but it was too big for him. Failing this, he made a virtue of necessity and boasted proudly of our happy motoring-party. Richard turned his back upon his lovely humming-bird to look enviously at our earthly vehicle. "Wish I was going, too," he sighed.

"You wouldn't!" exclaimed the Illustrator.

"Wouldn't I?" replied Richard. Which, I take it, is equivalent to a masculine invitation and acceptance; for the four of us left Rheims the following morning.

It was not an early start. Julie disappeared as we were strapping on the luggage, to return an hour later with her arms full of petticoats. As my consort said, no one but Julie could find petticoats in Rheims. We reminded her of those grim guardians to the sea gates of New York, that "Welcome Home" in immortelles

which hangs above the Customs and makes our European trip one sad struggle between pale conscience and black fear. But Richard seized the parcel to hold it tenderly, and gave further evidence—inveigling her into the tonneau by this promise—that he would wear them off the boat if necessary to shield his lady.

We snorted on, presenting, in spite of motoring temptations to deviate from such a cloying pose, affectionate backs leaning toward each other. Yet it occurred to us as the day flew by, and we flew with it into the sun, that this was having small effect upon our guests. As the Illustrator crudely put it, we might as well be natural—and happy. Richard didn't notice us, and Julie seemed invulnerable save to the practical.

At Beauvais, after she had bought a jabot under the shadow of the cathedral, Julie had made a list of all her purchases and had screamed to find the duty she should pay. I say "should pay," as Julie said she wouldn't. It was a matter of principle with her, she added. To uphold her in this moral attitude, it was decided that from now on we would stop only in the villages which sold nothing, and she thanked us sincerely for keeping her from

temptation. But at Gisors, while the Illustrator sketched the castle, she bought eight pewter peppers from the landlord of the Trois Poissons, and Richard abetted her.

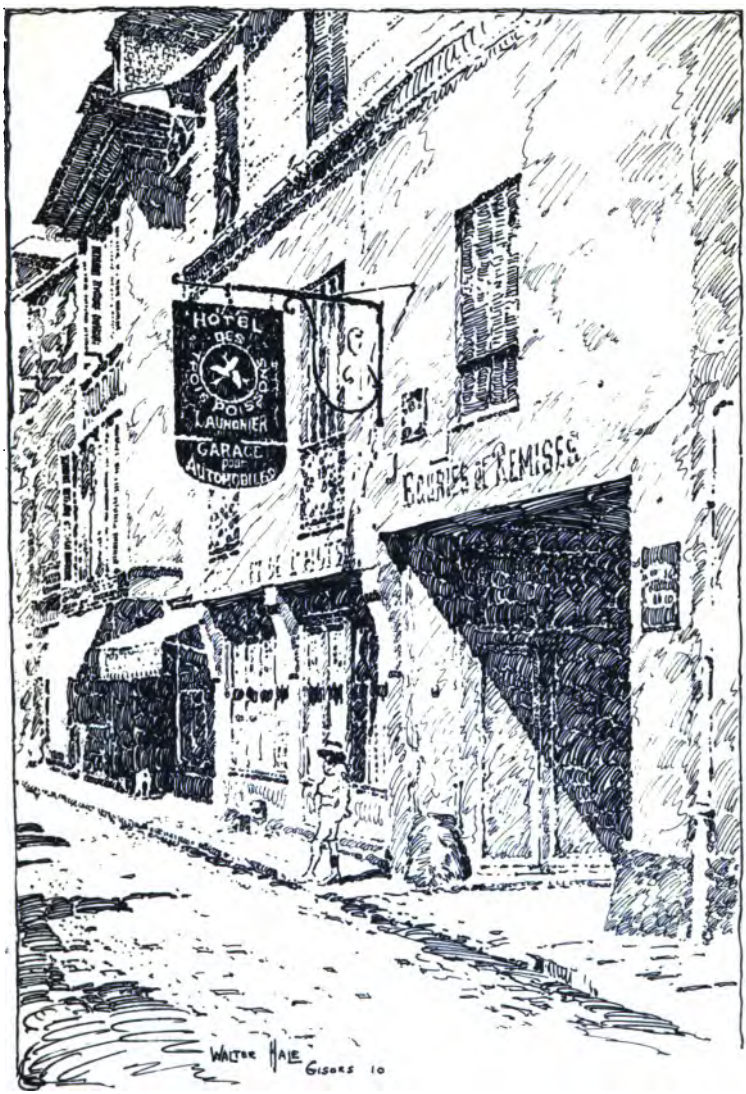
This was exhibiting a weakness of character which one accepts in a woman as a sweetly feminine trait. We doubted the wisdom of tempting these two to matrimony by loving pictures, and returned to our normal selves, disputed in whispers, then twisted the engine to La Roche Guyon as a Machiavellian stroke. The village would serve two purposes. If one could buy anything in La Roche Guyon except worms for bait, the Illustrator would be jiggered. Besides this quality, there was the charm of the town itself, a sort of mating charm. It should be a test to all uncertain couples. A day on the Seine, a dinner on the shaded sidewalk of the Maison Rouge, and if the two were doubtful still—back to the Intelligence Offices once more and a list of fresh loves.

While the Illustrator and I boast no friends in the châteaux of France, we have many fond acquaintances throughout the inns. And is not this a comfortable way of making visits? Always welcome, we need never hesitate to ask for what we want, nor when the visit may be

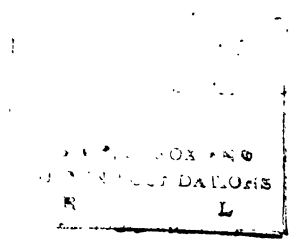
made, nor when we must away. We spend the hours as it best pleases us, sometimes without the irksomeness of conversation, again shelling peas in Madame's kitchen, hearing of the folk. And at our parting everyone is sorrowful: he who presents the bill — and he who pays it.

Bills are not formidable at the Maison Rouge. We wonder if M'sieu, tall, thin, with the keen face of the mechanic, has done well to take the inn. American dollars bought the place, and we show a friendly interest in their equivalent. I wonder, as M'sieu serves the soup, feeds the horses, or sits among his guests to look out upon the darkening valley, if the night is blacker to him through the recollection of the lights of our great city. Can one so young have acquired enough philosophy to give up that splendid row of motors — cars over which in the livery of the house he ruled supreme? Is it just for the brain of a skilled mechanician to be applied to the scrubbing of stone steps? His children are many now; he must stay on. And has he found this out too late, or has he found that the pride of the householder sweetens all service, and that the gay trappings of a menial are only for the harnessed soul?

Julie made no purchases at La Roche Guyon,



Hotel des Trois Poissons, Gisors



for the reason that she wished for nothing but a motor-boat and she had n't the money. The one which had aroused her covetousness tied up at our little wharf as we were dining under the awning, and our host had hastened down to assist the crew of three to carry up their baggage for the night. The Duke and Duchess who owned the lovely craft would sleep aboard. We could see them taking their meal comfortably on the tiny deck; the Duke, with his napkin tucked under his left ear as homey as could be, served by a white-aproned chef to whom an American kitchenette would have been a wilderness of space. Our landlord told us with glistening eyes of the so great power of the boat. Titles were nothing to him as compared to a carburetor; but we lingered on, fascinated by the glimpses of aristocracy going to bed in Pullman fashion.

Julie from a neighboring bench wished passionately to have a boat also, but when Richard whispered loudly that it lay within her power, she asserted that gold could not buy her. At this the young lover charged her with seeing no farther than her nose, which the girl clung to as a restful thought, saving much effort. Her complacent attitude only maddened him the

more, and he flung himself up the village road, making, I thought, for the Intelligence Office.

I wish he had remained a little longer, for in a minute she arose and spoke aloud to the soft darkness with a turbulence of heart that we did not think she had ever yet encountered. "'It's easy to you that have just one mind,'" she quoted, wildly, "'but if you had as many minds as I have!'" And we knew that sentiment had come to her in La Roche Guyon, for she had found herself in "Sentimental Tommy."

Richard had n't gone away. The next morning he was slinging on our luggage stubbornly, with the air of a man whose great singleness of purpose was to thwart a young girl's purpose of remaining single. And Julie was calmly picking out franc pieces for the little girls, and giving them all two francs when the moment came for distribution.

There was a roundelay of hand-shaking, then up the valley into the paradise of the painter. Every cottage above Giverny has taken unto itself a huge window giving upon the north. The old stone houses have flushed brown at this searching exposure of their inmost lives; yet there is always something to be thankful for: sundered as have been their rooftrees, their

faces are turned toward the road — toward the straight and narrow path. They need not witness, as must the unhappy summer-houses, the secrets of the gardens. Even the Illustrator besought our party to peep not over the garden walls, for in the warm-spotted sunshine underneath the trees the school of Giverny paints beauty unadorned.

We need not have gone to Vernon. It is not direct, although the engine kept curving toward it like a homesick horse. "There is a church in Vernon," the Illustrator had begun; not once, but many times, until I became suspicious, then convinced, then spoke.

"'Too early'?" he repeated after me, reprovingly; "*'too early'* — for a church?"

I remained silent. He bartered with me: "I'll promise you I'll really find and draw one." We went on to Vernon; very pleasant, once we were anchored there. There were no screens; lace curtains were at the windows, and Madame off in a corner selling tea. Had Madame selling tea and the Duchess of the motor-boat exchanged places, the arrangement would have been quite as congruous. M'sieu was not M'sieu at all, save that thirty-seven years of France had bestowed a courtlier man-

ner upon an American than a century of our life could have given him. Thirty-seven years without a sight of home, yet thirsting still he was for news.

The four of us were not content to rest one foot upon the rail—the famous brass rail of America, which we women can know out of our country only—we climbed upon it. We leaned for once over the mahogany to tell our host stories of heights and depths, of skyscrapers and of subways. The Illustrator gave him recipes for strange concoctions associated with this forbidden foot-rail. Richard sang a Delsartian song which had kept our hurdy-gurdies cozy through the winter; and our host, ready to do his share, picked up an old guitar and gave to us what New York had given him the year he left. "Whoa, Emma," he sang, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," and "I'm the Dandy Copper of the Broadway Squad."

The Illustrator was driven off to find a Church; Julie bought tea from the unwilling Duchess when no one was looking; and Richard, "un bon diable," as Madame called him, leaped around to the other side of the piano and showed her lord the chords for "Kelly," and presented

"Mr. Dooley" as a creation of the year. When we left them the proprietor was carrying on the work, and from the corner Madame was lisping:

"'Ell-e-phan to r-r-ride oop-on.' Si drôle!"

All that gentle day of rain the back seat remained impervious to the melting condition of the surroundings. Things were not going on there that would force us, who were in front, to clear our throats in lieu of knocking before we turned around. Julie looked for bargains along the road, and Richard sat tight, shuffling imaginary cards. When the rain fell more heavily we enveloped them in a canvas cavern, but the girl behaved as in a show-case.

The Illustrator, mindful of the lost opportunities of his youth—of the few that he had lost—waxed sorrowful for Julie when, grown old, she would live largely in the retrospect. The very heavens were for love-making in the sheltered tonneau. If we were in doubt about the road that day, we had but to follow up a rain-cloud and it fell upon us. "Nature cannot cease from sobbing," Richard was heard to say, which only reminded Julie she had better buy a mackintosh.

I caught a glimpse of her diary that night: "Lunched at Les Andelys. No rain-coats there,

but a tame crow, and some erudite Americans who were summering at the inn. They sort of shut us out. The French at the table d'hôte never do that. We may not talk to them nor they to us, but they don't mind our living. I should like to marry a Frenchman, I think. No, I don't think I should. Rain-coats at Louviers, a charming town, but not good for rain (the coats, I mean; Louviers is good for days of rain). Bought some gloves there and threw my wet ones away. Richard picked them up and kept them. He is kind, but hovers. A fine church at Lisieux—I was so glad. While the rest saw it I bought two candlesticks. By 'the rest' I mean the others—that is, not Richard. No mackintoshes at Lisieux. I love motoring, but not when sitting in a tunnel. How shall I get my clothes through those old Customs! We are now in Caen. They have good shops here. Oh, la belle France!"

The Hôtel d'Angleterre of Caen must know us as a serious-minded couple—we have discussions on our visits there that disturb the slumbers of the night watchman. Once it was upon the cooking of their tripe; again, how to get money when we had none; and on this third occasion, the mental attitude of Julie—all

philosophical themes as vexing and as unsolvable as the number of the Quattrocento angels who danced upon the needle's point.

Since the chance peep into the young girl's diary, "the others" felt that we did not occupy the place in her esteem that we deserved. We could say this in all modesty, for the exemplary height on which we perched was as unreal to us as it was real to her, and it nettled us to have her take for granted what was costing us so much effort. Since she had no knowledge of the sacrifice, she had no appreciation of it, and upon the Illustrator learning of "the others" he hoped Julie would marry Richard as soon as possible and find out by contrast how marvelous we were. I was thirsting for more immediate vengeance and less enduring. Julie, for all of me, could now buy what she wished. Let her sow the wind. At the Customs underneath the letter of her surname she would reap the whirlwind.

Unconsciously, in plotting I at last plotted rightly, but I did not learn this until we reached Dinard, and between Dinard and Caen lay a day of lovely towns containing shops so ugly that only a Julie could have found solace in the inner sanctuary. At Bayeux one goes too

see the tapestries—all go except the man who earns our way by sketching; though Julie attends pokingly, as they are not for sale. It was the habit now for her to plan how she could take things past the Customs "and no one know." The tapestries were a temptation—two hundred feet of linen, the size of toweling, she could wind them all around her body, she asserted, and enter port—once more restored to health!

Bayeux pottery has done its best to reproduce the story of these tapestries on various dishes, and it was Richard who gave to her a platter with Halley's Comet in 1066 frightening William the Conqueror almost off the edge—the edge, not of France, of course, but of the platter. Julie said she had a plan for the disposal of the gift. In spite of my open condemnation of the unhealthy trend of Julie's smuggling thoughts, she had encouraged them to grow into a tendency, and from that into a definite request to hide the platter in the tire-case, there to remain until it reached the smuggler's cove—Glen Cove, Long Island, was her destination.

The Illustrator was amazed, I was amazed.

He said it was dishonest, forbade her to touch the box, and, climbing a high peak of virtue, looked down upon her from the uncomfortable point. Richard defended Julie hotly; I climbed upon the peak, made dizzy by the eminence, but ever the loyal wife; we motored on in silence. After a time a tire was punctured, and before we could get down from off our peak, the younger couple had, in an ingratiating attempt to help us, opened the tire-box. The lifting of the lid revealed to them several Bayeux decanters depicting William's trip to England in a small canoe. The Illustrator hung his head, and intimated that they were all for me. They were good decanters and I defended him.

We motored on. Richard was more than ever on Julie's side; "the others," in their shame, more aggressively affectionate (almost meaning it); and Julie even more harassed with the thought that, should she marry Richard, they might grow base like us!

All day the pariahs in the front seat drove them toward the cold northwest. The architecture grew more stern with the climate. From San Lo to Avranche it tilted uncertainly. We

rounded a cliff before reaching Pontorson, and Mont San Michel rose from the sea to greet us, even us.

The Illustrator shut off his power. "Strange!" he mused. "That's the only work of man without an ugly moment. It's like the beauty of a soul."

I sighed remorsefully. "But not our soul."

There was a murmur from the tonneau. "That's repentance," whispered Julie.

The Illustrator pulled my hat over my eyes in way of a caress. I answered him as roughly: fun of the heart!

"And that's love," returned Richard. "Even in disgrace they stick. Oh, Julie!"

"I can't say yet," Julie hastened.

"Other times, other customs!" At Dinard we found our trunks awaiting us, sent on by the "little swiftness." Here we shook out our pretty garments, to show the place that we could be as smart as it, and then repacked them for the ocean trip; some in our cabin trunks, others "Not Wanted" until the officials of our port should want them very much.

It was a sad hour for Julie, but not for me. I divided my purchases in lots and pinned the bills upon them tranquilly. When secreting

hats in laundrybags and shoes in mouchoir-cases became too horrible for the young girl, she came to watch my calm procedure. "Why are all your things in two heaps?" she asked. There was a bewildered look in her tired eyes that made mine ache in sympathy. Chaos was in Julie's mind and heart and boxes.

"Some for his trunk and some for mine," I answered, smooth as silk in my complacency.

"Looks like more than a hundred dollars' worth," she commented, suspicion in her tone.

"It is more," I answered; "but he bought nothing for himself and that allows me twice the sum."

My head was buried in a swift cascade of lace as I bent low into the box, but Julie's voice reached me like the click of a castanet: "Because you two are married you can do that?"

"Certainly; we're one. The Government allows——" I came out from the lacy shower to find I was alone. Julie's heels were tapping down the hall, to stop at the far end. A defiant knock was heard upon a door, then a swift mingling of a man's and a woman's voice, overtopped at last by a jubilant note from Richard. I stood uncertainly in the middle of my room. History was being made about me, but from

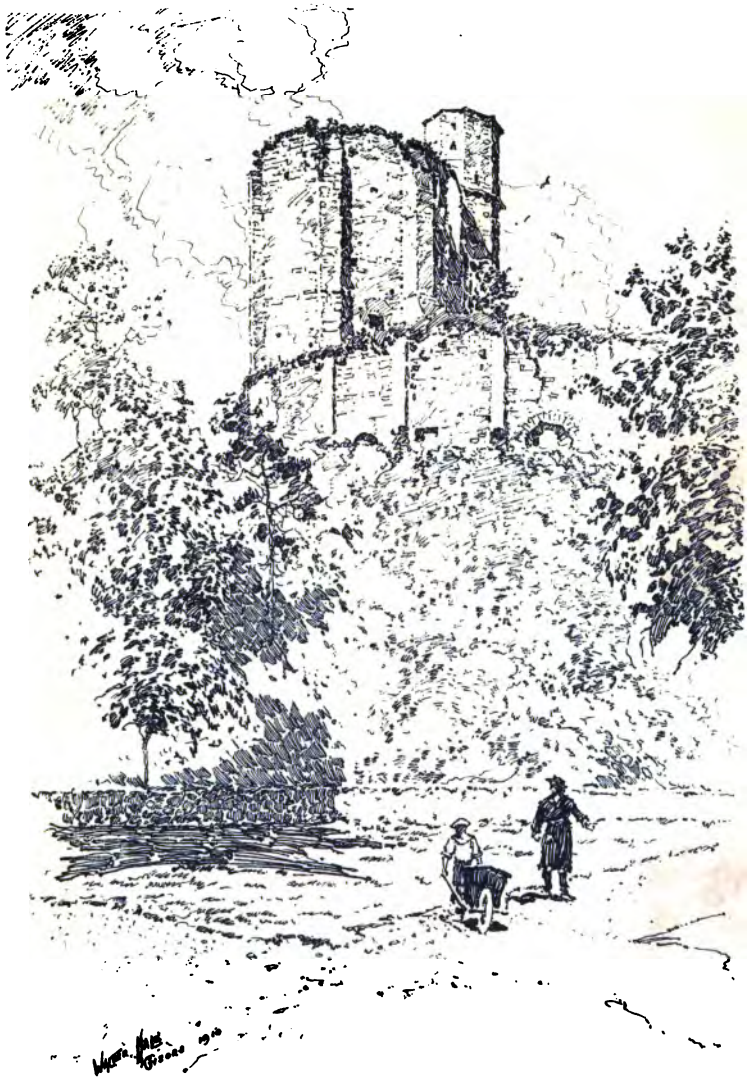
events in which I had no place. Yet an instant later the young man, leaping past my open door, checked himself long enough to cry: "Bless you, oh, bless you! I don't know how you did it, but, oh, bless you! I'm going to the mayor's."

Julie did not return. What mysteries of life had opened to the girl by the sight of our two trunks and our soft heaps of mingled linen? After a space I stepped into the corridor. She was issuing from her room, arms heaped high with garments, her face radiant. "It's decided; we're going to be married. I'm putting some of my things in his trunks. He'll get them through without a cent of duty."

"Julie," I screamed, fiercely, "are you happy?"

She beamed at me. "Wouldn't you be—to beat the Customs?"

I put on my hat to seek the Illustrator and find out if an old-fashioned love that I once knew, a small, chubby imp with arrows, was still about, when the Illustrator, feeling that I wanted him—which often happens as two go on together and have faith in imps with arrows—came to me instead.



The donjon, Gisors castle

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At first I feared that he would laugh, then that he would n't, for he was very grave as he pulled a paper from his pocket and spread it on his knee — the one that was n't occupied. "I 'd say let them go on," he counseled, "since they 're meant for each other and only one is sure of it; but I don't want you mixed in this if she should change her mind — when it's too late. I 've just been reading that a wife can't bring apparel which is hers into our country over and above the limited sum. No, not if she has eighty husbands. You 'd better tell her before — well, before she 's finished packing."

I crawled to Julie's room, but it was empty. I went on to Richard's, for he was still buying up the Mairie, and found her sitting alone among a mass of men's apparel and a fluff of skirts, a peaceful look upon her face, such as I had never seen before. Her hands were folded in her lap and she was dreaming happily.

"Julie," I managed to articulate, "it's a mistake; I must pay duty, we must all pay duty; a husband isn't any good at all. I felt that you must know."

A rosy color stole across her temples. Very shyly she lifted up her eyes, so shameful was this

new sensation creeping over her. Her hand sought mine, and, catching at my little finger, she tweaked it imploringly.

"It is decided now," she begged, "and—who knows?—I might never make my mind up so happily again!"

XII

Mary and the Marabout

ALTHOUGH we had taken Mary to Algeria that she might "forget," the girl had faith that any effort on our part to separate her from a certain charming and therefore ineligible young man would be frustrated by a higher power than ourselves, and that she and the tabooed one would meet in some miraculous way after we had put several thousand miles of water and desert sands between them.

As a rule, under such circumstances, we would have been on Mary's side. The Illustrator was ever keen to champion a lady's cause, and I having made some such marriage as our protégée was seeking, and found the result satisfactory, saw no reason why the girl shouldn't have a charming one herself. But what hurt us was the way that Mary granted any higher power than our own high-powered motor car, even to the point of assuring us that it would outstrip our efforts, and arrange matters to her

satisfaction in the very teeth of our perfected mechanical appliances. As the Illustrator said, there was no better engine in the world than ours, nor lamps that threw a farther light, nor tires that could run longer without bursting.

And these were not our only assets. The young man, in a way, was another. He had gone off in that stubborn, crushed state which is so comprehensive to such of us as live by our hearts, and so perplexing to Mary's family, who live by their wits, and had completely broken off with Mary until such time as her people would welcome him as an equal or, he longed to say but did not, as a superior. And now, as the girl ever concluded in rehearsing the tale, the thing for her to do was to search him out and talk him over.

As the reader can see, this pursuit would have held delightful possibilities for the Illustrator and myself. But, unfortunately, the family approached us first, and with Mary continually invoking "faith," and all those new cults (looking over our heads the while), we grew peevish, and decided that she must indeed "forget," and go into the desert to do it.

The palm trees outside our windows in Algiers were no more incessant in their whisper-

ing than were we in our rooms after Mary was nightly sent to bed. There was no necessity in aspirates. Lacking an easy chair at home, the main idea of the Arab is to meet in the square on which our hotel gave, and scream his family scandals to his friends. The noise is unvaried and endless; any plot, from the undermining of a nation to the breaking of a young woman's heart, could be discussed at full lung power. But the Illustrator enjoyed intrigue and kept his voice down, hissing platitudes at me like a stage villain.

On this especial evening he gave utterance to the mighty novelty that, as one nail drives out another, the best plan for us was to find a nail that would be of sufficient interest to Mary to drive out all recollection of the charming one, and to prove to her that one can be happy even if one doesn't marry an ineligible. I agreed with him, suggesting, however, that the nail be not young, good looking, or a gentleman. And the Illustrator, in turn, accepted my addendum piously. "Besides," he added, "there are many other interests in Africa. For instance, the dancing girls——"

The promulgation of this thought died in his throat in a lame whistle, as he caught my eye.

We had been spending that evening among the dancing girls for their "local color" or anything else that the Illustrator could think of calling them, and while they had not been up to the picturesque standards of our Eastern dancers as seen in the western hemisphere they had afforded him an enjoyment which he had endeavored to conceal beneath a bored exterior.

We had decided that Mary was too tired to see the Algerians dance, for the reason that public entertainers in Africa are not the kind of ladies she would meet at afternoon teas, nor do they live in Moorish domiciles whose janitors have scruples. As man and wife we could go, and therefore were not tired, but the girl had better stay in the dull hotel and rest. However, there was a certain cold deadliness in the way our ward kept putting on her hat that caused us to simmer down into silence after we had exclaimed over her fatigue several times. It brought to our minds our various friends back home who have adopted the creeds which rely strongly upon faith, and called to us, with a shiver, the length they can go if serene in the belief that they are searching for the truth.

"For you know," concluded Mary, after she had completed her outdoor toilet, "you know, I

shall find him somewhere—and it may be there."

The Illustrator smothered an exclamation of horror, fearing if he suggested that it was no place for a young man it would be no place for us, and followed the girl and the guide as he wound us in and out of the narrow ways of the Kasbah, the while stoutly maintaining that Mary was right. One couldn't offer her a cup of cocoa in the place of a grand passion, he explained; and more than that, even if she didn't find the charming one there, the sight of the young women performers who were entirely abandoned to an artistic life might open her eyes to a future with one equally Bohemian in his tastes.

Almost any argument would do while walking through the mysteries of the Arab quarter, but, under the calm of my eye, in the privacy of our rooms it was easy to whisper him down. "Yet," I mused—he revived, there was hope for him in the word—"there ought to be something else besides dancing girls, and rich sheiks, and traveling English lords, to attract her. Some distraction that will be worth while, and still respectable. Let us hope for it, let us seek for it, let us believe in it, let us——" I was

about to say let us have faith that we would find it, but I hurriedly substituted "let us go to bed" in its place; and the Illustrator, offering to eat his hat if there was anything respectable and worth while too, shut his door before I could reply.

The very next morning we found a nail which attracted Mary and held an enjoyable prospect for us; and I should have been entirely pleased, but that my delight was mixed with the uncanny fear that I had made the discovery by some of Mary's white magic; and it came to me if I could do this so quickly what could not Mary, with her sublime faith, accomplish?

We had rushed out into the square because the sun was shining, and because no guide was looking. Not that these conditions remained with us for any length of time. The sun saw us first and went behind a cloud to laugh because we had no umbrellas, and a moment later a passing Moor with a blind eye and Boston garters became our guide, unasked, and hurried us off to see something of which he spoke only in an Arabic whisper.

Our direction was toward the mole beyond the white mosque, where the Moorish streets are sufficiently narrow and dirty for the hygienic

visitor to enjoy himself; and, just as we were about to call for the police (which panicky period falls upon the stranger after twelve minutes of vague wandering), he brought up before a low building and urged us to take turns peeking through a hole in the center of the ancient door. It was dark inside and we could see nothing, but the Arab became very excited. He said it was a Marabout.

It created a sensation, for this was the first intimation we had ever received that a Marabout was anything but a feather-boa, and very poor feathers at that. "Probably the combings of the bird," Mary decided. We dismissed our old belief without effort, however. As the Illustrator said, no man, not even an Arab, could get so wild over a lady's neck piece, and, following along these lines of argument, he thought it—meaning the Marabout—must be the lady, at least.

"Or a harem," I added.

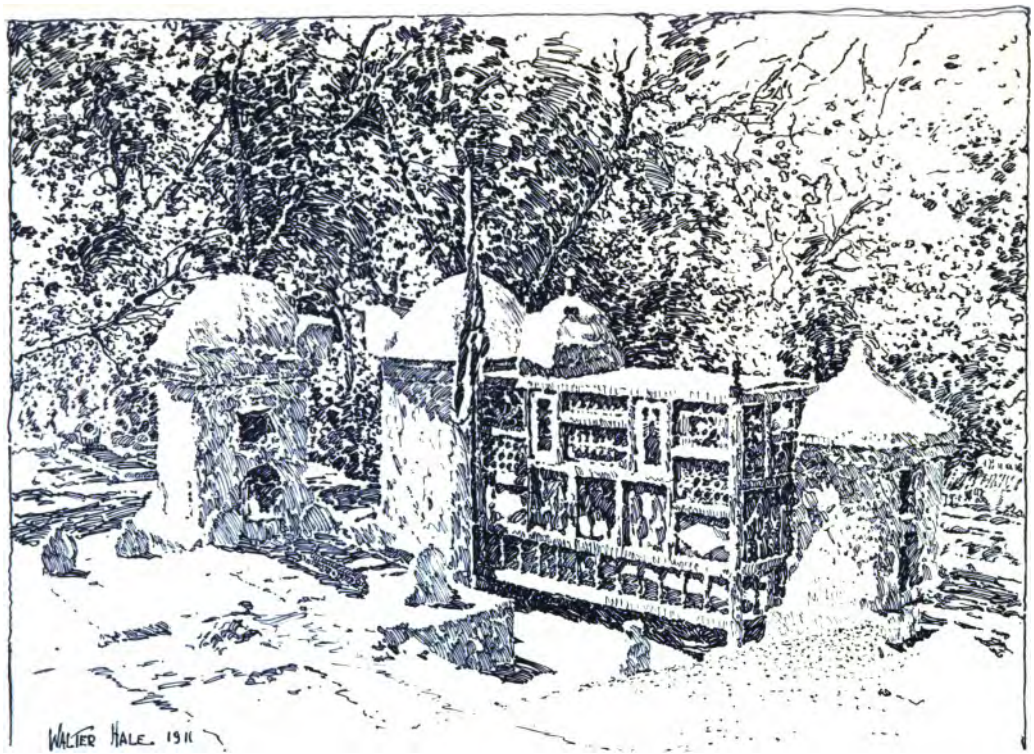
Mary grew intensely interested at this. "Not so much because it is a harem," she said, "but because it may not be; and we will have a lot of fun finding out."

Asking the concierge would have been an easy way of finding out about the Marabout; and the

Illustrator was going to suggest this when I shoved against his foot. There was a time when it was my custom to step on his foot as a sign that the errant tongue was offending, but he had pointed out the injustice of the attack on an innocent member and we had compromised on a shove as a less painful but equally efficacious warning.

I explained further to the Illustrator on the way back. Mary, as usual, was with the blind guide and twenty-one beggars. If this nail of the girl's was to remain interesting to her, I warned, then it must continue delicately veiled. And even he, while doubting the attraction of a nail which was at all secreted, granted that hunting a Marabout held possibilities for absorption.

The plot thickened that afternoon. It was Friday, and on Friday the Arabian women take their airing. They do not go shopping, or to the parks, or to the picture films. No, they are not that kind of women. But, claiming a privilege which many of us would be proud to share, they put on their best trousers, or possibly their husbands' best trousers, and in merry bands make their way to the cemetery, there to sit, unveiled, among the dead. This is the most that Mohammed can do for them, and, as far as I can



The tomb of a marabout

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make out, it is the one joy that is withheld from men. The male cannot visit the cemetery on Friday. He is mad to do this, and he goes as far as he dares. In second best trousers the men squat in circles at the entrance to that Eden and watch the women bitterly as they swish past with a great rustling of starch. We left the Illustrator among them, disputing for the first time the laws of Moslemism, while he watched the serpents that were driven out of the garden writhe to the screeching of a fakir's flute.

Mary and I wandered down over the slope of the hill among the groups of bare-faced women who sat upon the graves and cackled of their households and the difficulty of keeping servants. Even at our approach they intuitively drew behind their soiled cheesecloth draperies. After a time we felt their shyness ourselves as though in the presence of nude women, and by a common instinct kept our eyes on the green of the olive branches which were endeavoring to intercept the bold stare of the sun. Indignant sounds brought us up with a halt before the oldest woman in the world upon whom we were about to tread. The black slaves and the young girls who encircled her berated us in Arabic. The old lady herself, who sat upon a

very fine tomb, with the characteristics of a doll's house, peered up at us through spent eyelids.

"Marabout," she explained majestically.

"Marabout," cried the court, pointing to her.

"A Marabout," whispered Mary, "and we were about to step on her!"

I was annoyed with the crone for solving our mystery so early in the game. I was disturbed at my *gaucherie* when she refused my offer to photograph her, unveiled, and I was distinctly embarrassed when she would accept no pennies for the flowers she proffered. We decided that the male Arab was less careful of his dignity. We left the cemetery and the pathetic bundles huddled upon the tombs.

"Marabout: a proud old woman," I defined to the Illustrator, who was hanging about pretending not to wait for us.

There was a gleam in his eye which betokened triumph—a triumph over women. He was too polite to be trusted and assumed a dramatic air which is ridiculous in a man unless he is paid for it by the evening. He suggested that he had not been idle while we were frippering in the graveyard. He led the way down steps, which one is continually doing in the Kasbah unless

one is walking up them. He would explain nothing. Arriving at a lower level he stopped before a hut. A filthy beggar lifted her body at our approach and with skinny fingers indicated a collection of rain-washed ribbons tied upon rings sunk in the mortar of the wall. She lifted a ribbon.

"Marabout," she whined.

Mary and I were indignant. "Stuff and nonsense," we told her. "A Marabout is a woman," I added.

"Or a harem," continued Mary, doubtful again.

"Or a hole in the door," the Illustrator sneered.

"Marabout," repeated the withered creature, waggling the ribbon. We left her enriched, and sat upon the steps which go down to the town. Our brains were soft and mushy like the sunshine. The Illustrator, to avoid fierce discussion, essayed a sketch of a muezzin tower rising from an old-fashioned graveyard which did not receive callers. Hadj, the page boy of our hotel, came along, as all Arabs do, and invited us into the courtyard of the mosque. We would be able to hear the cry to prayer very plainly from there. Hadj and his friends were welcome in

the court, for he and his mother and his little sister lived in part of the building. It was the mother's duty to clean the carpets.

We crouched down upon the lintel of a door, Hadj with us, holding his toes, and dropping knowledge in soft French. The cry to the faithful came. We heard the priest clattering up and down the winding stairs. One by one the white-robed worshippers stole into the church; we could see their bent forms upon the carpets waving through the five posturings of prayer. The voice of Hadj was lifted softly above the priest's cry in the pulpit, and the responses:

No, madame, he could not go into the mosque—not in the uniform of the hotel. Yes, it was a pity, in effect. No, madame, he did not like his uniform—he had a fine Arabian costume, all of blue, madame—that is, all but the turban, which was yellow; and the scarf around the waist, that was a mixture. It was a pity he could not wear it always—when he arrayed himself in these so beautiful garments all the world turned around to regard him—his mother had bought them for him. Yes, madame, he carried all his wages to his mother. Married? Not yet, not quite yet, but it had

been arranged. Oh, yes, he had seen his betrothed; she played with his little sister; she had thirteen years. And he? Oh, seventeen, perhaps. Yes, madame, he was well content with life. Every night when he came home he could see her playing with his little sister—well content, and if he could but wear his blue burnous and the ceinture of a melange delicious. His uniform would have grieved his father. Yes, dead, madame—it was a damage, but it was the will of Allah. His father was of a so great prominence—he was a Marabout!

As Mary said, she would rather it had turned out a feather boa than an office, even one of honor; but Hadj was a truthful boy, considering that he was a boy, and there was no getting away from the last definition.

"Anyway, it's settled," announced the Illustrator, with the air of a discoverer, ignoring the ribbon that he had led us up to half an hour ago.

Mary hippety-hopped down the steps in an aggressive manner. "Why, I don't feel that it's settled," she announced.

"Why not?" we asked, suspiciously, wondering if she had gathered inside information anywhere.

"I don't know why," she skipped out, cheer-

fully. "But this is a strange occult country, and I just feel it. The more one says the word 'Marabout,' the more significance it has. Rhymes keep coming to me: 'Now, Marabout, Oh tell me true, if I am you, then you are who?' Or I can say: 'Nice Marabout, they're in a stew to find out why I cling to you.' Then there's: 'Please, Marabout, there's only you to tell me what my love does do.'"

We had reached the hotel at the end of the third verse, and with a laugh on the mocking order the girl pranced in, giving the Illustrator an opportunity of sinking into a chair and ordering an *apéritif*. He was always fortunate that way. "She's mad," he said, after he had decided upon an *amer* Picon, "stark, staring mad."

"No, she's not," I defended; "she's bravely trying to get some fun out of a situation that—that isn't so very funny after all," I added slowly.

"Well, it's an uncanny nail you've chosen," he continued, reproachfully, "and I shall be glad when we get into a healthy motor car and make for the desert tomorrow, giving up the search forever!"

"Do you think we're going to leave it behind?" I asked, in a smooth voice.

He sprang about anxiously. "Good Heavens! If it's a ghost I'll"—he cast about him—"I'll have to have two amers." And that was my punishment.

At twelve that night we left the opera house of Algiers with the pitiful wailing music of *Madama Butterfly* in our ears. At noon the next day, slightly impeded by a train of camels, we drew up alongside a spirit-broken diligence and descended for déjeuner at the gateway of the desert.

"Tum-tum-ta-*da*," Mary still hummed from the intermezzo of the opera.

I was annoyed. This was not a desert air. "Doesn't this wonderful transition mean anything to you?" I asked.

She turned big eyes upon me. "Don't you see that it does?"

"Then why poor Butterfly?"

"Because, I am waiting, too," she oracularly answered.

I betrayed her to the Illustrator. But the long white road had far removed the complexities of modern lovers. "Waiting? Waiting for what?"

"Perhaps she's waiting for a Marabout," I mumbled.

He edged off uncomfortably. Déjeuner was consumed—enjoyed. Mary, growing normal, fed a camel; French officers, admiring her, climbed backward into the diligence; Moors clung to the second-class places on the top, lifting their palms outward as a salute to us. With a roar of the cut-out, we passed the slow-going voyagers and made for the rose and gold of the desert. "Tum-tum-ta-*da*," hummed Mary as we swept into the future.

Soon we came upon the tents of the Bedouins, lying like gigantic truffles in a yellow field. Their dogs barked, but the men lifted the open palm in their majestic greeting, and the women clapped their hands against the mouth, emitting the war-cry of our Indians, which is Arabian applause. If camels dodged, and donkeys lost their burdens as they ran from us, the caravan found only delicious fun in their retarded journey—we were spared the black looks of our farmers.

The perfect road stretched toward great violet bluffs; the desert was harrowed as if by a mighty plow. Toward evening the colors changed to heliotrope and softest pink. A moon, built in proportion to the scene, gave a pale warning to the sun. Ahead, a long black

At the gateway of the desert

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line defined the horizon. Ten miles nearer we saw it was the waving palm-trees of the oasis of Bou Saada.

"Journey's end," I whispered to Mary.

She shook her head. "Tum-tum-ta-*da*," suspending her notes maddeningly.

As we entered the purely Arab town in the blue of the early night, white forms rose up around us like lost souls. They wailed in concert as we made the wrong turning, and guided us, as one man, to the market-place. Once there, we waited to be seized by kindly varlets from rival hostelries. It is the Illustrator's plan to sway with the most amusing runner. There were but two inns in the village. The representatives of the Hôtel du Desert addressed us in polite French; but the other tout, an attractive Arab bursting with knowledge, welcomed us in his idea of our own tongue. "Good-night," he greeted us.

"Good-night," we responded, inviting him to ride upon the running-board.

The motor was backed into the courtyard of a bungalow—the Hôtel de France—and the great gates were barred. By some miracle, three small guides had crept in with us—nevermore to part. One was a deficient youth in a

linen duster and the usual fez; the second, a fine Soudanese, speaking beautiful French; and the third a minute creature know as the Monkey, hooded and enveloped in a tiny striped burnous. Mary clung to them as though all guides would aid her in her quest.

There was white moonlight while we uneasily slept, and the barking of the dogs upon the roof-tops, answered by the far-off yelp of the Bedouin curs as they prowled around the lonely watch-fires. At dawn the sound of coughing outside my window was so continual that I, at last, opened the casement, to find strings of camels slouching by on their way to the market. And, when the sun was up, my last attempt to doze was frustrated by a black man from Timbuctoo, masked, and hung with monkey paws, who blew upon a bagpipe made of goat's skin, and in the courtyard gave the *danse du ventre* for early morning worship.

Mary took her coffee at a little table as she watched the dancer, sharing her bread with the Deficient, the Soudanese, and the small Monkey. The Illustrator began his morning with a chuckle as he surveyed the scene.

"And her good, plain mother committed her to this," I groaned.

"But a universe and several planets lie between her and the charming one," he hastily consoled, fearing I would drive off the Blackamoor.

"Yes," I admitted, doubtfully, "if this appeal to her senses doesn't keep the flame alive. Can't we dwell more upon the mental side of the country?"

"There isn't any mental side," very much excited.

"Well, there's the Marabout," I stubbornly recalled.

"Tum-tum-ta-*da*," sang Mary in that uncanny way she had developed.

We walked through the village, in and out of the houses of our three guides. The habitations were unvarying; no chairs, no rugs, no beds, no clothing, and a single pot for the making of the kous-kous over a brasier. The women and girls worked at the hand-looms weaving the white burnous cloth; blind old hags lay on matted straw. The men were in the date market, and the boys in the school that the French maintain. The Monkey said that he could not attend the school, as he was obliged to work—not this day, because it was Thursday, and the Moabites' Sabbath; nor on Friday, as that was the Moslem

day of rest; nor on Saturday, which was the Jewish; and of course not on Sunday—so highly did he regard the Christians. He seemed quite a worthless proposition; but, even as he finished this explanation of his uselessness, he brought us up before the door of an old mosque, and at one side was a grave. It was a poor affair, but with a dome over it, such a dome in shape as we had seen on the house of the door through which we had peeked; such a tomb (but lacking in ornamentation) as that which the old lady sat upon in the cemetery.

"See, here a Marabout!" said the Monkey.

The Illustrator clutched him, poorly concealing his joy that the thing we sought was safely underground. "It's gone on long enough," he cried to us. "Mon fils, expliquez un Marabout."

We gathered around him while the three explained that when a good man died he became holy, and one revered his tomb, and marked it with a dome.

"Sounds right," said the man of our party. "We do the same thing at home—scorn our heroes until they die, then put them in a marble cheese-box."

"One must die to become good," completed the Deficient, efficiently.

"Could an old lady sit upon a tomb of a Marabout?" I inquired cautiously.

Old ladies could—and did.

"But the ribbons?" asked the Illustrator in a low voice, hoping that we didn't hear him.

"Come with me this day," urged the Soudanese when we had gone more deeply into that matter. "Come with me to El Hamel, and I will show you the most beautiful tomb of the most wondrous Marabout in Africa or the United States—yes, and hung with ribbons! Come with me."

"Yes, come with me," echoed the Deficient and the Monkey, as individuals.

"Come with me," invited the Illustrator. And they accepted.

"Tum-tum-ta-*da*," hummed Mary as the motor car, replete with Arabs, twisted its way over the old camel route into the heart of the desert.

After some miles the dome of the mosque rose out of the sky, a wall of yellow mud bricks surrounding the town. There were no bright reassuring uniforms of the French about, no

hotels with a table d'hôte, no pathetic *cercle militaire* of the officers. Only myriads of tiny huts where the students of the Koran were freely housed, only a great kitchen with an enormous caldron that gave to seven hundred of the poor a meal a day.

Great moments are seldom as stupendous as we think they are going to be, or that we afterwards think they were. Now that we had arrived in the domed presence of our search, the Illustrator grew petty over minor matters. He had a hard time shuffling about in the slippers that he was obliged to put on at the door to keep his unbelieving feet off the carpet of the Faithful, and he said things that no man should utter in any church.

His condition of mind did not improve when Mary and I behaved remarkably at the tomb, for, following the custom as it was explained to us, we added to the cluster of strings and ribbons and shreds of garments that were fastened upon the carving of the sarcophagus.

"Tie something on, my ladies," said the Soudanese, "and make your prayer. For the women do this that Allah may not forget their beseeching—since they *are* women."

So, as children tie strings upon their fingers

that they themselves may remember, we silently prayed and raised a timid flag that we might not be quite forgotten. And, being unselfish, I no doubt wished what Mary did.

"Anyway, it's all over," said the grumbling one.

"Nothing is all over until we are," I ominously reminded him.

And even with the saying of these words, there was a great falling to the floor of all the Arabs near us, and a kissing of the robe and hand of a majestic yet undersized Moor, and a sudden flutter of nervousness among our guides, who whispered to us awesomely:

"Behold the Marabout!"

Then Mary stopped humming and advanced to meet him, unafraid. He touched her hand, and ours. I was relieved to find his warm, and I was pleased to note that my companion was as alarmed as I over this rising up of the dead. Indeed, we were in such a state of perplexity that we were upstairs in the drawing-room of this mysterious departed god before we could pinch each other and wake up.

In a daze, the Illustrator sat down upon the chief treasure of our host: a brass bed with springs as its sole covering. The Marabout,

with dignity, waved toward a gilt candelabra on a shelf. I made gestures expressing admiration. Mary sat at the table, which was covered with a filthy cloth. Her hand rested on an album, a register for signatures, so great is the fame of the Marabout.

She was very tranquil, and, after conversing with the servant who acted as interpreter, we were soothed also. For our Marabout had never died—as yet. His father had—himself a benefactor—and his son had built the mosque and fed the poor; and so great is his goodness that he has been proclaimed a Marabout before his death.

I gazed at our host reverently, fishing about for something of moment to say. "Never before have I looked upon a man who was *at all* holy," came the truth.

"Yes, madam," agreed the servant with enthusiasm. "There are few. He brings peace to everyone. Even in his harem there is quiet."

The Illustrator sprang from the springs. "His what?"

Mary and I, mouths wreathed in smiles, the greater to deceive, admonished him in icy English.

Coffee was brought. The holy man sat at our head, proud of his tablecloth, of the lady-finger cakes, of his sugar bowl. There were windows in the room — French fashion — that gave upon the open place before the house and mosque. A mute, turbaned throng waited to see those whom their master had honored.

It was Moslemism at its darkest, with a French coffee cup before us. It was world's end to all appearances, if not the end of the journey. Mary waited no longer in expectancy, yet what could she extract from these curious surroundings where, in our searching for a "nail," we had been so curiously led?

We had finished our coffee and paid our compliments; we had left a silver bangle for — for the ladies. We arose to go, and then our host opened the register and, with the servant at his elbow, besought our autographs.

It will always annoy me that I took no cognizance of the way Mary behaved from the time she signed the register to the moment she kissed the cheek of the Marabout. The kiss one could not fail to notice — it was unnecessary and it was fervid. As the Illustrator reminded her in rapid-fire English, it was dangerous to encourage

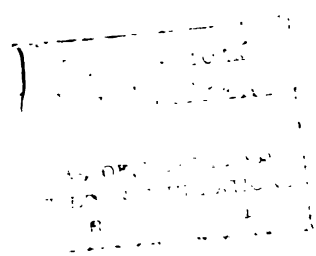
a man, no matter how holy, who had a harem. There is always room for one more in that mysterious quarter.

The Marabout was not shocked, he was rather pleased than otherwise, and our ward's face was glowing like the heart of a rose. "I don't care," she defended; "he's made me the happiest woman on earth, and I just don't care."

I sat with the Illustrator on the front seat as we went back through the open country toward Bou Saada. If he had anything to say, I preferred to have it over with as he drove, his close attention to the rough road necessarily limiting his flow of words. Still, his vocabulary was not to be despised, and by the time we had neared the village it was impressed upon me that Mary had now fallen in love with the Nail which I had chosen and relentlessly pursued, and no doubt she would shortly slip away from us and become a haremite. This would be all my fault, and what would her mother say?

But, far from crushed, I hissed back that the girl was in love with but one man, and that she was searching for him, and that her faith would bring her to him. It was a departure from my former allegiance, but the Illustrator had to be punished. He plunged us in and out of a ravine

The waving palm trees of Bou Saada



as he stared at me. He wanted to know any good reason for her faith accomplishing what his motor car did n't want.

"Because," I confessed, "I, too, have faith that her faith can do it."

Then we snorted into Bou Saada with the moon for company again, all three of us ominously silent. Nor was the uneasy peace broken until my consort fell into my room, as I was tidying up for dinner, with the horrible information that Mary had already left the hotel and was making for the Marabout. She was n't difficult to trail, poor dear, for she went unafraid in the moonlight, while we skulked along in the shadow; and she took the road toward El Hamel. Yet she did not leave the town, for, reaching the rival Hôtel du Desert, she paused, peering into the coffeeroom. It was of the Moorish type, a blue-tiled oven with the copper coffeepot over the smoldering coals. Some Moors were playing the "ladies' game" in one corner, and in another a charming face shone out from a haze of cigarette smoke.

Mary walked over to this corner, and when the occupant saw her he arose and put out both his hands to greet her, and for the second time that day, with just as little fuss, the girl kissed

a Nail—only this was the first one. Then they sat down at the little table, hand in hand, and, like the ineligible that he was, he forgot his vow never to return to her except by the bending of the family knee. He could only marvel that both of them, idle wanderers, should have found each other in the waste of the desert. But Mary said it was no trick at all. At this point, we two, looking into paradise, ventured to enter, and, without preliminaries, asked the question that was uppermost.

"How did I know he was here?" repeated Mary. "Why, I saw his name and this address in the dear Marabout's register."

"It was faith," I freely admitted.

"It was fate," said her charming one, romantically.

"No, it was the motor car, for it took me there," insisted Mary sweetly to *my* charming one.

Then the Illustrator was happy, and gave them his blessing.

XIII

The Anklet of the Troglodyte

WE HAD not taken Cassy into consideration when we invited the biologist, Gregory George, to motor with us into the Tunisian desert. Our wanting him to go at all, we felt to be a sort of intellectual development on our part, of which we were rather proud. As a rule, while idling through foreign countries we shun the erudite as one shrinks from a leper, and derive our enjoyment of these passionate lives by sopping up understanding through the agency of the senses rather than through the cells of the brain.

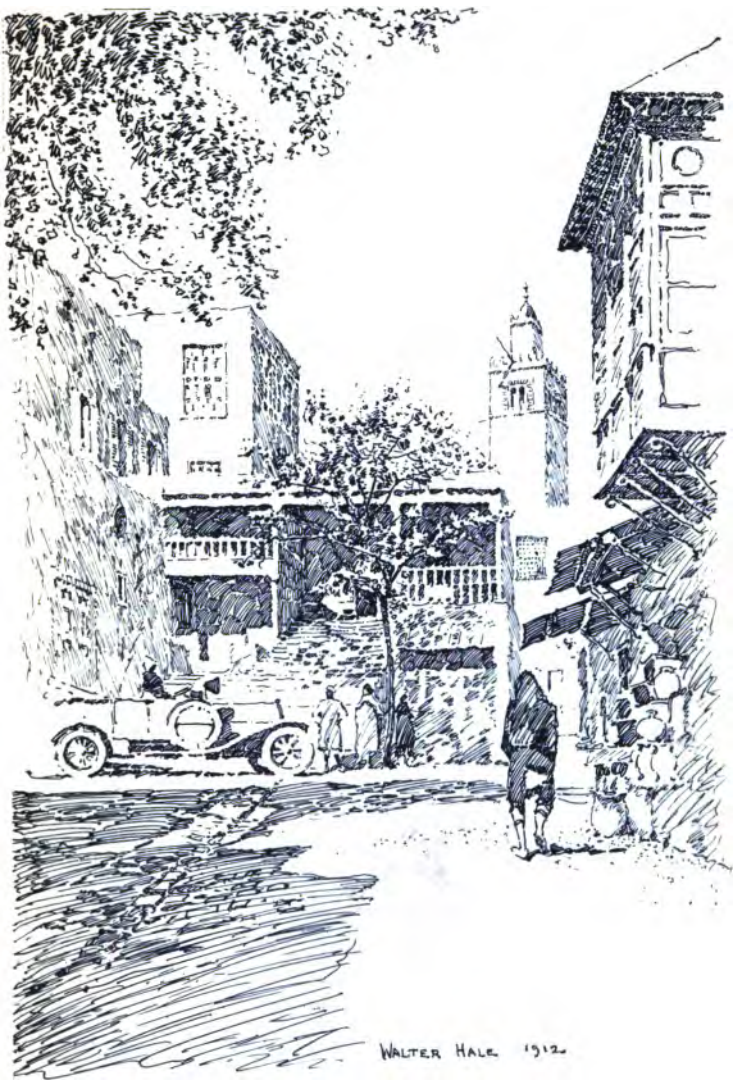
Possibly several weeks of Cassy had given us respect anew for brain cells, on the old theory — generally otherwise applied — that absence makes the heart grow fonder. If Cassy possésses a cell, it is yet to be unlocked, although, conforming to the law of proportion, this lack of equipment is cunningly concealed beneath a lovely exterior. And it is a melancholy fact

that any girl who has looked about her a bit will admit such an arrangement to be an asset in life.

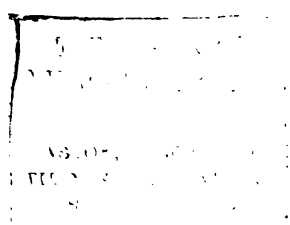
However, we had forgotten the advantages of this crustacean pulchritude, or rather we had ceased to regard it as being marketable, since we were no longer so; and when we fully realized that Gregory would be thrown into close proximity with Cassy if he accepted our invitation, we saw very little ahead but several hundred miles of motoring misery for both our guests.

We would not have asked him at all had Cassy been with us when we three met, quite by chance, on the hill that once bore ancient Carthage on its bosom. The incompatibility would have been too easily apparent. But Cassy had declined Carthage a second time, as our first trip had revealed nothing to her but White Fathers and tear vases, "which were very sad things"; and as we strolled among the tombs of those who had been denied the joys of biology themselves, listening to Gregory's mildly explanatory voice, we suddenly yearned for more.

He did not, at first, accept our proposal, although we drove him straightway to the café



The cafe at Sidi Bou Said



at Sidi Bou Said; and he who can sit under the spell of that Moorish village and refuse any cup that is offered him of further Arabian delights has reduced life to a science indeed. Yet he admitted the temptation to let the world slide; and as he and the Illustrator touched upon their boyhood days and their climb up the beanstalk to manhood, they found that the science of life as the biologist knew it, and the science of living as the Illustrator had found it, were not dissimilar.

Even with this discovery fresh in our minds, a growing fear of what he would think of Cassy wrapped us in a penumbra of dishonor, and we begged him to declare himself before he should, perforce, encounter her. But some uncertainty of steamers deterred him until we reached Tunis; and there, as we expected, we encountered the child within a few feet of our hotel.

She was returning without guide from a shopping expedition, her arms full of red slippers, her eyes full of hair, and what was not in her eyes falling down her back. But Cassy was not troubled; she had bargained well that day, and, impatient of the suggestion that we walk to the lily minaret rising from the Kasbah

for the call to prayers, she urged us to a brasserie there to hear American airs played by Germans in a French band.

It was not entirely unpleasant to sit in a sort of magnified shop window, protected from Tunisian zephyrs, and watch the panorama of nations pass on the pavement below; and Cassy loved it. In a rush of emotion, she bought a nosegay, which, in a further excess of sympathy, she gave to a blind beggar, save for one flower, and this she extracted for our astonished guest. Her general prodigality attracted to our table most of the turbaned venders of the town, and the *apéritif* hour took on the aspect of Donnybrook Fair. Her remarks were varied and unceasing; and as we watched the biologist endeavoring to follow her, our last hope of him as a traveling companion vanished.

"Oh, Mr. George," she prattled, "you are losing your rose. Yes, you forgot it—you simply didn't care—but I do hate to stick a pin into their little bodies, don't you? Do you suppose that it hurts them? Here's the boy with only one eye. Why do so many of them have only one? But, then, 'half a loaf,' etc., don't you think? Voilà, petit, est-ce-que vous avez des cartes postales de Carthage? No, he

hasn't; then allez, allez. I'm sending Carthage post-cards to all my old Latin teachers on account of 'Infelix Dido'! I never got any further than 'Infelix Dido' in Cæsar—or was it Virgil? Then I always had the measles and had to leave school for the year. I had them three times, and scarlet fever once; but I haven't a word to say against scarlet fever—it made my hair come in curly. Did you ever have your head shaved, Mr. George? Those little lawn-mowers they move over it are so funny. Look! here comes a funeral. It's so sweet the way the French take off their hats. I always want to cross myself, just because I feel so reverent; but I'm a Baptist, and I don't know whether you begin at the nose or work up——"

"As I was saying, Greg," broke in the Illustrator firmly, "if you've never been in Matmata, you ought to come with us. They're a very curious people, I hear. They—they——" He didn't know what they did, and looked at me appealingly.

"They live in the ground," I hastened, glad I had read up on them.

"Oh, yes," said Gregory; "they are troglodytes. They——"

But Cassy drowned him in a flood of laughter. It was amazing with what courtesy he listened to her. "Troglodytes! I can't tell why, but that word reminds me of frogs. I'm really quite anxious to see them, although I don't suppose there's a thing to buy there. I have a feeling that they will be leaping about. Are you going with us, Mr. George? *Are* you?"

The Illustrator pushed back his chair, that the embarrassment of our friend's refusal might be lessened by conflicting noises. But no sound emanated from the biologist except a very pleasant one—the sound of a man telling a pretty girl that at first he was a little uncertain about giving the time to the trip, but now he believed he could manage it, "and thank you very much"; and all the while he was looking at Cassy while he thanked her for our car. Cassy said, "Not at all," and for a time was distinctly depressed while gazing at Professor George's glasses; but we ourselves cleared up, having noticed her disfavor, and determined, for Gregory's sake, to keep him to ourselves.

It has always been a sore point with the Illustrator that he did not "twig" from the beginning his friend's interest in Cassy. He can sit now and recount ceaselessly of clever

acquaintances of his who have married women inferior mentally. On one moody evening when he had to change a tire, he was inclined to believe that he himself was of the mad, the bad, and the sad, who had sought entrance and been admitted to this fools' paradise. But, catching a steely, intellectual look in my eyes, he hastily decided that, on second thoughts, he had been caught peeping into the paradise and I had rescued him.

Our tardy suspicions grew as Gregory became, in a way, unsatisfactory as a guest. His kindliness remained, but, even before leaving Tunis, his excellent knowledge of conditions around us, for which we, like parched creatures, thirsted, was giving way to Cassy's flouting of his encyclopedic mind.

We had arranged a sort of compromise with Cassy — a secret one of which she knew nothing. It was decided that we would accompany her on her eternal trips to the bazaars, and that we would derive as much information as we could while sitting about the shops sipping the coffee which was served us, and looking at the various articles of men's apparel which the foreign woman takes to herself. The biologist was full of an easy knowledge of the antiquity of these

garments, of the prices paid for making them, of the law of the prophet that first brought them into use. It was an excellent plan, but it didn't work. Cassy absorbed Gregory. It was fearful to see the eminence of such as he brought low by the imminence of such as she. He juggled cups for her, delicate ones; he tried on hats too small for him; he allowed himself to be draped in costumes to see if they would be becoming to her. We protested, we stormed, we took her aside.

"Why, he doesn't mind; he likes it!" the girl insisted.

And as time went on, the truth was made certain that he did like it. His controlled educational laughter developed now and then into a college yell, his gray eyes grew blue, and he had a way of taking off his glasses, when he saw her coming up the street and stumbling proudly on, that was strongly akin to the pluming of the male pheasant in the spring.

The Illustrator and I—off in corners, whispering—admitted our disappointment in that we were obliged to abandon all hopes of motoring along a higher intellectual plane of culture; and yet, after several conferences, we confessed that the opportunity for philosophical reflection

in observing this old-young man shrug off his husk, was a fair exchange for statistics.

What followed we could divide into four distinct conclusions, each one being final. From Tunis to Sousse (Susa) we were of the mind that he would soon get over it if he saw enough of her; so we gave them the back seat and drove away, looking sternly along the magnificent French road which blazes the country like a ray of the sun. We hadn't wanted to go to Sousse on that day, as the French President was there, and we saw no reason for motoring through a desert to witness an every-day occurrence in the Bois. But Cassy had begged for it, because she would never know if the President was freckled or tanned unless we saw him under Southern skies; and the biologist, laughing in great gusts, urged us on.

It was noteworthy that almost anything this mad young woman and maddened young man proposed turned out successful. Although the hotel proprietor met us with the cheerless information that there were no accommodations in the town unless we were the party that wired for rooms, they assured him in a single voice that we were those same, and although we ate the excellent luncheon prepared for the other

party with apprehension, still, nothing happened, as far as we know, to prove us impostors. More than that, the sun was warm, the sky was blue, and the walls of the citadel were glistening white. The spahis, magnificent in red and blue and gold, waited on their nervous little horses while the ruler lunched in the blank-walled house of the Caid. The Arabian women, dressed and veiled in black—for economy's sake, the guide told us—squatted along the route; and, sweeping past us, came the meharis, the courier camels, their white-clad drivers urging the huge beasts to greater speed as they took their warming-up previous to a race of many miles.

The Illustrator and I pinched each other, which is as much show of affection as those who have seen their wooden wedding dare permit themselves; and both of us felt pity for the biologist because his love must live—and die—in so appealing an hour. But it didn't die—not in that hour—although when the President appeared Cassy clapped her hands against her mouth, emitting what the Arabian women call applause—we call it a war-whoop; nor later in the day, when she ate fried-cakes in the Kasbah with the Moors, and stribbled

The mosque in the narrow street, Tunis

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syrup over her pretty face; nor, later than that, when we sat at our own café looking out over the waters of the bay.

"The reason I like it all," she summed up, "is because you don't have to think in this country. It's just like the first day of summer vacation, after you know you've passed."

"Yes," said Gregory, deeply, comprehendingly.

"Yes," we echoed, understanding Gregory. It was vacation time; but we foresaw a wintry term ahead for him, with but remembrance, like dead flowers in a book, for consolation.

After Sousse, by some weaving about, came Kairouan. It was out of our way, but Cassy feared if we didn't go there shortly there would be no room left in the motor for rugs. "You shouldn't buy rugs in Kairouan," we reminded her. "It is a holy city. If a Moslem makes seven pilgrimages there, it is equivalent to one to Mecca, and he will see paradise."

"He will see it if he goes but once to Kairouan," murmured Professor George, parenthetically, although he was seeing nothing at the time but the mist of Cassy's hair.

The young lady was insistent that rugs could be found in the city of mosques. "Who would

have thought that there would have been inlaid tables at Sousse?" she asked, wedging her purchase more firmly into the back seat.

"We're going to do the mosques," I replied severely.

"I think we can do both," hastened the Illustrator, who was much braver in the disciplining of Cassy when he was alone with me.

"Buy a rug," outlined the child, "sit on it, and be pulled to these mosques." Her flippancy ended the matter, for the frivolous always gain their point.

It was after arriving in Kairouan that we had agreed upon the second conclusion to the Professor's love affair. Since he was not going to fall out of love with her, he was going to have his heart broken instead—and that soon. A more adept man in the business could have delayed a proposal of marriage for months of exquisite uncertainty, but we were sure that the end was near, and looked forward gloomily to hours of silent motoring to the troglodytes and back. What the Illustrator called the "acid test" was applied to the Professor's love in Kairouan, and he stood it; and that was what carried us into the second conviction.

The mosques, we will acknowledge, made

some impression on Cassy. She loved beauty, and, besides, in the Great Mosque there were two engaging marble pillars, set closely together, which, if we women were to see heaven, must be passed successfully. My consort was but mildly interested in my attaining this; but Gregory urged his plump little lady through the heavenly gates, so slightly ajar, and Cassy twisted like a dancing-girl of the Ouled Naïl, while her hair fell down delightfully. Near by, upon the carpet of the Faithful, a student squatted opposite his instructor, a blind old priest who chanted the Koran with him. The old man's face remained impassive; but as Cassy squeezed her lovely self into future happiness, the young student laid down his tablets of wood, and his voice faltered, as though, for a moment, the sayings of the prophet had small place on the page of life.

After that, by agreement, there was some mighty bargaining for rugs in the Souk. Cassy, pale with excitement, named her price and remained firm; the merchant lifted his hands to Allah and cried, with Shylock, "What these Christians are!" The venders in the adjoining stalls flapped dusty antiques up and down alluringly. We parted from the merchant; he

was hurt, we were hurt. We withdrew to a near-by Café Maure—according to custom. He folded his hands and awaited our return—according to custom.

Some musicians were playing their strange lament in the coffee-house; various Arabs were engaged in the "jeux des dames"; a dervish who was studying the refinements of self-torture in the mosques offered to entertain us, and we, with our coffee cups before us, permitted him to show his strange rites. His painful accomplishments were not new to us, yet never quite old, and always dismaying to the Western mind. And when, in a greedy rapture, he offered to "eat the serpent," we found that there were chills of horror remaining in our spine.

The wriggling snake was chosen: the musicians lashed themselves into a fury of exaltation; the Arabs stopped their game to draw nearer, and the big doors of the coffee-house were closed against the curious. The aura of the mysterious enveloped us. Sick with the dread of it, yet with wide-open eyes, we bent forward over our tables. With a yell, as though torn from him by a protesting fiend, he began his attack upon the writhing viper. His jaws worked automatically, our mouths followed his

mouthing—three of our mouths, that is; Cassy's was tranquil, and, in the dreadful instant of ingurgitation, she prodded Gregory thoughtfully in the side. "Do you know," she said above the screeching of the flutes, "I don't think that's expensive for the rug."

Yet that night he asked her to marry him! It took place on the long veranda that connected the windows of all the apartments. And Cassy said she couldn't *dream* of it. Then we waited in the darkness for the snapping of Gregory's heart; but the noise was not audible. He was always surprising in the making of sounds. "I am not asking you to dream; I am asking you to live," he replied passionately. With this he went away, and after a long while she crept into her room.

Our third and fourth—once more final—conclusions of the whole matter developed so rapidly that it is hard to say which came before the other. Possibly the next in order was my insistence that a girl whom a man thought good enough for him, generally was; the mere fact of his wanting her defined the man himself; and I was inclined to insist that she was generally better, but the Illustrator induced me to retract this. Besides, my dormant sympathy

had gone out to the Cassy who had crept to her room, and who, in the warm blackness of the desert night, found herself softly panting from an experience which was the inevitable portion of her charming womanhood. So I went over to her side. It was my intention to sit on the back seat and protect her in case she really had no place for a biologist in her family, and it was this attempt which caused us to arrive at the fourth conclusion. We expressed the development only by the rolling of eyes at first, for the Professor would not permit me the back seat, would not permit me Cassy at all, and gave every indication that it was his plan to win her by the well applied forces of his intelligence.

The Illustrator was very proud of this departure, as though all men were of the same mental caliber. He claimed that the biologist was wise in "demonstrating along his own lines," and flouted me when I was fearful that he might frighten her from, rather than ensnare her in, his net of knowledge.

"She still buys curios—awful ones," I confided to him at Sfax, the while forgetting to drive away the Arabs who gathered about the sketching one.

The kasbah of Sfax

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"I've great faith in the intellect," he replied.

"But it will be breaking a butterfly."

"Not at all," very coolly, as though he had done the same thing once himself. "It takes mind to know how to reach her type. It takes mind to do anything—to drive away these pestering Moors, for instance," looking at me reproachfully.

I charged at the mob, and, as they cleared, the young couple were discovered on the outskirts of the crowd; she very happy, and he as happy as one could be who was staggering under the weight of a large hat-rack painted green. I endeavored to flash a triumphant glance at the Illustrator, who refused to see it; for it would seem that Gregory had not as yet applied his mind to breaking up her curio habit, and I had a notion that her little heart was well wrapped in the mysterious delights of the bazaar.

My decision very nearly developed into another conclusion, but ere it was promulgated at our whispered conferences, this story came to an end; and I was wrong and the Illustrator was right, and the whole experience was most humiliating.

It was at Matmata that Cassy saw a silver

anklet on the brown leg of a troglodyte. She bought it because it was the only thing among these curious people that she could buy; and, having one, she was mad for the other; but the girl who wore it said that could never be.

The young woman rose to dramatic heights—for a troglodyte—as she described the finding of the anklet. We stood within the center of a hill which had been hollowed out, like a bear-pit, into a court, and her husband's relatives were gathered about her, for each headman owned a hill, and all his people lived in separate rooms which were burrowed off this court. It was not a wise way of living. They did not protect the brow of the hill after it was hollowed out, and an enemy could throw things down on them if he became sufficiently heated; or the householder himself might fall a victim to his own architecture, by tumbling in, should he come home late from the club on Saturday night. Still, their forefathers had lived this way from the time they swung down out of the trees and began to use their fore-legs for their arms; and when the girl's husband, with his family, decided to build a new house, they continued conservative.

The one tremendous advantage in this new

home was the unearthing of Cassy's anklet. It was a Roman anklet, related the daughter of the most primitive of races, a Roman anklet of great antiquity, worth much money; but the mate — ah, where was it? The husband's family shook their heads sorrowfully, yet dug a little with their toes into the ground as though such precious ore might yet be discovered. And Cassy clasped her trophy to her breast, imploring the biologist to encourage her in the belief that she might somewhere find a fitting match for it.

She had developed a way of seeking advice of the Professor and not of us, which was a little trying, and caused me to ask tartly why she needed two anklets, anyway. But she was ready for this, and replied, with the air of one who had recently been introduced by a crafty being like Gregory into the precepts of William Morris: "Now, if I had two anklets, I could shirr a piece of tapestry around them, making a bag, and go out shopping with the silver handles on my arm. It is perfectly simple; but with only one——" Her lips quivered. She wanted so fearfully to have the other.

I looked at the biologist. I had expected to find him a mass of sympathetic jelly, but there

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was that in his eyes which must have smoldered in Napoleon's when he planned of conquering the world.

We left Matmata and its village of mounds, and journeyed back over twisted, tortured roads and the gravel beds of streams long since dry, to the highway, and on to more strange peoples. The next day saw us at Medenine, the end of the French road, the end of the long, creeping arm of the French protectorate, the end of the French soldier's ambition! It must be, for it must die in this vast solitude and inactivity.

A mile from the fort, another curious kind had scorned an earthworm existence, and had built rooms of clay, one above another, which were reached by rough outside steps. They were poor beyond description, yet with camels in the market-place, and trafficking in the shops. Cassy hurled herself upon the inhabitants and demanded anklets.

Professor George, speaking Arabic, aided her in the search. And yet, *did* Professor George do that? We have only his word for it. But he is a good man, and Cassy is now happy—let us doubt not. Only—there were no Roman anklets to be found; only—he talked apart with a vender who had sought to show his wares

and was hindered; only—when the sun was setting and the bugles at the caserne were playing it to sleep, he slipped away from all of us; only—when we met at dinner he had found an anklet that was the mate to Cassy's. ONLY—(and this is the last only of them all) when he refused to sell his trophy, we recognized his Gargantuan use of Cassy's weakness. To quote the Illustrator's pitiable summary: As Gregory's bangle was the sole mate to the other, so was he Cassy's soul mate.

Cassy ate her dinner with a shock of fair hair over her eyes, peering at him through the meshes. She sang little songs that delighted us; she slipped her own anklet over her pretty foot and danced before the king; took little walks with the biologist and returned exasperated; took little walks with me and cried. At midnight, although the moon was pleading, I summoned her from my window. We were to leave at daybreak on a mighty run to Tunis, yet she came in unwillingly, for the battle was still waging. I peeped through the persiennes, conscienceless; her anklet was on her arm, his on his. He bent to kiss her hand, and Cassy softly permitted the caress, and sighed as she went lingeringly within. Yet the hidden sor-

row was not suggestive of the sad merchant whose day had been profitless, but rather the expression of a joy that was so exquisite it became a grief.

At four, the faint cry of bugles brought to my consciousness a world so lovely that the banished officer may find consolation in his daily awakening as his proud ambitions die. The vast parade ground stretched quietly before me, the sky was of the gentlest early green; one star hung low like a huge tear, as though, by its own weight, it must soon roll down the cheek of the heavens and splash upon the earth.

A lonely Moor, wrapped in his burnous, stalked majestically across the waste and took a place beside the gates of the hotel. There was no other life until that moment when Cassy stepped from her long window upon the terrace, and at that same moment Gregory joined her. The beauty of the scene was in their faces. He stretched out his arms and Cassy slipped into their shelter; a tinkling sound of clashing silver reached my ears.

An hour later we were in the car and ready for the start. They had tried to tell us their great secret, but, failing, we had told them instead; and the Illustrator was heard to boast

that he had planned it from the first. As Professor George tucked the rug around his prize, the majestic Moor of the earlier morning tugged at his sleeve. Cassy was intent upon wedging in her curios; the driver was running up the spark; but Gregory and I turned to the man, who suddenly presented a long arm hung with fine, new Roman antiques such as the simple troglodyte had dug from out of his house, and, greeting the wily lover as an old friend, he besought him to buy "more!"

It was a perilous moment, but the mind of Gregory was equal to it. At the flinging of a five-franc piece behind us on the road, the Medenine merchant of yesterday turned his back upon us, and in that swift moment we rushed on toward Tunis.

The biologist looked imploringly at me. I looked compassionately at Cassy, but she was looking blissfully at her anklets. So I let the matter rest forever.

The Cost of Motoring Abroad

By

Walter Hale

THE COST OF MOTORING ABROAD

FOUR years ago the United States Consul at Lucerne estimated that American motorists had spend twenty-four millions of dollars in Europe that summer. He calculated on the basis that there had been 8,000 touring parties averaging five persons, each spending $10.00 a day for two months. Assuming this to be a fairly correct estimate, the number of touring parties must have been trebled in 1912. It would be interesting to know how many of these tourists were carried in cars of American manufacture. Where an American automobile was a novelty when the writer first toured on the Continent eight years ago, it is not unusual now to pass half a dozen on the frequented roads of France in a single day.

Ten dollars is a rather conservative limit, however, for the daily expenditure of the average American motorist, who is generally credited in Europe with being a millionaire, whether he is or not; yet the man of modest means can easily keep his expenses down to this

amount, or under it, if he is willing to practice reasonable economy. Prices for gasoline and oil, taxes, duties, and the cost of living vary greatly in the different countries, and this must be taken into consideration when making a choice of routes. In England, for instance, gasoline costs about what it does at home, but prices in the country inns, particularly on the Thames, are sometimes higher than in the big hotels in London. In France, which is the motorists' paradise, gasoline costs nearly twice what it does in England — about forty-five cents a gallon — but the living, except in the larger cities, is very much cheaper. The traveler who frequents the modest country inns on the great Routes Nationales will find that his hotel bills are seldom more than two or three dollars a day, including his tips and service.

Italy is a better motoring country than it was once, and the innkeepers no longer take it for granted that the motorist is content to pay twice the ordinary rates for his accommodation simply because he arrives in an automobile. But gasoline still costs nearly a dollar a gallon, and oil is dear in proportion. Spain, the least known of the European countries among tourists, is the most expensive in the matter of supplies. The

hotels are better than one expects, however; the cooking is usually excellent, and the prices, particularly in the prosperous northeastern section, in Catalonia, very reasonable. It is interesting to notice how many of the country inns throughout the Continent have improved in the matter of comforts and sanitary arrangements in the last six years. The advent of the motor car has brought a better class of patrons and the wide-awake proprietor is trying to cater to it.

The writer has made seven tours in Great Britain and on the Continent in the last eight years, in four different cars of American make, and some of the information gathered on the journey just completed may be of interest to the prospective tourist who wants to keep his expenses within a reasonable sum. My car was landed at Havre last May and driven through France to Biarritz, through Spain to Madrid, and from Barcelona to Nice. We toured in Italy from Ventimiglia to Venice and back to Aosta, climbing the Alps by the pass over the Little St. Bernard, and returning to Havre via Aix les Bains, Contrexéville, Rheims, and Paris. Besides its complement of four persons, the car carried four suit-cases—our trunks were sent ahead each week by "grande vitesse"—and a

large box on each footboard, one for tools, oil, and tire repair kit, the other for extra parts. Our equipment also included a motion-picture camera and three smaller ones for snap-shots, two casings, four inner tubes, storm covers, and a speedometer. On a previous tour in Spain I had found it almost impossible to obtain gasoline except in the larger towns. This time we avoided the necessity for carrying extra tins by placing a second tank under the rear seat, giving us a total capacity of forty gallons.

The car was driven 3,980 miles on a total expenditure of $491.19. Deducting $31.80 for a twisted rear axle, caused in collision and covered by insurance, would leave $459.39. This amount includes everything that had to do with the operation of the car—supplies, tips, garage, cleaning, etc. Nine hundred forty miles of the tour was covered in Spain and 882 in Italy. In both countries, as I have said, gasoline costs about a dollar a gallon. We carried no chauffeur, but did the routine work on the car ourselves—a competent mechanic could usually be found at the end of a run to do any odd job at repairing for which we were not equipped.

The expense per passenger for upkeep was $117.30, which figures two and four-fifths cents

a mile—less than first-class railway fare in Europe. And surely motoring, with its escape from the bondage of time-tables and early trains, and its freedom from the monotony of the beaten track, can be figured as first-class travel!

Our longest run in a single day was 205 miles, from Alessandria, Italy, to Mestre, the point on the mainland nearest Venice; our shortest, from Bivaresca, Spain, to Burgos, 25 miles, through a road knee deep in mud. In cities like Madrid, Barcelona, Nice, Turin and Paris, the car was idle in garage from four days to two or three weeks. I should think that forty-five miles would be a fair average for our daily runs, which, at the rate of two and four-fifths cents a mile, would mean a cost per person for the upkeep of the car of $1.26. Hotel bills and other incidentals would depend on the means and tastes of the individual—they could easily be covered by five or six dollars more without practicing economy to one's discomfort. So while, in my opinion, the majority of American motorists in Europe spend more than ten dollars a day, there is no reason why the man with a modest sum at his disposal can't keep well under the limit if he is willing to make the effort. He can begin in economies by making inquiries as to

freight rates and giving some attention to the shipping of the car. The amount I have given as the total of our expenses on the recent tour does not, of course, cover boxing and transportation, though it includes, besides cost of operation, the taxes and duties in the different countries we visited. Some automobilists, to avoid the cost of freight and the customs delays, prefer to rent a machine on their arrival in Europe. This idea is practical only for a short tour of two or three weeks, or where the amount spent on motoring experience is a secondary consideration. The rent per week in this case usually covers the driver's salary, but not his living expenses, tires, supplies and repairs; but the price asked is generally high and your true motorist would rather feel that he had accomplished a long journey in his own car.

As in the case of passenger fares, the freight rates by the fastest steamships are higher than on the slower boats. It cost $78.88 to send my car from New York to Havre last summer via the American Line to Southampton and a reshipment across the channel. The same car could have been sent to Antwerp by the Phoenix Line, or to Hull by the Wilson Line, for $45.57. These lines operate slower cargo boats. Either

the White Star or the Cunard would have delivered it in Liverpool for $49.30 or taken it from Boston to the same port for $34.51. This is the cheapest trans-Atlantic rate for automobiles I know of.

The cost of shipping an automobile to Great Britain is less than to the ports on the Continent, but the motorist who is unwilling to confine his tour to the Scotch moors or the highways and byways of England, and wants to see the Continent as well, must take the channel crossing into consideration in figuring on his freight rates. Here again the fast boats are the most expensive; the turbine steamers from Folkestone to Boulogne and from Dover to Calais charge from twenty to thirty dollars to carry a car across. On the night boats from Southampton to Havre, the rate is about twelve dollars; but the cheapest and, for motorists in London, the most convenient way is to use the Bennett Line, which has a tri-weekly service direct from the Thames below Tower Bridge to Boulogne and charges only about five dollars for a car of average size. So, had I been able to ship from Boston and planned first a tour in England, my car could have been landed at Boulogne for half what it cost to send it from New York to Havre.

The long haul is sometimes the least expensive considering the distance. The German Lloyd would have carried the car to Constantinople for the same price that it cost to deliver it at Havre, while their rate from New York to Cherbourg would have been $123.25—this is one of the ports where the car has to be lightered ashore. The express steamers of the French Line would have carried it to Havre for $94.96, their slower freight boats for $79.11. The owners living out of New York can save expensive railway freight by shipping from the nearest port. The rates to Great Britain or the Continent are less from Montreal, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia. They are the same as from New York by the Hamburg-American service from Baltimore, New Orleans, and Galveston to Hamburg.

Italy, and the ports on the Adriatic, will always be popular points from which to begin a tour. The Austro-Americana Line would have carried the car to Venice or Trieste for $63.27; the different English, German, and Italian lines sailing for Naples and Genoa quote a rate to these points only a trifle higher than the one from New York to Liverpool.

Spain is guarded against a motoring invasion from the north by the passes of the Pyrenees,

while the high tariff of the Campania trans-Atlantic secures it against attack by automobilists sailing out of the West. The company would have charged $94.96 to bring the car into the harbor of Cadiz, Malaga, or Barcelona, while the faster ships of the German Lloyd would have taken it to Gibraltar for only $64.29. The road to the mainland, however, was impassable five years ago and, unless it has been improved since, the motorist will find he will have to pay dearly to get into Spain from the "Rock." At that time the lighterage company wanted $25.00 to carry my small runabout across the bay to Algeciras. The distance is just five miles, and five dollars a mile is probably the highest freight rate in existence, so I shipped it up the coast to Malaga instead.

These rates apply to the freight only. There are sometimes charges for hoisting and lightering the car, besides customs fees and licenses at the port of debarkation. The price of the crate varies greatly; the Garford Company boxed my car for $35.00 and charged $5.00 more to deliver it to the steamer—the Cunard Line would have done the work on the pier for $40.00, the American Express Company would have charged $50.00 including cartage. These prices are very

reasonable, but no crate or box should be worth more than $60.00 except for a heavy limousine. On arrival the material can be stored if the owner expects to return from the same port, or shipped by slow freight to the point where his journey ends.

The business of shipping automobiles has increased so recently that two of the largest companies, the German Lloyd and the International Mercantile Marine—which also includes the White Star, American and Atlantic Transport lines—have organized special departments to handle it. They crate the car on the pier, which saves cartage fees, and attend to clearances, landing charges, licenses, storage of the crate abroad and the customs entry on the return of the car to New York. This system relieves the owner of all responsibility. He turns his car over to the company on the dock and finds it ready for use on his arrival on the other side. The companies quote an inclusive price for this service which covers everything; the German Lloyd would have boxed and delivered the car at Bremen for $158.00, while the American Line would have charged $141.00 to Havre via Southampton. The express companies will also attend to these details, and very reasonably. The Amer-

ican, for instance, will clear a car through the custom house on its return for $10.00 or $15.00, while a regular broker would have sent in a bill for $35.00 or more.

Automobile organizations have been trying for years to induce the steamship companies to accept cars uncrated, so far without success on any of the big lines. It is an unnecessary expense to put upon the owner, for if the Bibby Line can carry a car from New York to Rangoon uncrated, and the cross channel steamers safely handle a dozen every voyage in the same condition, there is no reason why it can't be done in the large ships of the trans-Atlantic trade. The only real annoyance, however, in connection with taking an American car abroad is the senseless delay in the custom house on its return. Before it is shipped from the home port, the owner must clear it, giving a complete description of the car itself and of the extra parts and equipment. A consular certificate must be obtained from the foreign port from which it is returned; yet, having complied with all these regulations, the owner will find that from five to ten days elapse from the time the ship lands at New York before he takes his car out of the custom house. These conditions will be changed

some day; foreign cars will be taken to the stores to be appraised as before, while those of American manufacture brought in by their owners will be classed as passengers' luggage, examined by automobile inspectors at the pier and driven off without delay. But this is a lot to expect of a government which has recently ruled to assess American automobiles at their full value if repairs amounting to more than ten per cent of their cost have been made while the car was abroad even if the repairs were necessitated by accident!

On the different tours I have made abroad, I have always carried a box with extra parts on the footboard; the few extra parts we needed were usually not on the list, which was a long one. A set of valves and springs, two brake bands or brake linings and a full complement of ignition parts are really all that are needed. Unless the car is of freak design, anything else can be found except in the smallest places, and the village blacksmith will always do a bit of forging if necessary. American tires can now be bought in London or Paris, but it is always best to carry two casings and a few inner tubes to keep on with until supplies arrive, unless French tires fit the car as well. Tire chains are

almost unknown and should be included in the equipment before starting.

Light cars of moderate power of course are easier on tires than fast heavy ones. For all practical purposes, the light American roadster gives as good and reliable service on the roads of England and France as more expensive cars of foreign manufacture. For the bad roads and steep hills of Spain, or the rough parts of Italy, a heavier car with more power takes some of the responsibility off the driver's shoulders. There are many hills and mountains in Europe, therefore an important item is to see that the car has powerful brakes and that they are always in good condition. Many of the Alpine accidents have been caused through the brakes failing to act properly or because of the absence of tire chains on a slippery descent.

The American motorist should join the Touring Club of France when he sails for the Continent. It is now in its twenty-second year and is the foremost organization of its kind in the world. The members obtain discounts at hotels and garages, there are *déléagués* in every town and the club publishes excellent books and maps. Even if he has no use for any of these privileges, the wonderful system of signs and danger sig-

nals is worth the six francs yearly subscription. The Motor Club in Great Britain is doing useful work, so is the Touring Club of Italy, which issues its maps in convenient form bound in board folders. It was almost impossible to get road maps of Spain a few years ago; now the *Carte Taride* in a single section covers the entire country, and a good guide to Catalonia is published by Larrosa y Hidalgo of Lerida.

Some knowledge of the languages will help the motorist in keeping his expenses down. With English and French one has little difficulty in the larger towns, but a careful study of the automobile vocabulary in the Touring Club's *Annuaire des pays etrangers* will prove to be of the greatest help in the remote sections of Italy and Spain.

There is no duty to pay on entering England, but there is a tax of $5.00 for registration and others of $1.00 each for the owner and driver. In France the deposit for an open touring car is about $160.00; in Italy, $120.00, and in Spain I paid $325.00. These sums are payable in French gold and returned in the same currency when leaving the country. All this trouble at the frontier can now be avoided by arranging for an "International Pass," which costs about

$14.00. The United States was not a party to the conference between the European countries, but American owners can obtain the privilege by bonding their cars into France and applying for their registration and license numbers there. There is a road tax of $1.00 to enter some of the Basque provinces in the north of Spain and taxes of from three to five "pesetas" to pass the gates of the larger cities.

If the motorist wishes to keep his expenses down as much as possible, he will do well to confine his tour to France, which has the finest roads in the world and where the prices for everything except gasoline are cheaper than they are at home.

Landing at Havre, the motorist's best route to Paris is via Rouen, Vernon, and Mantes. If he plans to go south from Havre the Seine can be crossed by small ferries either at Quilleboeuf or Duclair and a splendid road leads to the Chateau County via Alençon and Le Mans to Tours. The route from here to the western frontier of Spain runs through Poictiers and Angouleme. A wide detour must be made from Bordeaux by way of Mont de Marsan to Bayonne to avoid the "pave" or cobblestones, but the extra distance is nothing, for the road is

one of the finest and safest in the whole of France for speeding.

There are two popular Routes Nationales from Paris to the Italian frontier. One leads through Auxerre and over the Cote d'Or to Chalon-sur-Saône and Bourg, the other through Nevers, Roanne, and Lyons; the former is the better. Both meet at Chambery and divide again on the river Isere, one crossing the Alps by the Little Saint Bernard from Moutiers, the other the pass over Mont Cenis from Modane. The last is the easier and safer climb.

The roads in Italy are not so good as they are in France, though they have been greatly improved in the last four years, particularly in the plain between the Tyrolean Alps and the Apennines. Entering from the north, a fine road leads to Turin and Milan, either from Aosta or Sousse. Venice can be reached from the Tyrol by a splendid road to Bozen, or through the picturesque Dolomites; the best route from the west is through Brescia, Verona, and Padua. Another excellent road is the one from the Riviera to Turin. The famous Corniche Road is left at Nice, Mentone, or Ventimiglia, and the Col de Tenda in the Maritime Alps is crossed after a series of snake-like windings up

the sides of the mountain, with a tunnel nearly two miles long under the old road at the top.

Motorists arriving at Naples will find the roads in the neighborhood pretty bad, though a fairly good highway leads through Terracina and over the Appian Way into Rome. There the conditions improve whether one motors to the Adriatic via Spoleto and Urbino, or to Florence via Montepulciano and Sienna.

There is only one road in the whole of Spain that can be compared with those in France. It leads from the pass near the top of the Guadarrama Mountains over the rolling plateau of New Castile to Madrid. We found it in excellent condition last summer, except near the capital, and it was well patrolled by the Guardia Civile, the splendid rural police who have done so much to break up the bands of brigands who made travel in Spain dangerous up to twenty-five or thirty years ago. This is part of the old road built by Ferdinand VI to connect Madrid with the northern provinces. At the top of the mountain stands a stone lion he erected to commemorate its opening. The only possible route from Madrid to the Mediterranean runs through Guadalajara, Calataynd, and Sarragossa to Barcelona. It follows the ancient Gallic highway

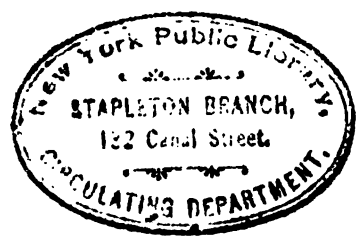
over the arid plateau of Aragon and for a stretch of one hundred miles between Sarragossa and Lerida it leads through a desert with the nearest railway forty miles to the north. I have pointed out the difficulty in getting a car into Spain from the south. The motorist who wants to begin his tour in Andalusia will do best to ship his car ahead from New York to either Cadiz or Malaga, on the Spanish line, and sail for Gibraltar on one of the express steamers himself. Granada, with the Alhambra, and Seville, Cordova, and Valencia are the most beautiful cities in Spain and the roads in their vicinity among the worst.

Motoring through England is an ideal way to spend a holiday, though the roads, for the most part, are hardly as good as those of France. Landing at Liverpool, there is a choice of routes to London. The best is via Whitchurch and Newport to Birmingham. Here it meets the Holyhead Road, famous in coaching history, which leads on through Daventry and Dunstable. There is also a choice of routes from Southampton to London; the highway divides at Winchester, the road going via Basingstoke, Bagshot, and Staines is the better for speed; but the more picturesque route is via Alton, Guild-

ford, and Kingston. One of the most interesting tours in the kingdom is over the old North Road from London to Edinburgh, which takes in on the way the beautiful cathedral cities of Peterborough, York, Lincoln, and Durham. Worcestershire, and the Shakespeare country, and the upper reaches of the Thames in Oxfordshire, are rich in historical interest, and the charming rural scenery will hold any but the wildest speed maniac down to a moderate pace as he follows the winding roads.

The self-respecting motorist should make every effort to observe the speed laws of the different foreign countries. They are liberal enough everywhere except in Switzerland, which persecutes the visiting automobilist with untiring energy, to the horror of its thrifty hotel proprietors. It is not much trouble to slow down while passing through villages, or when meeting heavy traffic on the road, and the driver who makes the effort gains friends for those who follow him. He should remember, too, that a smile goes far in Europe, particularly in the Latin countries. Many times, on the roads of Spain last summer, trams of five or six mules hitched tandem would tie themselves in knots at the sound of our whirring engine. It was promptly

shut off when this happened, but usually, not before the muleteer had jumped from his perch to hurl anathemas at us. He was met by four smiles on four goggled faces, and it was a continual delight to watch his struggle between his desire to vent his anger and the inbred courtesy of the "caballero" as he slowly raised his hand to his hat to return our salute.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